THE LITERARY DIGEST
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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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THE FARMER ENTERS "BIG BUSINESS"

A $10,000,000 GRAIN-MARKET corporation and a cooperative association with a membership of more than two million, both sponsored by the Federal Farm Board, seem to indicate that the American farmer is about to claim his place in the field of big business. "The most important step American agriculture has ever taken" is the phrase used by the President of the American Farm Bureau in characterizing the new farmer-owned grain-marketing corporation; and the creation of the National Chamber of Agricultural Cooperatives is hailed by the press as evidence that the farmer is at last recognizing the principles of organization already applied by industry and labor. In these two organizations, correspondents point out, the Farm Board gives concrete expression of its theory that the farmer must not only help himself, individually, but must ally himself more closely with the cooperative movement. The cooperatives, in turn, must learn the meaning of the word, consolidate their scattered forces, and come to a general understanding as to the purpose of the movement if their members are to secure the greatest benefits of the so-called farm-relief bill.

So far, there have been four important steps in President Hoover's plan to help the farmers. First, of course, came the enactment of legislation. The second step was the appointment of the members of the Farm Board. Next came the Board's first important step—the projection at Chicago of the $10,000,000 Farmers' National Grain Corporation. This was followed within a few days by a farm conference at Baton Rouge and the announcement that a gigantic cooperative association, the National Chamber of Agricultural Cooperatives, with a membership of more than two million farmers, would be formed to build up the system of farm cooperatives. In between came the selection of Samuel R. McKelvie, editor of *The Nebraska Farmer* and former Governor of Nebraska, as the "wheat" member of the Farm Board.

The central grain-marketing agency—the National Grain Corporation—is to be so organized on cooperative lines that it will be eligible for loans under the farm-relief act. When established, it is to serve as the intermediary between the Farm Board and the farmers. It will be owned, controlled, and managed by the cooperatives, which must subscribe the original capital. In short, it is not to be a government affair. As the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* explains:

> "The purpose is to assist the individual farmer through organization. It proposes to accomplish this by placing control over the marketing of a substantial part of the crop in one centralized, farmer-owned agency. Such a marketing corporation with expert management, membership in all important exchanges, and offices all over the world, should be able to introduce big-business efficiency into the disposal of the grain crop. It should be able to get the farmer the best prevailing price at the lowest possible cost.

Underwood & Underwood photograph

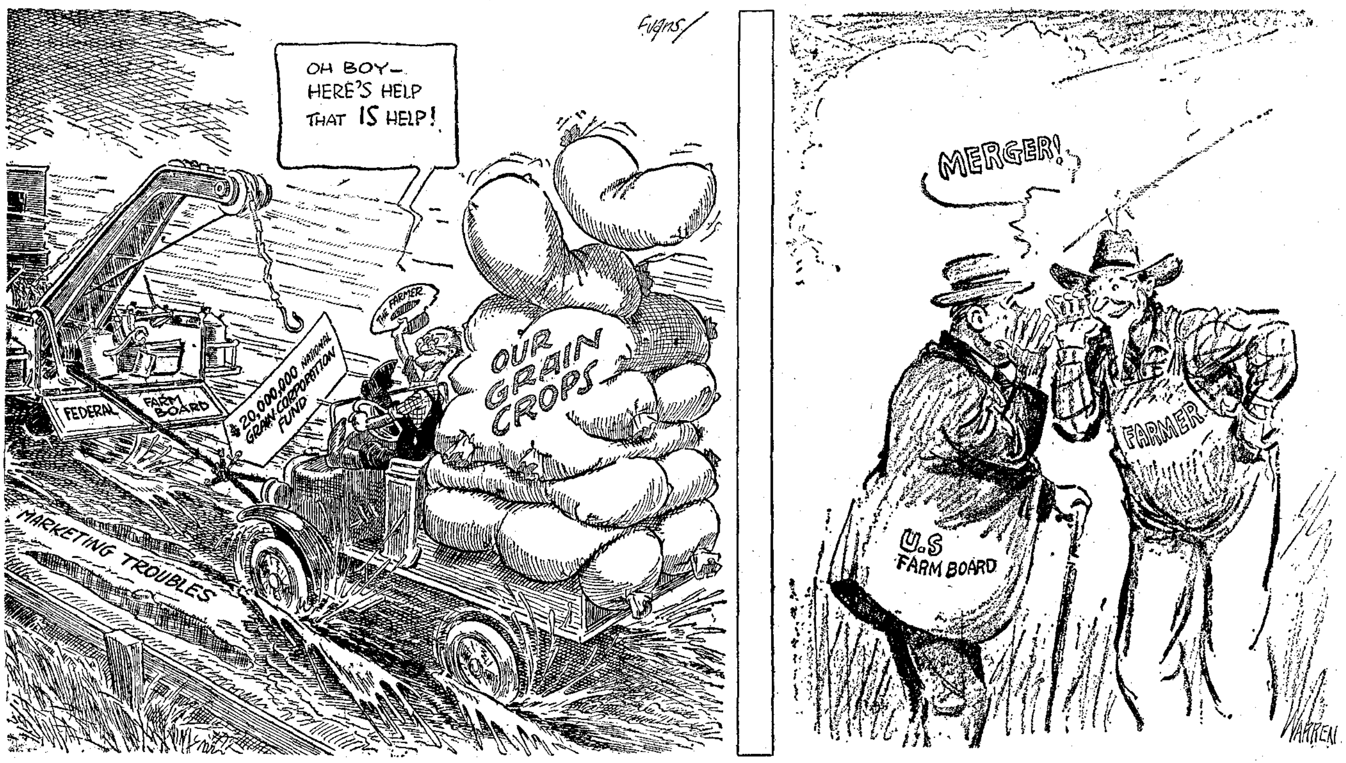
THE "WHEAT MEMBER"

Of the Farm Board. Former Governor Samuel R. McKelvie, of Nebraska, appointed July 30.

> "The object of this organization will not be able to influence prices, except, perhaps, in the sense of eliminating violent day-to-day and week-to-week fluctuations, but through economies to obtain for the farmer a larger share of such prices as may be obtainable. It will be of benefit to farmers as individuals only as they become organized. And in proportion as the farmers organize, the benefits should increase, for the strength of the marketing corporation will depend in no small part on the proportion of the total supply of grain it can control.
>
> "The present scheme is based upon the idea that by making it possible for the farmer to perform many of the functions now in the hands of middlemen, and by giving him an opportunity to regulate his marketing intelligently, there will be sufficient economies to make a substantial difference in the producer's favor."

Without raising the price of wheat to the consumer, points out the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "it is hoped to benefit the farmer by reducing the costs of marketing, largely through the use of the cooperatives' facilities." Continues this Missouri daily:

> "In the early days of farm movements there was much talk of eliminating the middleman, but it has now been learned that the middleman has several important functions. He assembles, transports, and distributes the crop; grades, packs, and stores it, if necessary; and often extends credit. The present aim of the cooperative groups is to discharge these functions and eliminate whatever unnecessary spread in price there may have been between producer and consumer. By handling large quantities of farm products, the cooperative hopes to have a voice in setting the price. The cooperative groups, which



TO MARKET, TO MARKET!
—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

THAT MAGIC WORD
—Warren in the Cleveland *News.*

THE LATEST THING IN FARM RELIEF

were helpless many times in their evolutionary days because of jealousies and disagreements over policy, seem likely to come into their own shortly."

The successful outcome of the Chicago meeting, to *The American Agriculturist* (New York City), is proof that the farmers and cooperative associations "can merge their interests and forget their antagonisms when the necessity is great enough." Organizations which were never able heretofore to get together "have sunk their past differences," remarks the New York *World.* And, it goes on, "this is no mean achievement for the Farm Board." According to *The American Agriculturist,* the following are the purposes for which the Farmers' National Grain Corporation is to be formed:

"1. To conduct stabilization operations on the open market, if and when such operations have been approved in advance by the Farm Board.

"2. To buy grain from member stockholders and to sell such grain for its own account.

"3. To conduct educational work among farmers concerning the value of cooperative marketing and economical production.

"4. To lease, purchase, or construct necessary storage and other facilities.

"5. To lend money to existing farmer-owned cooperative elevator associations for the purpose of building elevators or other physical facilities.

"6. To make loans to farmer-owned companies for the purpose of financing and marketing crops from farm to market."

Sam H. Thompson, President of the American Farm Bureau Federation, anticipates that the $10,000,000 Grain Corporation, through its operations, may cut distribution costs in half. "Whether the committee named to organize the grain corporation is able to make it a selling organization this year or not, it is bound to be a good influence in the market," declares *The Prairie Farmer,* of Chicago. All along, says *The Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman,* the Farm Board has shown that it does not intend to do anything that the farmers themselves might reasonably be expected to do. The farmers of the country "have great faith in the men selected by President Hoover from their own ranks," says *The Farmer,* of St. Paul. But, points out the Master of the National Grange, "unless the organized cooperatives themselves and the farm leaders give their wholehearted support to the program, it can not succeed." As Alexander Legge, chairman of the Farm Board, explains:

"There are many people who think that the Board's activities should be directed to the arbitrary raising of the price-level for agricultural products. The Board can not raise prices arbitrarily. Prices are determined by basic economic conditions—by the demand for a commodity, the supply available to meet that demand, and the manner in which that supply is fed to the market. What the Board hopes to do is to assist farmers to become better able to compete with other groups in the markets of the nation and the world. It expects, by aiding in the development of cooperative associations, to make possible economies in marketing and stabilized marketing conditions, and to assist farmers to obtain their just share of the national income.

"Any enterprise involving the direct welfare of one-third of the people of America and the indirect welfare of the other two-thirds must be approached deliberately. It is equally apparent that the structure to be erected by the Board must be of a permanent character. For these reasons, it is probable that the Board will move deliberately in its action.

"The Board believes that its work, as directed by law and by opportunity, can best be done by working with and through established groups of farmers, who are organized or who may be organized on a basis of specific farm commodities. It believes that the larger the group and the more regional or national its scope, the better and more readily can assistance be given."

In the opinion of B. H. Hibbard, of the University of Wisconsin, as set forth in the New York *Times:*

"The Farm Board, with its possibilities of loans and of guidance, should be able to do what the scattered cooperatives have always been unable to do, viz.: Get together, recognize their common problem, and forget their difficulties. Marketing grain in the United States is much more complex than in Canada. The grain is not so uniform, the farmers' interests are more diverse, and the opposition more powerful.

"The Farm Board is recognized as a body representing the interests and welfare of the farmers and of the country at large. They will have the confidence of the majority of interested grain growers, and will be able to obtain all necessary information. In the past, farmers have lacked both information and inspiration respecting a nation-wide grain-marketing company. Both are now available."

According to the President of the American Cotton-Growers' Exchange, the National Chamber of Agricultural Cooperatives, launched at the Baton Rouge conference, will start with a membership of more than 2,000,000 farmers, including the producers of cotton, wheat, corn, sugar, and, perhaps, tobacco, as well as representatives of all branches of the live-stock industry It will be comparable, he says, to the United States Chamber of Commerce and the American Federation of Labor. "For the first time in the history of this country," notes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "a vast national movement is to be launched in the interests of the farmer."

The plan, observes the Newark *News*, "is as simple as A B C. It is an application to agriculture of the lessons learned by industry in marketing its wares, and by trades-unions in marketing their labor. About one-third of the farmers of this country are now members of cooperative societies. These are to be expanded and strengthened to attract the other two-thirds." Heretofore, we are reminded by the Washington *Post:*

> "One of the most difficult problems in giving relief to agriculture has been dissension among the farmers themselves. Different organizations have sponsored conflicting plans. Groups of cooperatives have been in competition with each other. There has been no method by which leaders of the different organizations could meet periodically and discuss national policies in which they are interested. It is encouraging to see such hearty response to the virtual command of the Farm Board for more complete organization."

Right here, however, a number of editorial writers propound several questions with regard to the Chicago and Baton Rouge conferences, and the effect they are likely to have. Will the Grain Corporation's activities increase the price of bread? According to a Chicago dispatch to the New York *World:*

> "The miller has an organization of his own, and does not give a hoot for farmers' cooperatives. And please remember that the miller makes the price of flour. That is based on the price of wheat. If the farmer gets a good price for his wheat, the miller will get a good price for his flour."

Furthermore, maintains the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

> "Most of the complaint about farm prices since the war has been of prices that were out of line with the prices of manufactures and supplies which the farmer must buy. Unfortunately, the policy upon which the Board is emerging will not equalize inequalities of that kind, because the tariff is an important factor in the price of many manufactures, and fails completely to touch the price of wheat and corn and cotton."

Still another objection is voiced by the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, which declares that "the reform of existing marketing practises" will not of itself cure all the farmers' ills:

> "A weakness is the absence of any machinery to regulate farm production. The basis of all successful merchandising lies in the ability of the seller to adjust his stocks to the needs of his market. The prudent manufacturer regulates his output in accordance with his prospective demand. The careful merchant buys only what he thinks he can in turn sell to his customers. But the farmer often plants without regard for the market situation that may confront him at the harvest season.
>
> "No marketing system, however skilfully devised, can hope to dispose of all the output of an industry in which intelligence is so seldom applied to the regulation of production."

A word of warning is also issued by *The Pennsylvania Farmer*, of Pittsburgh. Speaking of the Grain Corporation, in particular, this farm periodical says:

> "The real significance of this movement depends not on the existence of the new corporation, but on its conduct. Evidently it contemplates no new marketing system—rather the utilization of the present system. In operation it may be merely another and bigger grain-marketing agency, its success depending on its efficiency as such. Nothing is said about its probable efficiency or about its possible economies. Apparently the Board assumes that the corporation can market grain more efficiently than private agencies and can effect economies. That may be an unsafe assumption, but there is no other basis for any action if the new corporation is to be merely a market agency. It may be much more than that, however.
>
> "The careful reader has not missed this sentence among the enumerated 'purposes' of the new corporation: 'To conduct stabilization operations on the open market if and when such operations have been approved in advance by the Farm Board.' This can mean only one thing—speculation on the open market for the purpose of 'stabilizing' the price of grain. No matter whether cash grains or future contracts are bought and sold by the corporation, the operation is speculative, and it is none the less speculative if its declared intent is to 'stabilize' the market. The same is true of the corporation's purpose 'to buy grain from its members and to sell such grain for its own account.' Both of these so-called 'stabilizing' operations are purely speculative, and speculation, tho essential in our marketing system, is contrary to safe and proper policy for cooperative organizations. Perhaps we need not enlarge on the possibilities of such a speculative agency endowed with practically unlimited funds. Anybody can see that they are beyond anything ever known in the grain trade of this country. So we conclude that if in operation the new corporation is merely a big marketing agency, as successor to many small ones, it may do good. But if it is to be a speculative agency for the purpose of 'stabilization,' it is full of dynamite, as are all other price-regulating movements, a menace to agriculture and to the cause of cooperation as well."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. When are prison breaks most likely to occur? (p. 38).
2. What historically important event recently occurred in Rome? (p. 22).
3. What signs are apparent of a future female domination of the race? (p. 28).
4. What is "the threshold of audibility"? (p. 35).
5. What did the British decide was the cause of the *Vestris* disaster? (p. 12).
6. In what country has interdenominational church unity been successfully demonstrated? (p. 24).
7. What is the moran system? (p. 46).
8. In what Asiatic country are there normally about 20,000,000 persons existing in a state of undernourishment? (p. 14).
9. Who is the youngest chief engineer on an Ohio River steamboat? (p. 44).
10. Why did the Pope go into voluntary seclusion in 1870? (p. 22).
11. How many letters and post-cards did the *Graf Zeppelin* bring to the United States on August 4? (p. 11).
12. How much has Protestantism in the United States invested in church property? (p. 24).
13. Does the smell of a house help to sell it? (p. 30).
14. What European country has spent $25,000,000 since 1923 in road building? (p. 16).
15. How many taxes must a bachelor business man in Genoa, Italy, pay? (p. 48).
16. Do cats alone feel the lure of catnip? (p. 35).
17. What is the "ginger group" in the British House of Commons? (p. 16).
18. When was Chief Yellow Hand killed? (p. 52).
19. How many Protestant denominations are there? (p. 24).
20. What is "nanization"? (p. 35).
21. In what European country does 90 per cent. of the population live on agriculture? (p. 17).
22. Who was the first $10,000 ball player? (p. 55).
23. What does a fern-bud look like? (p. 21).
24. Who laid the corner-stone of the new Shakespeare theater at Stratford? (p. 18).
25. Who is the "wheat member" of the Farm Board? (p. 5).

THE AMERICAN DOLLAR TALKS WITH RUSSIA

WHETHER TO RECOGNIZE SOVIET RUSSIA is a question which has of late been agitating official minds more than at any time during the past five or six years, Washington correspondents tell us, and for a variety of reasons. For one thing, there is the British intention to take this step which received such a jolt at the recent conference—here many of our editors find a very plain warning to Uncle Sam. Then there is the China-Russia row which compelled indirect communications with Moscow. David Lawrence at Washington finds the belief now growing "that the Powers may find it necessary to resume diplomatic relations with Russia, if for no other reason than to apply restraint to the country which can be the source of so much difficulty in both Europe and the Far East." A Baltimore *Sun* correspondent even speaks of a feeling that Russia's willingness to negotiate, following her first show of belligerency toward China, strengthens the case of those favoring recognition. But perhaps most potent of all, in keeping recognition talk stirred up, is the fact that the American dollar is recognizing Russia quite thoroughly. The growing importance of business relations between the two countries is shown by news items reminding us that this country is Russia's second best customer; that the people of the Soviet Republics are now buying our goods at the rate of $100,000,000 a year; that Russia is calling on American brains and money to develop her industry and agriculture; that the Soviet contemplates spending the staggering sum of $33,000,000,000 on internal development in the next five years, and finally that in the Muscovite lands are 150,000,000 potential customers for American manufacturers.

AN AMERICAN GOES TO WORK FOR RUSSIA

Here are Valery I. Meshlauk, Vice-Chairman of the Soviet Supreme Economic Council (at the reader's left), and Saul G. Bron, Chairman of the Amtorg, with Henry Ford, after they signed the contract by which the Ford Motor Company will send $30,000,000 worth of Ford cars into Russia during the next four years, and will help build a large automobile factory in Russia.

It isn't in the least surprizing, thinks the New York *World*, that sentiment in the business community should become increasingly favorable to recognition, especially when thought is given to "the peculiar situation of a growing foreign trade without the benefit of consular service, commercial attachés, or any other agency of the American Government." Business, remarks the Charleston *News and Courier*, "does not care how the Soviet Government came into power." Yes, remarks the St. Joseph *News-Press* somewhat sharply, "and if the bear who walked like a man in the Czarist days, and who is now in the full panoply of a lousy pelt, is made welcome here, it will mean that Mammon has overthrown the pedestal of rejection upon which our Government has stood since Bolshevism disgraced civilization." In financial circles in New York, according to the New York *World*, opinions differ, holders of Russian bonds opposing, and exporters favoring, recognition. This same sharp division appears in the daily press. Why, asks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, should this country, as master of modern manufacturing and trade technique, not share fully in the opportunity presented by present developments in Russia? It thinks:

> "We are not likely to do so in fullest degree so long as our Government insists that no such thing exists as Soviet Russia.
>
> "The régime now in control of Russian governmental affairs has been in the saddle for a number of years, and despite numberless rumors and reports of collapse, is to-day as strongly entrenched as ever, indeed as strongly entrenched as corresponding governments are in a great many of the countries of the world that we recognize and deal with as a matter of course. The average man, if he is free of prejudice and reasonably willing to look at the situation with realistic eyes, can see no reason in the excuses put forward by our Government for refusal even to consider the subject of formal recognition of Russia."

Besides this business journal, we find such representative dailies as the New York *World*, Washington *News*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, Milwaukee *Journal*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Topeka *Capital*, Macon *Telegraph*, and Birmingham *Age-Herald* taking the opinion that the logic of events, particularly in the business world, points toward recognition. *The New Republic* sharply challenges the validity of the arguments for non-recognition and then sets down the definite advantages of recognizing Russia:

> "American recognition of Russia would increase the mediatory influence of the United States over Soviet foreign policy. Recognition, accompanied by commercial intercourse, might tend to moderate the intransigence of the Soviet régime. American loans to Russia would become possible. These would bring to the United States increased concessions, contracts, and trade."

President Hoover, according to some correspondents, is as adamant as he was in 1922 against recognition; according to others, he is beginning to consider it favorably; according to still others, he has given no indication of where he stands. Minor officialdom in the State and Commerce departments, according to Elliott Thurston of the New York *World*, sticks to the Hughes-Kellogg policy restated by Secretary Stimson in April. Their opinions, we read, may be summed up as follows:

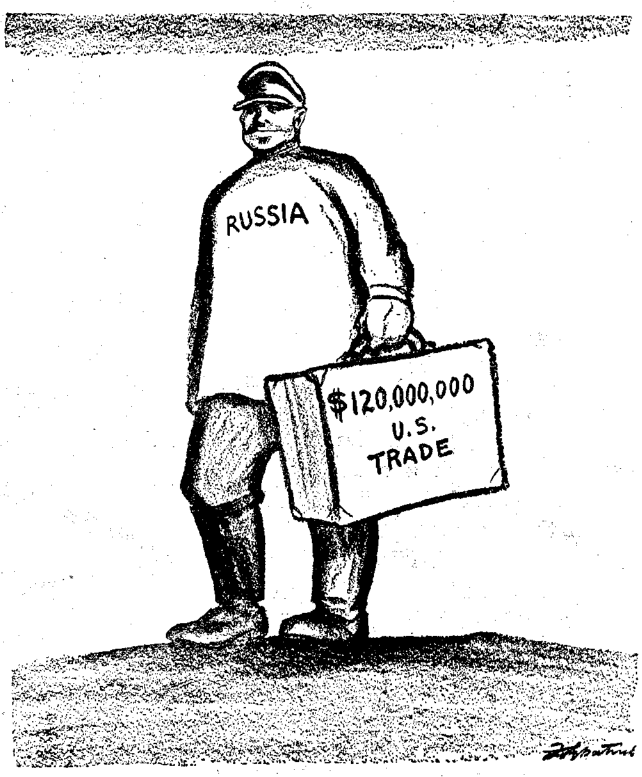
> "First, that the Soviet, through connection with the Communist International, seeks to bring about world revolution and the overthrow of all governments, and recognition would open the doors to revolutionary agents who would cause industrial strikes and other disturbances by spreading 'subversive' propaganda.
>
> "Second, that there is nothing to gain by recognition, as trade with Russia is already large and steadily growing.
>
> "Third, that the Russians can not be trusted, and will not pay their debts, so that business must be carried upon a cash basis.
>
> "Fourth, that until the Soviet Government agrees in advance to pay the Czarist debts to the United States, and to settle all individual claims, the United States should not even discuss recognition."

Such are the arguments which prevail with dailies like the Detroit *Free Press*, Cincinnati *Times-Star*, Kansas City *Star*, Nashville *Tennessean*, Fargo *Forum*, and Jacksonville (Fla.) *Times-Union*. The recent negotiations between Russia and

Great Britain which terminated in a deadlock seem very impressive to certain of our editors. Britain, it will be remembered, insisted on settlement of the debt and propaganda questions before the resumption of diplomatic relations, and the conference broke up, at least temporarily, because of the Russian assertion that the Ambassadors should be appointed first and the points of difference discust later. "Great Britain has tried what some Americans have urged the United States to do, and it didn't work, and it is well for us to take a page out of the British record and hold to the same policy that has been laid down by the State Department," comments the Manchester *Union*, and the same view is emphatically exprest by the New York *Herald Tribune*, Philadelphia *Record*, Washington *Star*, Columbus *Dispatch*, Indianapolis *Star*, and St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

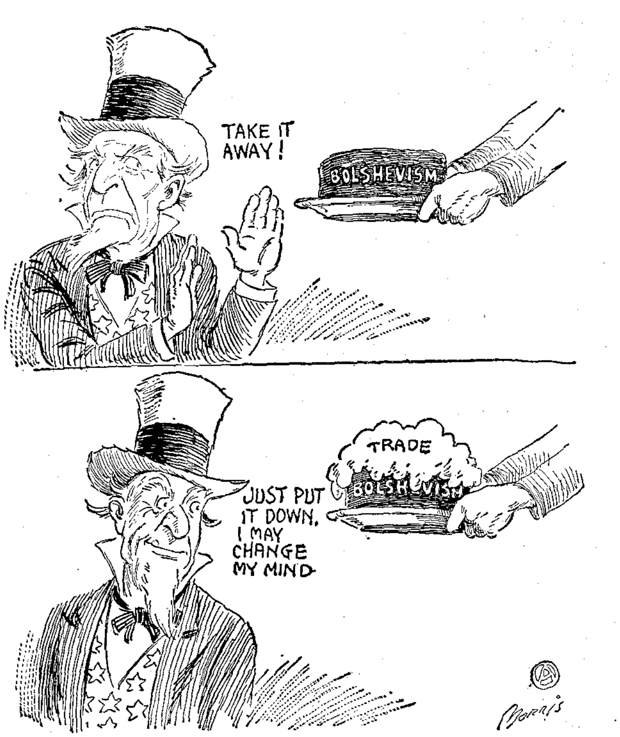
So runs the debate. Now for a few facts that have contributed to keep up the discussion. Back in January, T. D. Campbell, the great Montana wheat grower, went to Russia to advise the Soviet Government about the application of modern methods to large scale agriculture, and came back to tell of Russia's desire to buy $400,000,000 worth of farm and road machinery in this country. The next month a Berlin dispatch told of a feeling in Russia that American tractors on the farms and American electric dredges in the gold fields are to be the new instruments in Russian prosperity. In the early spring a British trade delegation visited Russia. On May 31 Henry Ford signed with two Russian representatives a contract involving about $30,000,000 worth of Ford cars and the construction of a big Ford Factory by the Soviet Government at Nizhni Novgorod. A little later a statement from the Amtorg Trading Corporation, the Soviet business organization here, revealed the fact that other contracts had been made with Americans as follows:

"Hugh L. Cooper Company, New York, consulting engineers on a $100,000,000 hydro-electric power plant in the Ukraine, claimed to be the largest in the world. International General Electric Company, for exchange of patents and technical assistance. Radio Corporation of America, for exchange of patents and other technical information. Du Pont de Nemours Company, for technical assistance in building ammonia fertilizer factories. Freyn Engineering Company, New York, consulting engineers in the designing of steel mills to cost more than $1,000,000,000. Stuart, James & Cooke, New York, consulting engineers, for building new coal mines, rebuilding old mines, and installing up-to-date equipment. Nitrogen Engineering Company, New York, for technical assistance in constructing a nitrogen fertilizer factory. Longacre Engineering and Construction Company, New York, for technical assistance and supervision of the erection of apartment houses in Moscow. McCormick Company, New York, for the designing of a large baking plant in Moscow. Albert Kahn, Inc., Detroit, for designing the Stalingrad tractor factory, to produce 40,000 tractors a year. Arthur P. Davis, Oakland, California, chief consulting engineer on irrigation projects in Soviet Central Asia."



WE'RE BOUND TO RECOGNIZE THAT!

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.



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CAKE LOOKS BETTER WHEN IT'S FROSTED

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Further inquiry, writes Ernest K. Lindley in the New York *World*, reveals that American exports to Soviet Russia last year were three or four times as much in dollars as they were to Czarist Russia in 1913; also, that Russia bought $91,222,000 worth of our goods in the year ending September 30, 1928. Moreover, our share of the Russian market is now larger than that of any nation except Germany, and Russia is the fourth largest buyer of American industrial machinery. And, continues the writer in *The World*—

"These sizable figures are reduced to lesser importance by the Soviet proclamation that within the next five years it is going to spend some $33,000,000,000 on the internal development, especially the industrialization, of Russia; and that it plans to import during that period some $3,500,000,000 of goods.

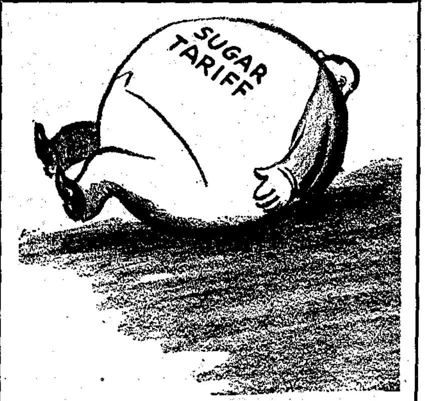
"These are figures which enterprising American industrialists and engineers could hardly afford to overlook in scanning the globe for additional outlets for their products and services."

During the last few weeks, a party of about a hundred Americans, bankers, manufacturers, engineers, editors, tourists, have been going through Russia at the invitation of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce, as the first United States trade delegation to Moscow. Furthermore, Theodore M. Knappen, in a *Magazine of Wall Street* article, finds Russian economic distress and the moral need of American recognition back of Russia's desire for recognition by the United States. So Mr. Knappen concludes that, with a need and desire for recognition, on the one hand, "and on the other hand, neither pressing need nor compelling desire, there can be only one result—ultimate recognition on America's terms."

A "SLIDING-SCALE" FOR SUGAR DUTIES

THE "SUGAR WAR IS JUST COMMENCING," trumpets special correspondent Carter Field on the tariff battle-front in Washington, where Senator Smoot dares to advance beyond the lines, so to say, with a kind of truce-flag or yardstick of a "sliding-scale" for sugar duties, devised to silence the barrages which compelled his Finance Committee to reopen public hearings on the higher sugar schedule proposed by the Hawley bill. But sharp firing on his flag opened at the first rehearing, when nobody volunteered support, but representatives of cane- and beet-sugar producers, refiners, agricultural organizations, and soft-drink manufacturers declared the sliding-scale plan impracticable, discriminatory, inadequate, a price-fixing device, and an invitation to market manipulation. Senator Pat Harrison (Dem.) descries "a retreat on the part of the sugar aviators, with a smoke-screen to cover up their aerial stunts." Other Senators dub the Smoot sliding-scale idea as "Einstein theory." While admitting that a sliding-scale, as a "new wrinkle" in tariff tactics, may have merits, few editorial observers see either truce or retreat in Smoot's proposal; many seem to see in it only a signal for remobilization of all the fighting forces of conflicting sugar interests for increased protection. "At least we may all pity the sweltering tariff-makers," suggests the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), which reminds us:

> "Sugar continues to be a bone of contention in Washington. The House bill raised the tariff to three cents a pound. Western and Southern sugar-beet growers demanded it, but the cry went forth from the wheat belt and from consumers that the increase would force higher prices for the refined article. No other problem contained in the tariff schedules has proved to be anything like so intricate. There have been protests against the free entry of Philippine sugar and discrimination in favor of Cuba. Out of the welter has come a proposition backed by Senator Smoot of Utah, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, for a sliding-scale."



"I FAW DOWN AN' GO BOOM"
—*Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Smoot plan provides that the duty on raw sugar shall go up as the weekly wholesale price of refined sugar at New York goes down, and vice versa. In no case shall the duty be lower than 1 cent nor more than 3 cents per pound. Cuba shall receive a 20-per-cent. preferential of the quoted rate. The Washington *Post* explains:

> "The Utah Senator's table of proposed rates aims at stabilizing the price of sugar at about 6 cents per pound. His theory is that no one can reasonably object to paying 6 cents for sugar, and that the American producers will be protected, since the sliding-scale will guarantee at least 3 per cent. return on their investment.
>
> "If the proposal should be adopted by Congress and the New York price of refined sugar becomes stabilized at 6 cents, there will be no increase in the duty. The sliding-scale provides a duty of 2.20 when sugar sells at 6 cents. This is the present fixt rate. The 3-cent rate, now provided in the House bill, would be applied only when the price of sugar dropt to 5.20 cents or below. The minimum rate of 1 cent would be applied only when sugar went up to 7.20 cents or higher.
>
> "The sliding-scale retains the 20 per cent. preferential rate for Cuba. At the present price, 5.75 cents, it is estimated that the sliding-scale duty against Cuba would be 1.96 cents, an increase of one-fifth of a cent over the present rate. It is quite obvious that this will not meet with the approval of the American sugar producers. They will not willingly relinquish the two-thirds-cent increase against Cuba given them in the House bill. Senator Smoot, who is generally regarded as the chief advocate for high sugar duties, thus assumes the rôle of conciliator between the producers and consumers."

No great amount of enthusiasm appears to have been aroused in Republican papers by the Smoot proposal. The New York *Herald Tribune*, for example, thinks President Hoover's decision regarding it may be crucial, and considers sugar a "borderline case" in protection policy. We read:

> "The questions raised by the Smoot scale are too complex for hasty or superficial judgments.
>
> "It should, however, be realized that sugar tariffs have two purposes: first, to protect the domestic beet industry, and, second, to afford customs revenue. Undoubtedly the protectionist element is the stronger in this case, and as a general principle it can certainly be said that it is good policy for the United States to assist by all reasonable means the development of those industries which make us independent of the rest of the world for our foodstuffs. But with this principle accepted, beet-sugar remains a borderline case. It has yet to prove itself economically an important factor in agricultural prosperity."

Among independent papers, the Washington *Evening Star* remarks that the sliding-scale "has its appeal" under the theory of protection; "certainly it is seemingly based on an element of justice"; and "if adopted in connection with sugar, a demand may be made that similar plans for tariff duties on other commodities be worked out." The Springfield *Republican* observes that "the only people who want a tariff duty on sugar anyhow," the beet and cane growers, are not even satisfied with the Hawley bill rate. The Syracuse *Herald* says:

> "Strange as it may seem, the sliding-scale expedient for 'stabilizing' the price of sugar, as they call it, is vigorously championed by Senator Smoot. Yet the distinguished statesman from Utah was one of the foremost antagonists of the export-debenture plan for 'stabilizing' the export price of wheat, and, to that extent, for stiffening the domestic price. If there be any difference in principle and objective between sliding sugar scales and wheat debentures, nobody but the proverbial Connecticut lawyer could point it out."

The financial New York *Journal of Commerce* warns consumers that the sliding-scale is designed to stabilize prices upward, and sums up its objections thus:

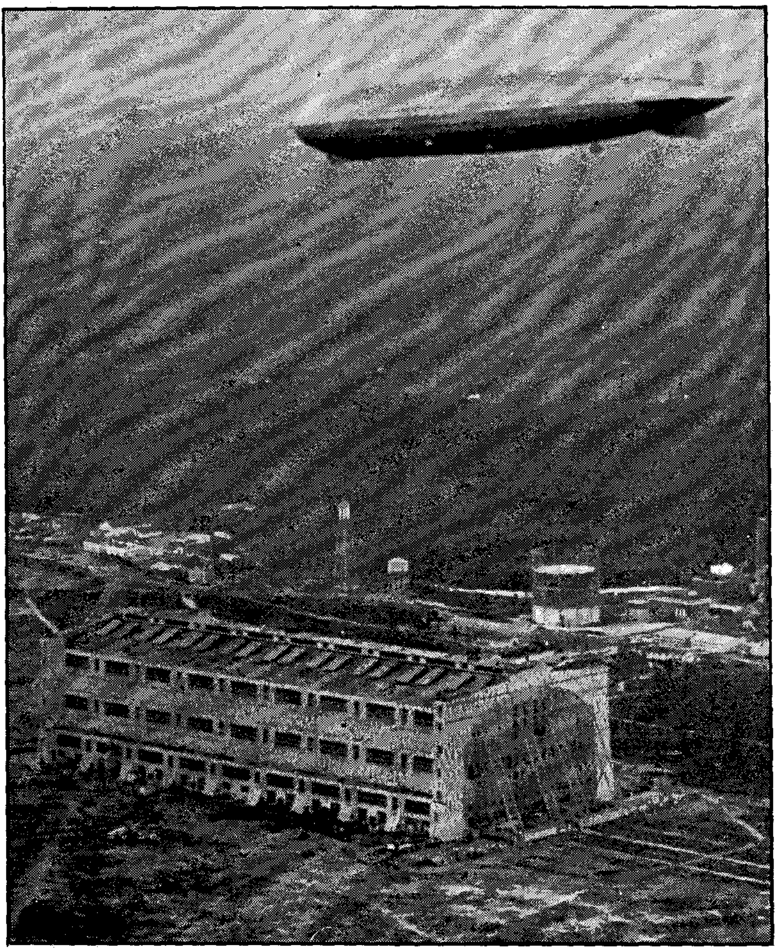
> "The sliding-scale postulates an unrealistically simple relationship of cause and effect between prices charged to consumers of refined sugar and the duty on imports of raw. There is also a tendency to ignore the administrative and statistical difficulties presented by the system, and the chances for manipulation involved in the necessity of computing weekly elaborate averages of prices weighted according to sales. In short, in the name of stability, the sliding-scale would multiply the uncertainties under which the sugar industry now labors. Whatever rates may be ultimately decided upon, therefore, they should at least be fixt so that importers, refiners, and domestic producers, too, may know how to plan for the future, and what degree of protection to count upon."

The protests to which Washington correspondents attribute Smoot's plan and the reopening of committee hearings include not only criticism of price-fixing but attacks upon the costs of sugar protection. According to Professor Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, an independent investigation concludes that under the Hawley bill rates the yearly sugar bill of the country would be $384,000,000 more than if Cuban sugar were admitted free. The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.) propounds this question:

> "Why would it not be a good public investment for the Government to buy the domestic sugar industry outright and close up shop, instead of having consumers pay enough in sugar taxes to buy the industry outright every two years or so? Along with the exposition of his method of lubricating his sliding-scale one would like to have Mr. Smoot devote himself to this question."

THE *GRAF ZEPPELIN'S* SECOND VISIT

TWO-DAY DIRIGIBLE SERVICE between the United States and Germany is predicted by Germany's representative of the Ministry of Transportation, as a result of the *Graf Zeppelin's* successful 5,000-mile flight from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst, New Jersey, in less than four days. This was the great airship's second voyage to these shores, and the return trip last year was made in less than seventy hours. A larger dirigible, we are told, not only could carry a greater number of passengers and more mail and express, but it could make the westward crossing in less than sixty hours. Already, says a writer in the Baltimore *Sun,* plans have been made for the construction of two American passenger dirigibles, each twice the size of the *Graf Zeppelin;* and in Great Britain the giant British airship, *R-100,* is nearing completion. But the *Graf Zeppelin,* we are reminded by the St. Joseph *News-Press,* "is the first representative of that mighty argosy of air-liners with which the human imagination has for generations been painting the skies."



Acme Newspicture

THE *GRAF ZEPPELIN* ARRIVING OVER THE NAVY HANGAR

Germany's "merchantman of the air" left Friedrichshafen at 9:29 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, Wednesday, July 31. She carried, besides twenty passengers, a stowaway, and a crew of forty, 30,387 letters and 31,499 post-cards, some birds and animals, and miscellaneous freight items, including a piano. A similar trip, attempted last May, failed through defective engine shaftings, recalls the New York *Times.* The voyage which began on July 31, we are told, "was a shakedown for the new equipment and a training trip for the crew in preparation for the dirigible's trip around the world." At 10 P. M., August 1, the *Graf Zeppelin* passed over Gibraltar, and at 7:05 P. M. the following day she was ninety miles south of Pico, the Azores. At 9 P. M. Saturday, August 3, her position was given as 1,035 miles southeast of the Navy's hangar at Lakehurst, which she reached at 6:29 the following evening, exactly ninety-three hours out. She came, it is estimated, 5,331 land miles.

As a result of the *Graf Zeppelin's* second visit we are experiencing a revival of the airplane-dirigible controversy. The airship enthusiasts are loud in their praise of the potentialities and capabilities of the dirigible, while the supporters of the airplane insist that the airship is cumbersome, uneconomical, and generally impracticable. The unprejudiced ones are "from Missouri." Certainly, maintains the Washington *Post,* "if the 'round-the-world flight is carried out successfully, Dr. Eckener and his *Graf Zeppelin* will have convinced many that the dirigible is not the ungainly thing it is so frequently painted." To quote the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

> "There is solid significance to this second triumph of German ingenuity and enterprise.
>
> "Those nations which carry the world's trade have their minds turned to the air as the next field of competition for supremacy in transportation and communication.
>
> "Big airships are building in England and America, and others are contemplated elsewhere. The air-liner will have many opportunities during the coming years to prove its possibilities."

A large number of newspapers, on the other hand, are convinced that the dirigible is still in the experimental stage; that the dirigible's margin of time advantage over the ocean-liner is not sufficiently great to attract passengers. In the opinion of the New Haven *Register,* "the *Graf Zeppelin's* usefulness will be seriously restricted until she can develop much greater speed." "If she is to compete with the passenger-carrying liner, she must function as regularly and be as safe," points out the New York *Times.* A criticism of the New York *World* is that "the *Zeppelin* type of airship is very costly to build, house, and operate in proportion to the useful load it can carry." Then there is the time which such a leviathan of the skies loses through being compelled by unfavorable weather to take a longer route. Writing of the "commercial disadvantages" of the Zeppelin type of airship, William L. Laurence says in the New York *World:*

> "First, are the enormous discomforts of this mode of travel. During these early stages, when the newspapers still give Zeppelin flights front-page publicity, it is still possible to find passengers, themselves not too averse to publicity, willing to pay $2,000 for the privilege of being cooped up like hens for three days or more, eating mostly canned foods, unable to smoke or bathe, or even to open a window to get a breath of fresh air. Add to this the pleasure of being pitched and rolled all over God's heavens, and it will not take much horse-sense to figure out that while such ocean travel may be good enough for baboons, gorillas, pigeons, canaries, and grand pianos, it is far from attractive for individuals going abroad for purposes other than publicity."

In the final analysis, avers the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* "it can not be said that the *Graf Zeppelin's* flight from Friedrichshafen to the United States advances the development of lighter-than-air craft beyond the experimental stage." For example:

> "Airship disasters, such as the *Roma,* the *Shenandoah,* the *R-38* in England, the loss of the *Dixmude,* and the misfortune which overtook the *Graf Zeppelin* on an attempt to fly to America earlier this year, all attest the degree to which the dirigible is dependent upon favorable weather for its success. The present voyage, which was made under most favorable weather conditions, and which seems to have been uneventful, does not appear to have done more than call attention to the desirability of further experiments with this form of aircraft."

FIXING BLAME FOR THE *VESTRIS* DISASTER

A "SCORCHING" REPORT, "as ruthless as anything the American investigators said," our papers call the decision of the British Board of Trade's Court of Inquiry which blames agents, officers and owners for the loss of the *Vestris* and its fearful toll of 112 lives, off the Virginia Capes last November. After 40-days' investigation, the longest of its kind ever held in England, the basic finding is that the *Vestris* left Hoboken overloaded, and "not in fit condition to encounter the perils of the sea voyage." Clearly "company greed was chiefly responsible," declares the New York *Telegram* (Scripps-Howard chain); "lust for gold so blinded them that they overloaded or permitted the overloading of the ship, and placed undue emphasis on trying to bring in a disabled ship unaided in order to escape salvage fees," says the Jersey City *Journal*. "Nothing was done to lighten her load before she entered the open sea. Hatches were not battened down, tarpaulins were not available. Doors were not tight. And the SOS signal, sent out six hours overdue!" are detailed findings repeated by the Boston *Herald*. Surviving officers testified before the British inquiry that knowledge of overloading was concealed from the American official investigators for fear of its damaging effect on the American public. This accounts for one of the few main differences between findings of the British and the two American investigations immediately following the disaster, notes the Providence *News*. The other difference, according to *The News*, is that the British report "very noticeably soft-pedals criticism of the captain and crew of the *Vestris*." The British inquiry finds three officials of Sanderson and Sons, New York agents of the Lamport and Holt Line, "guilty of wrongful act and default" in the overloading, and David Cook, Vice-President, is to pay £500 toward the cost of the inquiry. The General Manager of the line is censured for failure to warn agents against overloading, for at least five previous instances of such overloading were known. The Lamport and Holt Line of Liverpool and officers of the line are held "not guilty of wrongful act or default," but the court recommends that the standing instructions to shipmasters concerning SOS signals be canceled since they probably encouraged Captain Carey's fatal delay. So, after all, as the New York *World* sees it, Captain Carey stands out as "the tragic figure of the *Vestris*":

> "He knew his fault, when it was too late for a remedy. His suicidal decision to go down with his ship was a dramatic, unspoken acknowledgment of error.
>
> "The Captain was not alone in his terrible blunder. His instructions were, in case of disaster, to consider first the safety of passengers. But after estimating the actual peril he was to 'judge whether he be justified in not fighting his own way to the nearest port unaided.' Success in this would be a 'matter of high recommendation.' In plainer terms, the Captain, any captain, was to play the limit before summoning aid and incurring salvage charges. 'This part of the instructions,' says the Board of Trade, 'is highly undesirable and should be canceled.'
>
> "It would be a vivid imagination that could adequately picture the mental strain upon this gallant, experienced man as hour after hour he followed his sordid instructions while his 'tender,' overloaded, leaking ship canted further and further off even keel and the chances of the passengers steadily lessened. The initial fault was beyond his control. With a stanch ship under him the fateful decision would not have needed to be made. And we in the United States have to-day no law adequately to prevent another *Vestris* from going out too deeply laden for safety!"

The *Vestris*, bound from New York to South American ports, it is recalled, did not have to pass the standard inspection of British ports, and, flying the British ensign, was in many respects immune from American rulings. "What might have been illegal in Liverpool was not unlawful here," comments the Boston *Herald*, which cites the fact that Congress has passed a discretionary load water-line bill to take effect in about a year. Many papers call again for strengthening our inspection system and for laws against overloading, as they did at the time of the disaster. Others would have Congress adopt features of the recommended "safety code" concerning lights, signals, radio, life-boat equipment, etc., promulgated by the International Sea Safety Conference in London (reviewed in THE DIGEST, June 15, p. 10). The British Board of Trade inquiry makes these chief recommendations as a means of averting future disasters:

> "That the same protection for safety of life which is afforded immigrant ships by means of Board of Trade supervision and inspection should be extended to all foreign-going passenger ships.
>
> "That the Board of Trade invoke the assistance of consular and other independent responsible authorities to observe the record of drafts of British vessels sailing from foreign ports, and report to the Board of Trade.
>
> "That the boat list for passengers and crew should be prepared, and boat stations exercised before sailing.
>
> "That data on stability should be supplied to the ship's officers."

In short, thinks the New York *Herald Tribune*, the British report appears to "squirm a bit in its efforts to be gentle with its own," particularly in its mild criticism of the lowering of the life-boats and its finding that "there was no lack of discipline among the crew":

> "Possibly this was to be expected, tho it can hardly strengthen public confidence in British seamanship to be told authoritatively that the obvious bungling on this occasion, resulting in a loss of life wholly disproportionate to the emergency, did not seriously violate the traditions of the service."

On the other hand, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says:

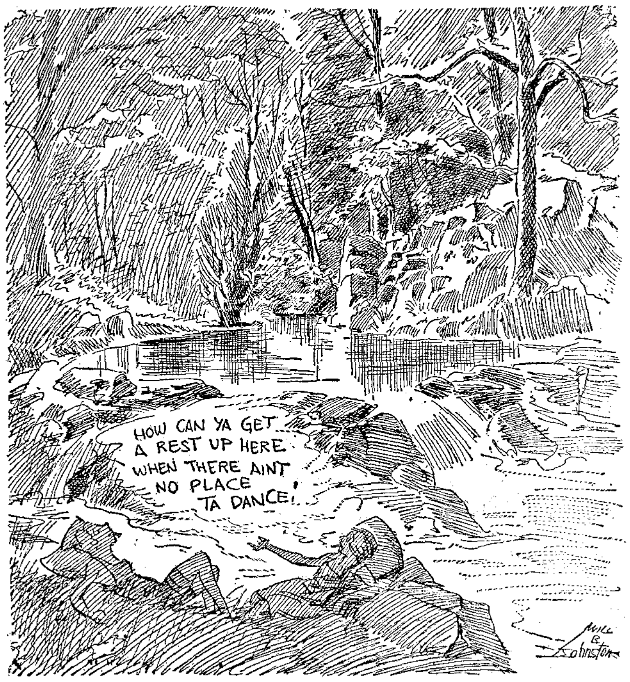
> "If we wonder that inquirers acting for a nation having the enormous shipping interests of the British should be so frank in acknowledging the damaging culpability which the facts indicate, we may remember that it is only through just such frankness that general confidence in British seamanship is to be preserved after so ghastly a tragedy, and safeguards for the future made certain."

The judgment that penalizes the New York agents and exonerates the owners of the ship arouses no little criticism. The New York *Telegram* calls it "A Strange Legal Proposition," saying that "as a moral proposition that may be sound, but as a legal one an owner is usually held responsible for the acts of his agents." And the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* concludes:

> "In the light of the several inquisitions that have been conducted on both sides of the Atlantic, it may be said that while a measure of blame for the great loss of life attaches to the poor management of Captain Carey, and to the United States steamboat inspection service for the inadequacy of its inspection of life-saving equipment, the greater responsibility for the disaster must be laid at the door of the Lamport and Holt Line itself for keeping in the service a structurally imperfect ship, and for sending her to sea with criminally heavy loads."

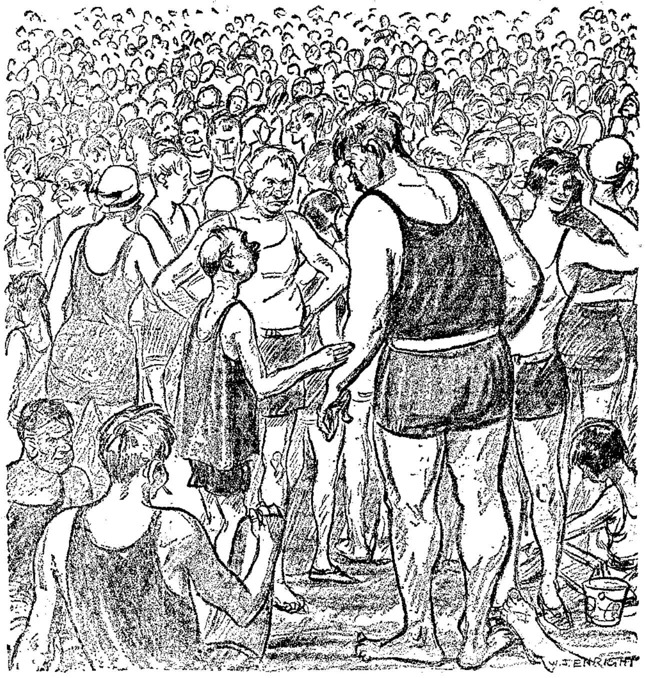
Altho there appears to be "no law under which those held blamable for the tragedy can be adequately punished," observes the St. Louis *Star*, "some lasting good ought to result from the report." The Louisville *Herald-Post* says:

> "It may be worth while to print the comment of United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, who conducted an inquiry on this side, and did not please the British the least bit. Here is what he says:
>
> "'Some nine months have now elapsed since this tragedy drove home to the American people these obvious requirements for greater protection at sea. These lessons will be converted into constructive results only if public opinion remains active and insistent. The best use which could be made of the American and British reports upon the loss of the *Vestris* is for public opinion to insist that the changes in law and regulation which they demonstrate to be necessary be promptly made.'
>
> "To be sure.
>
> "But what prospect is there that they will be so much as made at all?
>
> "Public interest has centered on something more recent.
>
> "Who may hope to revive and to hold it?"


HOW CAN YA GET A REST UP HERE WHEN THERE AINT NO PLACE TA DANCE!

VACATION DAYS

—Johnstone in the New York *World.*



"PLEASE, CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE OCEAN?"

—Enright in the New York *World.*

HOLIDAY EMBARRASSMENTS

TOPICS IN BRIEF

OUR idea of a tough job would be trying to lug Lindbergh into the talkies.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

IT'S all in the point of view. China objects to losing its face in the East and Russia its foot.—*Dallas News.*

"WHAT is the commonest crime among literary men?" asks THE LITERARY DIGEST. Writing.—*Tampa Tribune.*

BATHS Made Illegal in Brussels, Belgium.—Head-line. Brussels makes a bid for the small-boy trade.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER thing modern woman's garb has done: It has put the *Dance of the Seven Veils* completely out of business.—*Louisville Times.*

EVERY now and then some eminent statesman sees the dawn of a new era, but it always seems to cloud up before noon. —*Kay Features.*

IT'LL only be a matter of time until refueling-flight contestants will have to make a seasonal change of clothes a part of their preparation.—*Washington Post.*

THE French have reluctantly ratified the debt agreement. This does not mean, however, that they will ever forgive us for lending them the money.—*New Yorker.*

THE little bird that ferments fruit in tiny caves and then gets drunk on it doubtless is the one that tells things to Joan Lowell and Trader Horn.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

IT is interesting to note that China and Russia saw the wisdom of peaceably settling their own dispute as soon as Japan offered to arbitrate for them.—*Southern Lumberman.*

WE have seen many statements covering the cost of crime, fires, accidents, and what not, but no one ever published a statement of the cost of compiling all these statistics.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

"RUSSIANS who drift into China," says an observer, "are quickly absorbed by the older race." We shall have to say something presently about the Bear that Walks Like a Mandarin. —*Detroit News.*

ACCORDING to the Wickersham plan, Prohibition is to be enforced by a simple division of labor. The national Government will keep liquor out of the States and the States will keep it out of the citizens.—*New Yorker.*

THE question now is, which books to take with you for a two weeks' endurance flight.—*Tampa Tribune.*

MAKING love doesn't take as long as it once did, but then it doesn't stay made as long, either.—*Kay Features.*

WHEN better automobiles are made, most of us will still be paying for the ones we have now.—*San Diego Union.*

THE bride may not know much about the other details of housekeeping, but she's usually a canny cook.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WHEN the meek do get to inherit the earth, it appears now as tho their great problem would still be the truck driver.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

PRESIDENT HOOVER points out that we have the world's costliest Army. Here's hoping that we never get our money's worth out of it.—*New Yorker.*

PERHAPS the way to state a great truth is that men wear too many foolish clothes and women not enough sensible garments. —*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A MOTORIST is a man who thinks his make of automobile is the best in the world, but is saving up his money to buy another kind next year.—*Southern Lumberman.*

SINCE Russia and China have both signed the anti-war pact, their problem seems to be to find a way of fighting each other without going to war.—*San Diego Union.*

PROFESSOR NUNSTON declares that people in Chicago do not take life seriously. This may be; but what is fun to them is a very serious matter for their victims.—*Punch.*

THERE has been a lot of talk about spinach having health-giving qualities, and we wonder why nobody has tried to emphasize that it can also give a person a lot of grit.—*Judge.*

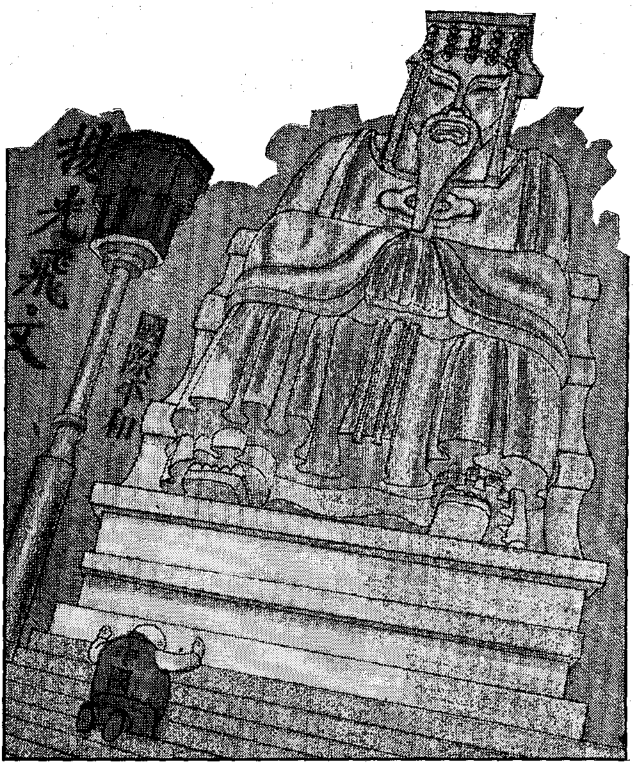
THE fruit-fly quarantine, we are told, has just about stopt rum-running from Florida. We felt sure from the first that this thing would have serious consequences.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

EXETER, New Hampshire, is the latest claimant to the distinction of being the birthplace of the Republican party. We are beginning to think the Republican party was originally an epidemic.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

A PEEP INTO "CHINA'S HELL"

IF THE OUTSIDE WORLD COULD GET an idea of the truth regarding China, according to German dailies in touch with Russian sources of information, there would be a chorused cry of horror at the veritable hell on earth that is China. The comment of the Berlin *Vorwärts* reflects this view constantly, and it would imply a Socialist indictment of Western civilization as it works out in Asia. But the idea is also set forth from time to time in German dailies like the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It grows more and more difficult, that daily suspects, to get the truth about China, where, according to some press reports, it is a normal condition for about 20,000,000 persons to exist in a state of undernourishment, and where it is also normal for thousands to die of hunger every year. There are too many forces in China working for misrepresentation, misconception, and mystification, says the *Tageblatt*, and such ominous intimations about China are particularly disturbing to those foreign observers friendly to the Chinese Republic who believe that for their national development the Chinese need peace. They point out that abuses can not be reformed nor can efficiency be induced in a country wasted by war or weakened by threats of war whether at home or abroad. As if to confirm the *Tageblatt's* idea of a curtain over the Chinese scene, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* enters somewhat elaborately into its horrors and its terrors. But first we must realize why there is a curtain over the inferno. It is let down by the foreigners on the spot—consciously or unconsciously:



AN ITALIAN VIEW OF MODERN CHINA

The Chinese Prayer: "O Great Confucius! Aid us! In 1912 in the name of liberty they cut off our pigtails, and in the present time, in the name of liberty, they cut off our heads. What will they do in another fifteen years?" —*Il Travaso* (Rome).

"The foreigners in China pursue a twofold policy. In the first place they cling with all their might to every privilege they possess, whether it be just or unjust.

"These foreigners do not want to give back anything to China. Instead they press into every breach they can effect in the work of the Chinese patriots, be their instrument a squadron of war-ships, or 'advice' to the native Government, or even their own dubious 'friendship.' In the next place, the Chinese government bureaucrats work with the foreigners against any movement on the part of the Chinese masses, and it is more or less a matter of accident which of these two elements might be said to pursue this policy most relentlessly.

"It is an open secret that the numerous American advisers of the Nanking Government make it a condition of their loans or investments that the labor-union movement among the Chinese working masses be suppressed, or else reorganized in accordance with American ideas. These reorganizations mean the creation of workingmen's clubs or 'fellowships.'"

Rightly or wrongly, proceeds this famous Frankfort newspaper, competent observers on the spot derive the idea that China is a smoking volcano and that Nanking is one of the topmost craters:

"Far-reaching reconstruction plans of the Nanking Government are simply schemes for the future. In the meantime literally millions of helpless peasants are perishing for want of food while the generals make war for the sake of their own power.

"In spite of all labor laws—concerning which we are told that they are designed to make labor discords impossible henceforth—the brutal reality remains that the peasants and the toilers live on a lower level of degradation than the beasts of the field.

"Resolutions and laws in China amount to the same nullity. The truth is quite different. The reality is that little children—to say nothing of grown women and men—have to work from fourteen to fifteen hours a day. For this they receive a wage that would scarcely suffice to keep a four-footed animal alive. The houses of the masses of the people are but pig-pens. As for the natives themselves, note what one reliable observer among several has to tell us. The Yangtze valley is the garden land of China. Amid the green fields there lie the horrible villages of the natives. The filth and the poverty are indescribable.

"For a great distance all about Shanghai the land belongs to rich foreign merchants, bankers, warehouse brokers. The native peasantry who have to live and to toil in this region live like beasts. The peasant unions, which once tried to solve the labor problem for the masses, have been dissolved. To-day the league of the landowners works hand in hand with the city authorities to compel a fulfilment of the demands of the exploiters against the peasantry.

"The debts of the peasants to these alien landlords descend from generation to generation. This means an enduring state of slavery for the Chinese masses.

"Those of the peasants who are tenant farmers have to surrender from sixty to eighty per cent. of their crop to others for fixt charges of one sort or another. There are regions in China where the workers on the soil labor for only their food and their shelter—such as those are.

"Government bureaucrats insist that it will take generations to solve this agrarian problem, and that before it can be done the peasants must be 'taught.' But in view of the horrors that afflict the masses of the Chinese natives there is no time, no disposition, no way to teach these peasants. Their existence is a chain of hopeless servitude from their birth—a chain of toil, starvation, sickness, and death. And in this inferno, child murder becomes an increasing necessity from the economic point of view. The superfluous sons are thrust into the armies or the factories. As for the daughters—there is the significant fact that every village in China shows a surplus of males.

"The revolution is ended. That is what the dominant party in China tells the world day after day. Yet in China proper it grows obvious that economic factors such as these are what determine the progress of events and not official versions of what is going on. The Nanking Government and the foreigners are allied to put down every rising, and they explain their procedure by saying that the people they fight are Bolshevists."

It is said to be so rare in these days that one hears anything encouraging about conditions in China that the Peiping (Peking) correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* notes with gratification the account of an extended tour through the chief provinces of South China which was given in that city by Julean Arnold, the Commercial Attaché of the American Legation. We read:

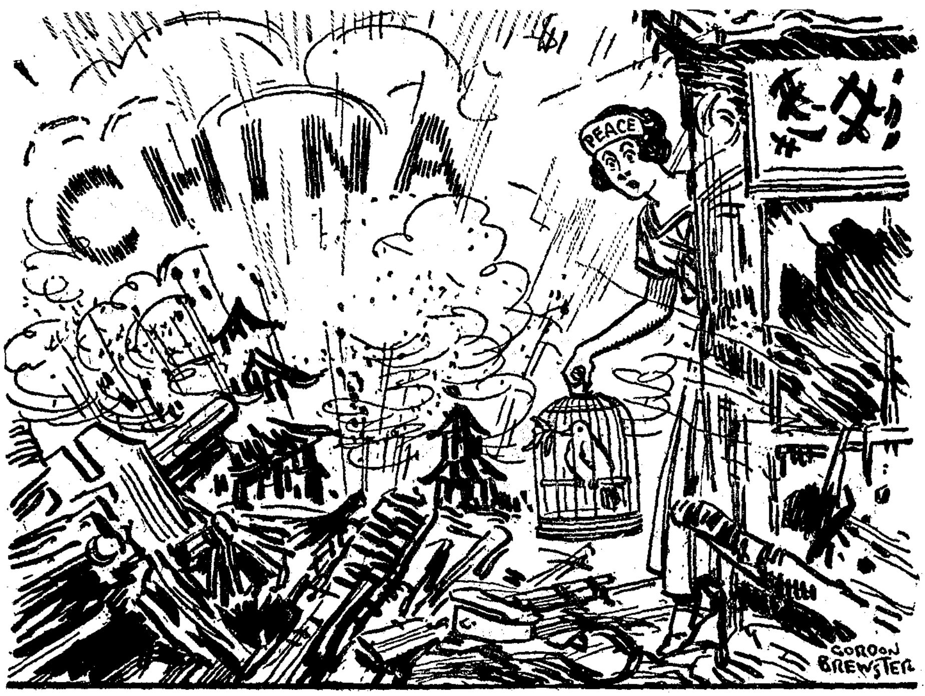
"Mr. Arnold, who had just returned from a trip through Kwantung, Kwangsi, Yunnan, and Fukien, drew a vivid picture of the way in which the chief cities of these provinces, and even some of the smaller towns, are being reconstructed along modern lines. He told, too, of the amazing development of motor transport, which is bringing in its train important changes in the lives and outlook of the people.

"Describing in some detail the new Canton, Mr. Arnold told how narrow streets, barely wide enough for a couple of sedan chairs to pass abreast, had given way to fifty miles of well-laid, well-paved, and well-drained thoroughfares. Fine buildings have gone up, and extraordinary care is taken not to waste the valuable frontages along the new streets. Mr. Arnold told of one 'sky-scraper' which, altho mounting five stories high, measured but five feet through, and in which a series of ladders took the place of stairways. The whole aspect of transport in the city had changed, he said, and now the call of the chair coolie working his way through congested alleys had been replaced by the honk of the motor-horn."

Cheering but cautionary was the welcome to the Chinese delegates at the Amsterdam Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce, and in a dispatch from that city to the London *Times*, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, head of the American delegation, is reported as saying that if China became really unified, a strong, powerful nation would arise, yet at the same time he conceded that the problems in political science which China must solve are "a challenge to her leaders."

The expansion of China's foreign trade will depend largely upon the manner in which the new Government tries to solve problems in national and international policy, according to Mr. Lamont. The sentiments of Mr. Lamont, we read further, were indorsed by Signor Pirelli, President of the International Chamber of Commerce, who is quoted as saying before that body:

"It is extremely difficult for us to understand Chinese conditions. Frequently news reaches us of military movements which cause great concern to the well-wishers of China. It is not trespassing into the domain of politics for us to express our confidence that military feudalism will definitely disappear from Chinese history. We are glad to learn from the Chinese delegates that a Chinese National Committee, truly representative of all the economic forces in China, will be formed to collaborate sincerely and effectively with the International Chamber of Commerce. So far China's international trade has been confined almost exclusively to the coasts. The day when the interior of that vast country, whose inhabitants form nearly one-fourth of mankind, is opened up to direct contact with other countries by improvements in transport and communications, the day when China will really be able to play the part that is hers in the world's business, will be a day full of promise for the progress of mankind."



IS ALL QUIET ON CHINA'S HOME FRONT?

—*Irish Weekly Independent* (Dublin).

THE MAGIC OF GOOD ROADS IN IRELAND

A MIRACLE OF TRANSFORMATION, both social and economic, has been wrought within the past two years in Southern Ireland as the result of good roads and a wide network of motor transport, which have brought remote and isolated farms and hamlets into close contact with the outside world. Omnibuses now tap districts that formerly were miles from the nearest railway, and cottagers can motor to the nearest market town as easily as they "feed the pigs." A journey which was once a costly venture, to be remembered for months, is now merely the incident of a week, according to Sir Percival Phillips, who tells us further, in the London *Daily Mail*, that because the railways have deeply felt the effect of motor competition, they ask the Government for protection, and—

"The answer has been a heavy tax on omnibuses. Still they flourish. The result of this invasion has been twofold. New suburbs, made possible by the improved transportation facilities, have grown up around the larger towns, and the peasants in the more remote districts have been brought out of their little world. In fact, it might be said that the old peasant type is doomed to extinction because of this new contact with the twentieth century.

"They have better shops at their disposal, better schools for their children, and wider knowledge of people and events. Newspapers reach many areas on the day of publication, where formerly they were not delivered until one or two days later.

"There are cottages facing the wild Atlantic that now receive before bedtime that morning's *Daily Mail*. The increasing sale of newspapers in districts where the local weekly was but little known is further proof of the deeper interest displayed by the inhabitants in happenings beyond their lonely parish.

"Their standard of living is changing, too. They want better things, and more comforts, so far as they are able to afford them.

"The young men are no longer content to be married off, after much bargaining by their parents, to a bride with a fortune of, say, $125 and a cow, and settle down docilely to humdrum life on a little patch of land. I am told that the 'marriage market' is a declining institution. More matches are being made by the young people themselves.

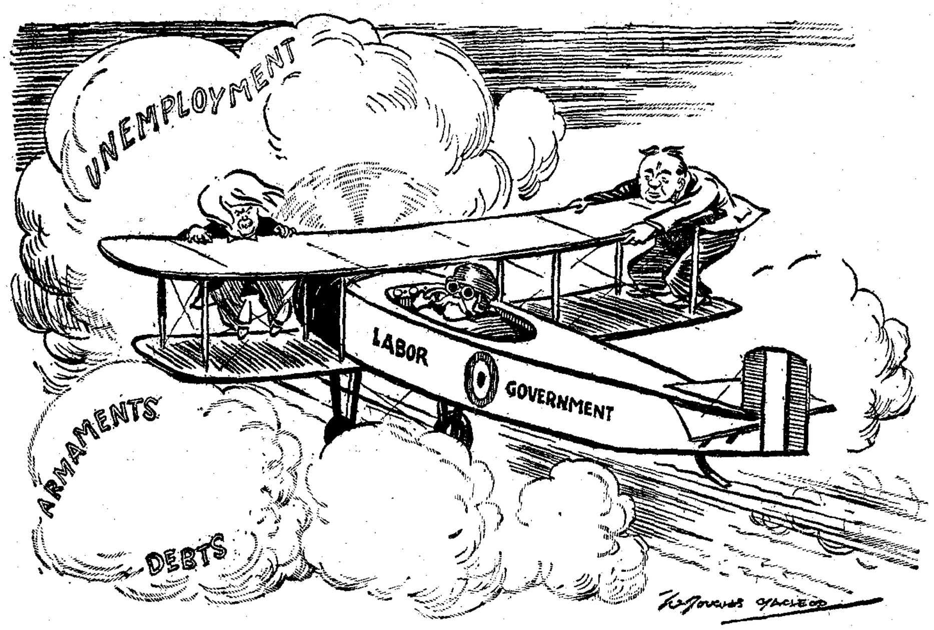
"The women want better clothes. The girls show a tendency to imitate their sisters of the towns. While motoring in County Clare this week I passed a wooden cart filled with milk-cans and driven by a young girl. Her shawl had fallen away from her bobbed head, she was wearing stockings of artificial silk, and smoking a cigaret with evident enjoyment. She may not be a universal type, but undoubtedly she is a symptom. . . .

"The Free State has spent upwards of $25,000,000 since 1923 in reconstructing 1,800 miles of national highways and 6,000 miles of trunk and link roads. You can travel to-day at a steady forty miles an hour between Dublin and Limerick, Galway or Belfast, piloted by a complete system of sign-posts, mileage indicators, and safety signals. No other country in Europe has a better system of communications or one more efficiently maintained.

"Naturally, the omnibus has flourished and multiplied almost beyond belief.

"Two years ago the first long-distance line (Dublin to Cavan) was opened as an experiment. By the beginning of last year, services had been established over 3,000 miles of roads. They extended over 4,400 miles by the end of the year, when the number of passengers carried had increased from 1,900,000 to 3,360,000."

It is related also that local tradesmen have been hard hit by the motor-omnibus, because their customers no longer have to depend upon the general store of the locality, but take the bus into the nearest large town. According to Sir Percival, some shop people have been forced to close, and he adds that, as might be expected, they want the motor-transport services abolished and the domination of the railway restored. That the towns realize their greater importance in the commercial scheme, it seems, is apparent from the fact that they are organizing "Carnival Shopping Weeks" to attract the new class of buyer "from the back of beyond." One community after another advertises its attractions with flags, banners, and a general air of festivity, and, it seems, all of this appeals powerfully to the peasant, whose amusements are very few.



THE RAMSAY MACDONALD ENDURANCE FLIGHT

"It may be a stormy voyage with two stowaways on board."

—*Evening News* (Glasgow).

Another economic factor in the changing country districts, we are told, is the cooperative creamery, and there are now 162 of these government-run organizations at strategic centers for the systematic collection of milk, butter, and eggs. Fifty were opened recently, it is related, in areas where hitherto the farmers had had to depend solely on the profits of barley and cattle food. But "now they are able to go in for dairying, and thereby raise their standard of living." We read then:

"In the other ways the development of the country districts is very marked. Hotels have been repaired and refurnished, in some cases even rebuilt, in anticipation of the increased tourist trade. The little town of Ennis can boast of a new hotel, with modern improvements and decorations, which would be a credit to any great caravansary in London or on the Continent."

DANGERS TO BRITAIN'S LABOR GOVERNMENT

THE SPIRIT OF COOPERATION expected to be shown by the four parties in the House of Commons, is admirable in itself, we are told, but in its possibilities constitutes a menace to the Government of Premier MacDonald and to the Labor party. As viewed by the Vancouver *Daily Province*, one peril that threatens Britain's Labor Government is that the necessity for agreement and compromise may have the effect of bleeding the Government's program of progressive legislation until it is a pale and anemic affair, which will bring the Labor party neither satisfaction nor prestige, "while the nation will be forced to sit in the doldrums and wait." The other danger, according to this newspaper, is that the Labor party, which has been the most progressive party in British politics, may be forced by the necessities of compromise and the responsibilities of office into a central position, while the independent Laborites, or "ginger group," develop into the real progressive party, and draw off from the parent body strength which that body can ill afford to lose. Meanwhile this journal reminds us that:

"Great Britain is experiencing a period, just now, of what might be called with some justice, 'government by agreement.' There are four parties in the House of Commons, and no one is in control. There are Labor in office; the Conservatives, the principal Opposition; the Liberals, the supplementary Opposition, or, as they are pleased to think, the balance; and the Independent Laborites, or 'ginger group,' who have not only stated, but have made it very clear by their tactics, that they are a fourth party and in no way responsible for the actions of the Government.

"There are in the situation, of course, all the possibilities of deadlock. But there appears to be no expectation that deadlock will result. There is a maxim current in Great Britain which says that the King's Government must be carried on, and the members of all four parties have the good sense to interpret this liberally. The result is a very substantial measure of cooperation. There has been a real response to the plea made by the Prime Minister that the various parties in the House of Commons should consider themselves 'more as a Council of State and less as arrayed regiments facing each other in battle.'"

All the same, *The Daily Province* goes on to say, Prime Minister MacDonald knows better than to put too great a strain on the spirit of cooperation, which has developed, and it points out by way of illustration that:

"This is seen in the Government's attitude toward the miners' working day. British miners had a seven-hour day formerly. But after the coal strike, legislation imposed a day of eight hours. The Labor party pledged itself, before the election, to bring the seven-hour day back, and has been endeavoring to do so. It has found, however, that there are numerous factors in the situation, and has decided to postpone action until the autumn session. Meanwhile, there will be consultations with the mine-owners and an attempt to reach an agreement. Just what would happen if the Government introduced a seven-hour-day bill in opposition to the mine-owners' wishes is, of course, not certain, but it is quite conceivable the Government might be defeated.

"There is a good deal to be said in favor of government by agreement. It is the method followed in non-partizan bodies everywhere, and it works quite well. . . . In political bodies, however, there seems to be some necessity for an opposition, and, sooner or later, an opposition evolves."

Pictures from the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin)

RUSSIAN HARVEST WORKERS OF THE OLD-TIME STYLE ON A GOVERNMENT FARM AT MOSCOW

RUSSIA'S OLD AND NEW FARMING

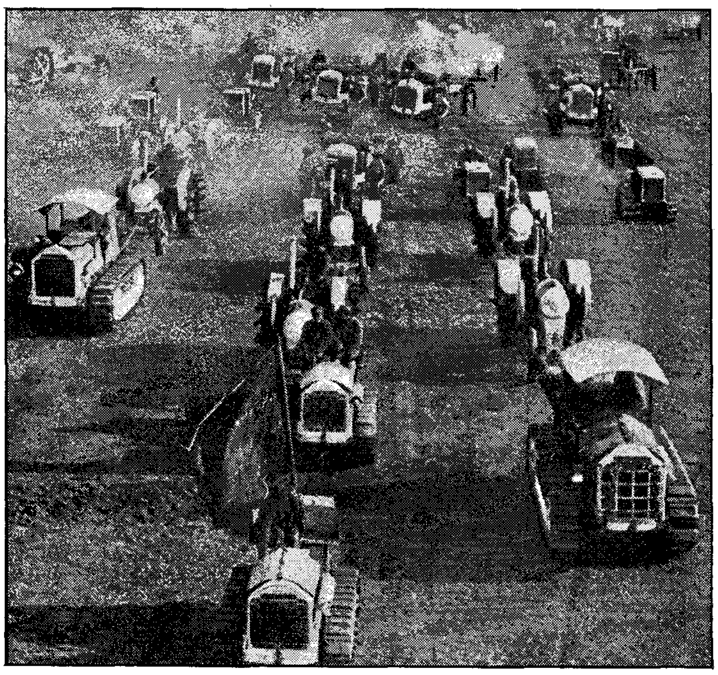
PAST AND PRESENT CONFRONT EACH OTHER in strange contrast on Russia's farm lands, it seems, where in one section the practise of the ancient science of agriculture suggests the Middle Ages, while in others it is progressive enough to be the envy of the American Middle West. This is the impression to be gathered from an account of Russia's agriculturists in the Berlin *Zeitbilder*, an illustrated supplement of the *Vossische Zeitung*, and in which we are reminded that 90 per cent. of the people of Russia lives upon agriculture. When, back in 1917, the great combined estates were divided among agricultural laborers and poor peasants, it is recalled, the Communists had no doubt that such measures would appease the land-hunger of the masses. But they felt too that sooner or later unfavorable economic effects must ensue, and we read:

"The disintegration of the system of great landed estates in connection with the isolated administrative areas—Bessarabia and White Russia being instances of these—to say nothing of a surplus population of fifteen millions, led to the agricultural crisis in the Soviet Union. To find a solution is the gravest problem before it to-day.

"There are nomadic populations, but slowly brought settlement anywhere, which have in a sense only just begun to work the soil. There are whole regions in which at this very moment every farming implement is fashioned in the most primitive manner by domestic labor within the household. There are forms of the traditional Russian *mir* which still survive and which comprise labor groups on the land working it for equal shares in the crop. And in quite recent years has been witnessed a creation of agricultural institutions which in Germany or the United States even might be regarded as models for imitation."

The Russians have thoroughly grasped the fact that the simple peasant on the land, we are then informed, must not merely have farming pamphlets delivered to him at his home. He needs to be taught practically how to make the most of his land from a gainful standpoint, it is pointed out, and how to promote the marketing of his products. This is the reason why in many government or administrative areas quite large strips of land are given over to cooperative groups or actually taken up by the official department concerned, and—

"This acreage is worked with the most modern machinery. The utmost care is taken in whatever relates to cattle breeding and a due yield of milk and butter. For the promotion of this object commissions are sent to all the world to make studies of the subject."



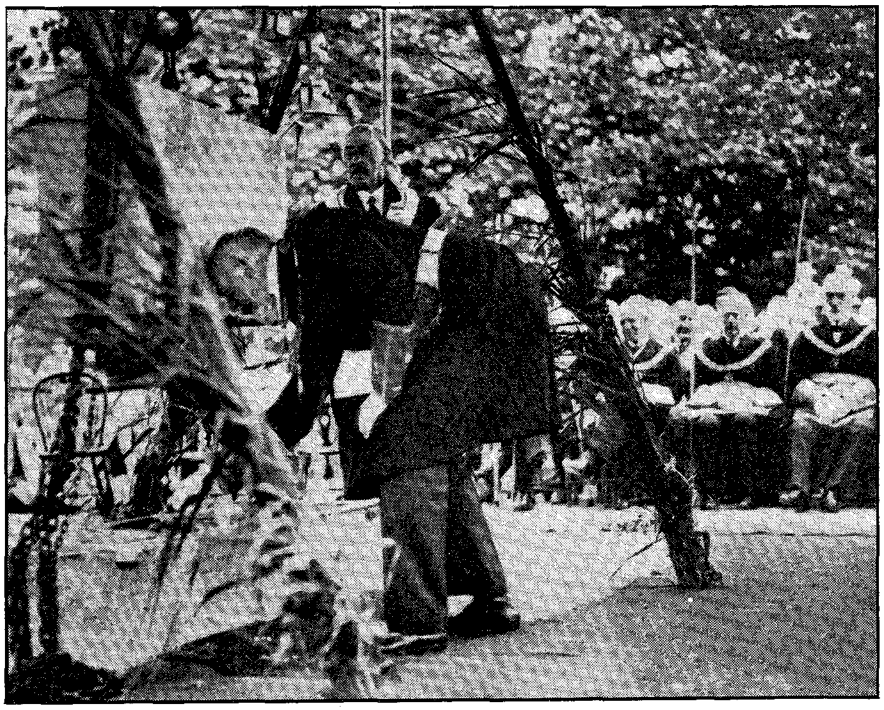
MOTOR-PLOWS—SYMBOLS OF A NEWER RUSSIAN FARM ERA

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SHAKESPEARE'S MASONIC PATRONS

WHY WERE ACTORS OMITTED from the ceremonies? is the question asked especially among the theatrical profession when the corner-stone of the new Shakespeare Theater at Stratford-on-Avon was laid with Masonic ceremonies on July 2. So many Americans have contributed to the building about to replace the one destroyed by fire, that an account of its initiation does not come amiss. It will be remembered that the competitive design receiving the award was executed by a woman, Miss Elisabeth Scott, and tho this is, in certain places, referred to as "somewhat bleak and heavy," its interior construction will be upon modern lines. The connection of the Masonic order with this ceremony appears to be somewhat in the line of tradition, according to the London *Morning Post:*



International News photograph

FIRST STONE OF THE "TEMPLE OF CONCORD"

Lord Ampthill, laying the corner-stone of the Shakespeare Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, hoped the new theater would become such a temple for the nations.

"This is not the first time that a Stratford Theater's foundation stone has been honored with full Masonic rites. The old Memorial Theater was so laid fifty-two years ago, when the Freemasons of Warwickshire played a prominent part.

"Never before, however, has Grand Lodge paid such a tribute to a dramatist and theater as that of to-day, when Lord Ampthill was assisted by Lord Cornwallis, Colonel Wyley, Sir Kynaston Studd (Lord Mayor of London), and a galaxy of other leading office-bearers.

"The American Ambassador could not be present, but a goodly sprinkling of American guests was to be seen. There was a noticeable absence of actors and actresses—indeed, Shakespeare's profession was probably the least represented there. Mr. George Hayes and Miss Joyce Bland, leading members of the present Memorial Theater company, and the Old Bensonian, Mr. O. B. Clarence, were among those present.

"On the whole, it was an affair that would have fascinated Shakespeare himself—the simple old prayers, with a language and imagery that he would assuredly have approved; the ritual corn, wine, oil, and salt; the laying of the newspapers and coins in the stone by Sir Alfred Robbins; the presentation of the silver trowel to Lord Ampthill by Miss Elisabeth Scott; the hammering of the stone by Lord Ampthill with the 4,000-years-old Egyptian maul; the old Tate-and-Brady quatrains, sung to a platform-'organ' played by Mr. A. B. Custard, of Liverpool Cathedral."

The absence of the actors is perhaps explained by Mr. Hannen Swaffer of *The Daily Express* (London), the day after the ceremony:

"I did not go to the stone-laying ceremony at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon yesterday. Indeed, I am heartily in sympathy with *The Stage*, a most conservative paper, which asks in an article sent me by Bruce Moir, 'Why should not the stone-laying ceremony be conducted by distinguished members of Shakespeare's own profession?'

"In criticizing yesterday's program, which included full Masonic ritual by Lord Ampthill, the provincial grand master for England, assisted by Lord Cornwallis, the deputy grand master, and Colonel Wyley, the provincial grand master for Warwickshire, *The Stage* asked: 'What have Lord Ampthill, Lord Cornwallis, or Colonel Wyley to do with Shakespeare or Shakespearian art? Why should their Masonic rank be paraded in either connection? Why introduce full Masonic ritual in a dedication that has nothing to do with the craft?

"'It may please the Mayor and corporation of Stratford to march in procession, tho the real dignity of the occasion would no doubt be better consulted if they did not; but why should the provincial grand master for Warwickshire follow in their worshipful steps?'

"I disagree about the Mayor, who is the chief citizen of Shakespeare's birthplace, but I would have preferred to see the chief stone laid, say, by Sir Frank Benson, most distinguished of England's Shakespearians, or Sir Ben Greet, while other stones should have been put in place by such players as Lady Tree, Fred Terry, Oscar Asche, Dame Madge Kendal, Sybil Thorndike, Matheson Lang, Henry Ainley, Basil Gill, Godfrey Tearle, and all the others who have acted in Shakespeare for years, while Sir Gerald du Maurier, altho he is, of course, not generally associated with Shakespeare's works, should certainly rank in such a place before Freemasons, in spite of the highness of their ideals and the dignity of their ceremonial.

"'Stratford-on-Avon,' says *The Stage*, 'is much disposed to "run" Shakespeare for the commercial benefit of the town. The quarter of a million of money or more that has been collected from all parts of the country and from the United States ought to be placed under national rather than local control.'"

In saying that Shakespeare would have delighted in the Masonic ceremony, there is a possible implication that the actors couldn't have got up so good a show. Their substitutes were modestly suspicious of their own worthiness. Quoting again from *The Morning Post:*

"Lord Burnham, in inviting Lord Ampthill to lay the stone, made some happy Shakespearian allusions, hoping that this would not prove an 'unsubstantial pageant,' and that the theater to be raised would become a 'temple of concord between nations' and 'worthy of Shakespeare.'

"Lord Ampthill, in accepting the duty of stone-laying on behalf of Grand Lodge, said that he and his fellow officers had done so with great diffidence, as they felt that they did not represent the public, and that 'some great personage' should have been chosen. They had, however, yielded to the 'courteous persistence' of the Council of the Memorial Theater Fund, and were proud to be associated with what was, after all, a national event.

"Upon this matter it may be admitted that the Council of the Memorial Theater Fund are meeting with considerable criticism in Stratford itself. It is felt in many quarters that Grand Lodge is being used as a kind of stalking-horse for the pressing on of a design upon which there is still much disagreement, and that the singing of the hymn 'Now Thank We All Our God' over a threatened destruction of rural charm has its ironic aspect.

"On this very account, however, the Council were probably wise. The introduction of a too intimate element might only have accentuated discord and even occasioned more."

The London *Daily Telegraph* reviews the new theater's history:

"The new building is to be erected at a cost of £150,000. It will be recalled that the former Memorial Theater was burned to the ground on March 6, 1926.

"On March 25 a letter, signed by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, appealing for funds for the building of a new theater 'worthy of Shakespeare's native town and sufficient for present and future needs,' was published in *The Daily Telegraph*.

"Simultaneously with this appeal to the nation a special fund was opened by this journal. The response was spontaneous and gratifying. Before the close of the day upwards of £5,000 had been received.

"From the first the effort struck a responsive chord in the hearts of English-speaking people all the world over. While subscriptions were coming into the office of *The Daily Telegraph* from all parts of this country, Mr. J. M. Beck, Solicitor-General in the United States Government, launched an appeal in the New York *Times* for Americans to join hands in the effort.

"Every year the American nation sends its thousands of pilgrims to Stratford-on-Avon, and many stones in the new theater will typify the strength and the truth of the common Anglo-Saxon heritage."

NEWSPAPERS AND SHORTHAND IN ANTIQUITY—To call something a newspaper before paper was invented is to show our poverty of words, but "newspapers of ancient Rome, in the shape of mural tablets, have been discovered in the excavations at Ostia." So reports J. R. Raynes in the London *Daily Telegraph*. One of the tablets is said to record the death of Pompey in 49 B.C., and the will of the great Julius with his bequests to the people of Rome. Older than these, however—

"The *Acta Diurna* or *Acta Publica* of Rome went still farther back, for while Julius Cæsar is often called the father of journalism—because of his dispatches from the war in Gaul—Cicero, born in 106 B.C., may possibly have better claim to the title.

"Cicero posted in the galleries of his villa at Tusculum a record or journal of the passing events of note, with a list of births, deaths, and marriages. No mention is found of these journals before the time of Cæsar's first consulship, but they continued to function until the downfall of the Western Empire. According to a statement by Plutarch, Cicero began the recording or reporting system, and from a letter of his own we know that Cicero made use of some abbreviated system of writing.

"Another claimant to the invention of this early Roman system of 'shorthand' is Tiro, the freed man of Cicero, his use of it being noted by a seventeenth-century writer. The idea seems to have spread rapidly, and the dissemination of news to the city and the provinces soon required officers who had State authority to record current events.

"They had reporters and clerks to assist them, and it was their business to copy or summarize the original publication to the provinces and to the villas of wealthy citizens. Slaves of intelligence were chosen for training in the art of 'notarius' writing—as the abbreviated system was called—and Pliny the elder had a writing slave."

THE TALKIE AS A REFORMER

A VOCAL MILLENNIUM IS PROMISED by the movie plus speakie directors. In a year or so everybody will speak flawless English, according to the alleged prophecy of Mr. Cecil B. DeMille. The talking film will cure "unpleasant vocal habits." This is said on the authority of Clive MacManus, the film critic of the London *Evening Standard*. One of the English complaints against our films is that we are corrupting the mother tongue, and while we have given the promise of reform, they are not encouraged by some of the prospectuses of the great directors. Mr. MacManus makes a survey:

"How American producers are helping the good work is illustrated in the program issued by William Fox of the films that his firm are preparing for the coming year.

"This 'Fox line-up,' as he calls it, is a gorgeous affair, illustrated in color, with extracts from the dialog which, in Mr. DeMille's opinion, is to amend the imperfections of our speech.

"Consider 'The Cockeyed World,' the talking successor to 'What Price Glory?' Here is a brief conversation between Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, as recorded in the Fox announcement:

Edmund.—Leggo, Bigboy—she's my sweet mama.

Victor.—Yore sweet mama? G'wan, Cootie—you wus weaned on a pickle—not a hellcat.

"Then there is 'The Mad Musician,' with that fine actor, Paul Muni, in the title rôle. Says Charles, his friend, 'She shakes a mean Siva-siva, King, as you can Siva yourself.' (Siva-siva is a South Sea dance.)

"Then the 'King,' the same actor whose sensitive, restrained performance in 'The Valiant' may be seen in London this week, replies, 'Yeah. She shakes the coconuts right off the trees.'

"'The Meal Ticket' is a 'comedy drama of love in the bluegrass country,' so they talk in this way:

C'mon, Van Dusen, c'mon, old kid. Nose 'em out or papa will join the bread line.

Stop hollerin', big boy—she'll be in next Wednesday, maybe!

"Another 'comedy drama' is 'Listen to the Band.' Well, listen!

How do you like this music, girlie?

Fine! It keeps my legs out in the open air.

"Mr. Fox has his more serious moments. He is making a film called 'The Power House,' which, he tells us, is 'a powerful melodrama of humanity dominated by swirling, crushing dynamos.' (Who said 'Metropolis'?)

"O great machinal god," exclaims the "star," "when shall I be free of your despotic pinion?"

"Only when your grave receives you," is the answer, "and a greater machine than I passes judgment on your soul."

"Even more grave is 'The Sky Hawk,' which is to show us London in the midst of an air raid. This is the dialog quotation:

Another day of this and London will be a smoking ruin . . . a smoldering graveyard.

Not if I can help it! Not before my plane is a red flame plunging through the sky and a heap of ashes on the earth below!

"And how about this, from 'Frozen Justice':

It is bitter cold, loved one—and I am afraid.

Quiet! Your lips, your deep warm eyes would melt the giant bergs just as you have melted my heart.

"Mr. Fox is to make forty-eight talkers in 1929-30. In justice to Mr. DeMille it must be said that his name does not appear in the list of the twenty and more directors concerned."

The necessity for vigilance against the corrupting influences of "American English" is emphasized by Samuel S. Neville in a letter to the London *Daily Telegraph:*

"Sir—It was complained at the London County Council that the prevalence of the American talking film has led to the habitual employment of slang expressions by children, and that thereby the well of pure English is being more than ordinarily defiled.

"It is a complaint that should be considered with all seriousness by the authorities concerned, tho how to remedy the trouble is a matter that will severely test the most fertile imagination. So long as American talking films predominate in our cinemas, it will clearly be as impossible to stop children from saying, 'Kid, you spilled a bibful' as it is to prevent them from turning the back garden into a Wild West prairie or a haunt of shooting desperadoes.

"The evil, if such it be, does not end there, either. For the persistent intrusion of American slang words has affected the common speech of many adults, in addition to that of the children, and the next generation of English children may be expected to hear those words from their cradles as part of the natural speech of their native land.

"The English language has always possest the acquisitive faculty in generous measure, as witness the multitude of words in common employment for centuries that had their origin in the tongues of other lands. One would venture to assert that if all the slang words that have been incorporated into our language during the last hundred years were removed, it would lose immeasurably in expressive power and raciness. But can the absorption of American words fairly be considered as defensible as the absorption of French or German ones?"

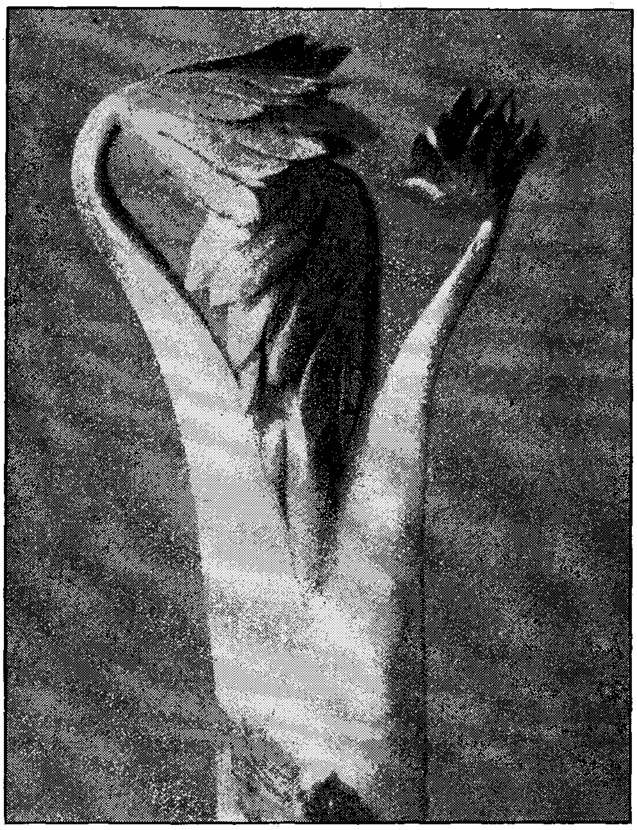
The Manchester *Guardian* debates the question of "accent" or intonation, and as usual holds a dignified aloofness from offense:

"It is told of a Scottish mother that she remarked, apropos of a child visitor from across the Border, 'I dinna want oor Alec to play ower much wi' yon laddie. He talks terrible broad English.' Some such feeling is no doubt at the back of the mind of Major Frank Pease when he writes in the *Hollywood Film Mercury:* 'The cinema will not, if it is wise, lean too heavily on the famed English accent, for, while that has no doubt sometimes sprung from heredity and breeding and culture, often it has probably sprung only from adenoids.' Without entering either upon the department of Sir William Milligan or on that of Mr. Shaw's *Professor Higgins*, we may venture with all respect to suggest that the nasal quality of much American speech is at least as suggestive as any in England of minor throat and nose troubles. But it is to be hoped that the sound film will not lean too heavily upon any one accent of our tongue, however famed, but will use each and all of them as occasion demands. We should as little wish to hear so vigorous a sound-film melodrama of the underworld of New York as the recent 'Speakeasy' declaimed in the accents of an English rural deanery as we should wish to find 'Hindle Wakes'—if and when a 'talkie' is made of it—spoken in the variant of English that passes muster in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's Zenith.

"Whatever else they do, the 'talkies' should serve to give the infinitely varied users of the tongue, from New Zealand to Hudson Bay, a better acquaintance with the idiom of others who, tho oceans and continents divide them, have the language in common. Some standard of purity is no doubt desirable, and here, fortunately for those who like the educated English voice, the mechanism of reproduction proves a useful ally. First perfected tho it was in America, it seems to prefer the less resonant and more flexible qualities of English speech. In the process of amplification the metallic element present in so much American diction is unpleasantly emphasized; and the 'talkie' producer tends to find that, except where designedly local effects are aimed at, he gets his best results from English acting. The fact that, whatever Hollywood may think of the English accent, the god from the machine is on its side, is distinctly reassuring."

DOES NATURE DICTATE ART FORMS?

THAT ALL POSSIBLE FORMS OF ART are and must be in nature is a thesis that a German professor has set out to prove. He finds a skeptical admirer in Mr. H. I. Brock, who accepts half his thesis, and points the extravagance of the other half by saying that "a still-life by Matisse and the French Building in Fifth Avenue are not visibly related to grandmother's rose-garden or the forest primeval." Then he pays an ironic compliment to the Professor in saying that "notoriously the inner philosophical relations of things are the peculiar preoccupation of the Germans. . . . Two things may be very far apart, but some spectacled professor, somewhere between the Rhine and the Danube, sometime between the sausages and beer, will undertake with infinite pains and inexhaustible patience, to tie them together with an essential sameness." But it doesn't take a German professor to see a fern bud as a bishop's crozier, or a Forsythia bud as a spear-head. Mr. Brock, having had his fling at German ingenuity, begins, in the New York *Times* Magazine, to yield:



DOES IT SUGGEST SPIRIT OF THE DANCE?

The budding Aconite so impresses the American Mr. H. I. Brock, going the German professor one better, perhaps.

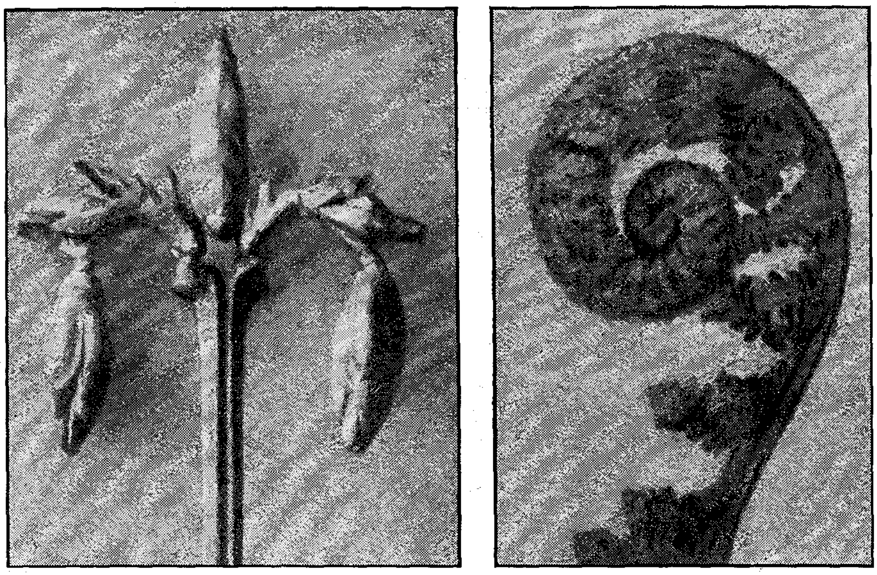
"Not seldom it happens that there is more poetry than truth in the grand, embracing idea upon which such an enthusiast spends himself. There is much poetry and only a modicum of scientific demonstration in the thesis which accompanies the very beautiful assemblage of photographic plates contained in the much-discust book, the fruit of the labors of Karl Blossfeldt, entitled 'Urformen der Kunst,' or, in English, 'Basic Forms of Art.' Roughly reduced to its elements, the thesis is that, tho nature and art are widely differentiated in vital respects, the original forms of all art are to be found in nature. Enlarged photographs of the forms assumed by plants—buds, sprouts, leaves, stalks—are offered as the sufficient proof that this is so. As a matter of fact, all that is demonstrated is that many ornamental designs, familiar to us in carved wood and stone and wrought or cast metal, may be arrived at by the direct process of photographing the plant, which—as we have known all along—was the original inspiration or pattern of the elder artist.

"Mere photography, applied to a young fern or a thistle, a pumpkin-stem, a sprig of dogwood, or even a sample of garlic, expresses in lights and shadows upon paper the effect that the wood-carver gets upon his panel. It fixes the ephemeral phase of the growing thing, waxing and waning, waving in the wind, and reduces its three dimensions to the simplicity of a mere relief on the plane of two dimensions, which means that you can look at it from only one angle—the angle selected by the photographer for the obvious reason that it is the angle which produces the form of the conventional ornament. We need nobody to tell us that the acanthus leaf in a Corinthian capital or spread out on the volute or scroll of a bracket or an elaborated Ionic capital is borrowed from nature; or that the classical palmate traces straight back to the sheltering palm. We need no demonstration of modern photographs, however artistically contrived, to convince us that, even if the *fleur-de-lis* was a spear-head before it became a device of heraldry and a conventional commercial ornament, the idea of the shape of it was nevertheless inspired by a pleasing arrangement of natural leaves or petals. It seems quite simple to assume that the bishop's crozier was developed from the rustic shepherd's crook—literally a stick with a natural and useful hook on the end.

"It is equally simple—and inevitable—to find in lovely flower forms the origin of many of the refinements introduced into this crook when, instead of being a mere stick for a sheep-herder's rough use, it became a symbolic ecclesiastical ornament wrought by the hand of a master craftsman out of fine metal. So that, when the cunningly taken photograph of a tender young fern looks exactly like a crozier made by such a master craftsman, this phenomenon is interesting and delightful rather than important or deeply significant. By the way, a very rococo crozier indeed is produced by photographing the snake-fern at just the right angle and stage of growth."

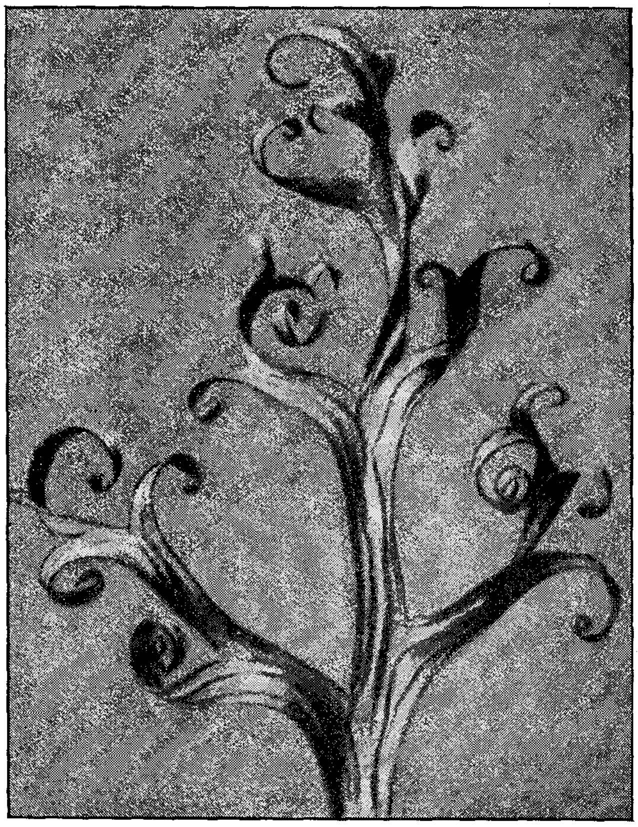
Mr. Brock yields to this obvious suggestion, but insists that "most of the reductions of art forms to nature which Herr Blossfeldt assembles are essentially of the same sort." Thus:

"A flowering ash sprout makes a lovely *fleur-de-lis.* Viburnum, or snowball, has a bud which looks like something between a bishop's miter and a man-at-arms' morion, with suggestions about it of the tight little hats our women-folks are wearing so becomingly at this very moment. Balsam makes a very chaste design of a candelabrum, the leaves of the delphinium (which the Germans call *Rittersporn,* the knight's spur) are admirably like the elaborate leaf ornaments that used to be wreathed about chandeliers and the brackets for wall candles that were a part of that coquettish combination of lighting-fixture and mirror called the girandole. Pumpkin-stems can be disposed so as to produce—in the photograph—an almost facsimile effect of iron grille work. Dogwood sprouts and twigs are found in striking fancy spear-head patterns. The shoots of the American horse-chestnut, sufficiently enlarged, might pass for Indian totem poles. Even the masks are not omitted.


A Spear-Head? A Bishop's Crozier?

PLANTS IN MASQUERADE

The first is the bud of a Forsythia and the second that of a fern.

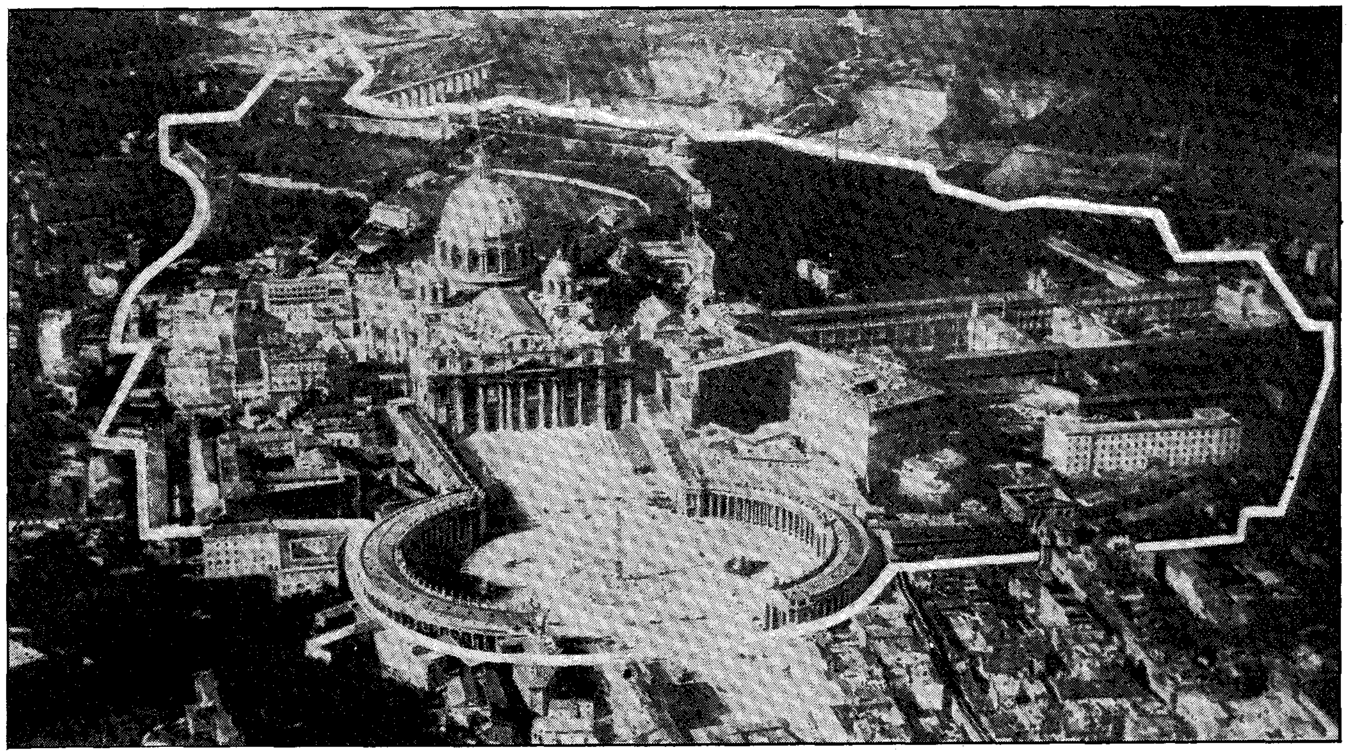

NATURE PROMOTES IRON WORK

The Delphinium gives this interesting and delightful suggestion for an old-fashioned candelabrum decoration.

"But after all is shown, there remain many forms of art not traced back to nature—not tho Herr Blossfeldt manages to suggest with very much enlarged photographs of stalks of horsetail-grass, a sort of terraced-tower effect with an Egyptian column motive. Not even a professor in the United States Schools of Free and Applied Art, in Berlin, can get away with the idea of having done something revolutionary or epoch-making toward the understanding of art and the correlation of art with nature, merely because he has shown how decorative photographs of plant forms can be made and how often the photographs reproduce the traditional ornamentation of our prephotographic schools of art. What he has done, and done most effectively, is to show how marvelously photography can be applied to the production of certain artistic effects which used to be the sculptor's peculiar province, and how, within a restricted field of ornament and of art, the combination of the camera and the plant form may be used to save the draftsman a vast deal of trouble—and even to add beauties which might elude the best draftsman. Photography has been employed in that sense as a supposed handmaid of art for some time—not always with a clear advantage either to art or the artist.

"All of which may still leave untouched the basic truth at which the work is aimed. Even if this collection of photographs fails utterly to prove it, it may still be true, deep down in the structure of things, that all possible forms of art are and must be in nature—which is the matrix of whatever any creature that is a part of nature seems to invent."

THE COVER—The "Old-Fashioned Bouquet" on the cover to-day is a challenge to the glory of your garden. We have outlived the erstwhile belief that flowers can not be mixed, and have surrendered again to the "old-fashioned" idea that nature is a good enough mixer of colors. Set in their bronze luster pitcher, with a blue bowl for a strong single note, these flowers are seasonal visitors. Mrs. Lasky has painted in both California and New York, and first showed her work in New York in 1925. Her desire and aim in painting is to recreate the natural beauty of an arrangement of fine and gracious objects. "The line, color and texture of these objects," says her exhibition catalog, "whether flowers, furniture, glass, porcelain, fabrics or trees, form the basis of their selection, but are afterwards submerged in her preoccupation with the atmosphere and spiritual quality of the whole, without, of course, sacrificing or distorting their true outline." Mrs. Lasky was born in Boston and studied art under Felicie Waldo Howell. She is a member of The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, The New Haven Paint and Clay Club, and The North Shore Art Association, Gloucester, Massachusetts. A picture called "Interior" hangs in The Newark Museum.



Ewing Galloway photograph

"THE SEAT OF MORE POWER THAN ANY OTHER RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION POSSESSES"

Is the description given to St. Peter's and the new Vatican State, of which Pope Pius XI has now taken possession, thus ending the legend of "The Prisoner of the Vatican." A quarter of a million people, gathered from all parts of the world, witnessed the historic ceremony and received the Papal blessing. The white line marks the boundary of the new Papal territory.

LIBERATION OF "THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN"

AS THE SUN SANK OVER THE SEVEN HILLS of Rome on a pleasant evening in the latter part of July, Pope Pius XI emerged into the Square of St. Peter's, "the mightiest church in Christendom," and wrote an end to the fifty-nine-year-old legend of "the Prisoner of the Vatican." A quarter of a million people, gathered from all quarters of the globe, crowded the great square and its environs to watch the sacred pageant and to receive the "benediction of the sacrament" and the Papal blessing "Urbi et Orbi"—"to the city and to the world." The occasion was the celebration of the feast day of St. James, but the ceremony, we are told, was also an act taking possession of the new Vatican State. The picture, all news dispatches agree, was most impressive in color and pageantry and in the solemnity and significance of the occasion. It is to be noted, however, that the Pope did not actually come out of Vatican territory, as the treaty of February 11 fixt the Square of St. Peter's as a part of the Vatican State over which the Pope has supreme sway. Later, perhaps, it is said, Pope Pius will set foot on Italian soil.

The event is greeted everywhere as of profound importance, as, for instance, in this succinct sentence from the Albany *Evening News:* "The significance of the Pope's move is apparent, the wisdom of it undisputed, and the precedent of intense interest to Catholic and Protestant alike." So, too, the Providence *News*, in whose earnest phrase "neither as a demonstration of the Church's own vitality, nor as an expression of the Italian genius, nor as an evidence of the potency of a spiritual bond uniting the most diverse peoples, can the importance of the occasion be exaggerated." Then, as a tribute to the ancient citadel of the Christian faith, the Providence paper recalls to us those immortally sonorous words of Macaulay in his essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes":

> "Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mekka. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Here we may pick up from the Manchester *Union* a historical reminder of what led up to, and what ended, the voluntary imprisonment of the Popes:

> "Fifty-nine years ago, or to be more accurate, on September 20, 1870, the Pontiffs of the Roman Catholic Church went into seclusion to affirm the impossibility of accepting the position forced upon them by the seizure of Papal properties throughout Italy. This seclusion kept alive a demand for justice that has never been recognized, until Mussolini by a master stroke of diplomacy effected a settlement that was acceptable to the Vatican. From a practical standpoint, this settlement ended a controversy that would always have been a source of estrangement between the Vatican and the Government of Italy. But, more important still, it left the Pontiff free to end his self-imposed imprisonment and enter upon the fuller exercise of his

sacred office that must necessarily follow from the recognition of his prerogative which the treaty implied."

The Papal estate is now as thoroughly established and as legitimate and as well recognized as any temporal State in the world, altho its territory is insignificant in size, the Nashville *Tennessean* comments in congratulatory tone:

"But within it there is the seat of more power than any other religious organization in the world possesses. From the papal estate the affairs of the oldest and the most numerous of all our Christian sects are directed.

"Whether one be Catholic or Protestant he must be gratified at the final solution of a problem that as long as it existed could not contribute anything to the advancement of Christ's kingdom in this world or in any way profit the Italian State. It is highly probable that following this first public appearance of the Pontiff he will make other and more extended visits to his people. There are now neither sentimental nor legal reasons why the Pope should not visit Italian territory or go anywhere else that the interests of the church of which he is the head might require. This concrete evidence of the peace that exists between Italy and the Papal State is a historic event of very great significance. It is proof of the revolutionary change that has been made in the relations of the Church and the political State. There is no reason why this peace should not be mutually profitable."

The celebration is above all a celebration of peace, in the view of the Hartford *Times*, which goes on sympathetically:

"And the world is now wedded to peace, whether the breaking of it should involve an army of millions or a few guards in medieval uniform. The Lateran compact has the nature of an international treaty, and any attack upon it in the future would have such an equivocal standing in the eyes of the nations that we should expect that their influence would preserve the agreement in its main essential against the arbitration of force. We can not believe that there will ever be a 'Prisoner of the Vatican' again."

Similarly imprest, the Troy *Record* observes that the manner in which the event was observed by the peoples of the earth shows that it will have a salutary effect upon the tranquillity which the nations are trying to maintain and establish definitely, for—

"To a very great extent it was the recognition of the removal of a controversy which has rankled Italy, and been more or less reflected throughout the world since 1870. The restoration of the friendly relations between the Vatican and the Government of Italy demonstrates the progressive and just policies of both, and reflects high credit upon them.

"One of the very important features of this historic event might be overlooked and should be mentioned as showing the grasp which Pope Pius has on world affairs. In speaking to the seminarians to whom he granted an audience he advised them to give attention to the acquisition of general as well as ecclesiastical knowledge in order that they might be qualified to meet all conditions which might develop. In expressions such as this and in the reestablishment of the Vatican State Pope Pius XI is giving evidence of possessing the attributes which will give him rank with the greatest heads of the Roman Catholic Church."

MUST THE EAGLE SCREAM?—Jingoism received a heavy body blow in the recent gestures of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald and President Hoover toward general disarmament, and the fact furnishes a hinge for a sermonic editorial on the chauvinistic type of patriotism contributed to *The Herald of Gospel Liberty* (Christian), by Dr. W. G. Sargent. "The spirit of America 'first' or 'my country right or wrong,'" he writes, "is from the Christian standpoint indefensible." As he puts it:

"How can we uphold and, indeed, applaud that spirit, that is so pronounced among the nations, of holding to the unquestioned superiority of our own development and the consequent inferiority of all other peoples? Or how can we glory in a political or commercial victory that spells hardship for others? Lay that characteristic approach to nationalism down by the side of the Son of Man, who counted His own life as of no value so that He might help others, or of Paul, who was willing to subject himself to any inconvenience that he might win some, and what do we have? . . .

"Vast volumes of patriotism are doomed to expend themselves futilely, because they are in the end what the Bible calls carnal. The flag may stand for the noblest things conceivable; or it may represent crass and unblushing selfishness. And too often it is the latter. Never will it be otherwise until we learn the secret of love. Love, real abiding love, loses itself in the one loved. And the Church is endeavoring to develop the power in the individual of loving in a self-forgetful way.

"One thing more it hopes to accomplish—to realize in men's hearts a love that commits itself to service. This, so far as any manifestation is concerned, is the heart of the matter. No patriotism can long exist that refuses to recognize the obligation to spend itself for others. In its missionary program, which is amplified each year; in its insistence upon a new attitude to internationalism; in its unceasing effort to promote international peace; in the emphasis laid upon brotherhood, the Church is giving substance to the patriotic impulse and assuring it not alone a future, but a continuance of power and purpose. In the hands of religion, patriotism becomes a mighty influence for progress in things eternal, things that abide."

BANISHING THE POORHOUSE

"OVER THE HILL TO THE POORHOUSE"—and forty years ago into this desolate refuge of misfortune the scraps of society were thrown—the homeless aged and the orphan child, the lame, the halt, and the blind, the chronic insane, the idiotic and, frequently, the delinquent. The county poorhouses, comments the New York *Times* soberly, "were, with all the care that could be given their unhappy, desolate inmates, the saddest places in all our social system." Since then, continues *The Times* in a treatment of the difficult and universal problem of old age, the children have been taken away and placed out in homes, or cared for in orphanages; the insane and the idiotic and the epileptic have been specially provided for in State institutions, and the blind, deaf-mutes, and cripples have been taught trades in schools. Only the homeless aged and infirm and the feeble of mind have been left. This, it is noted, has been a great reform:

"Yet the poorhouses remain houses of despair. They are the limbo of the forgotten—'hostels of wo.' 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here' may still be written over their portals. Seldom, except in picture or the imagination, do those who pass through return to the world from which they were banished.

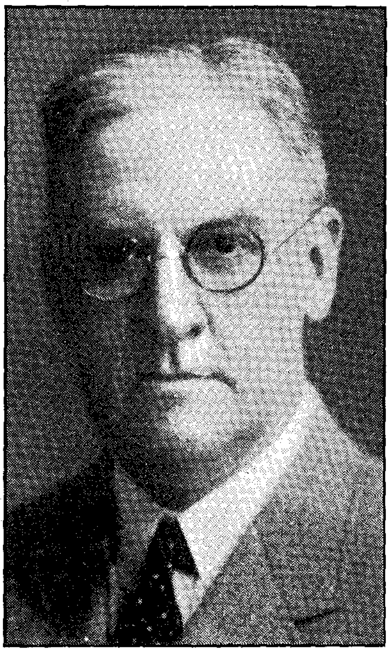
"Happily, with the foundation of private homes for the aged, thousands have been spared this doom—permitted to live on in a '*pension aimable*.' And there will always be need of such a temporary home, even if a pension system for the aged is established—a home for those who can not make a home for themselves, and who have no relative or near friend to make a home for them.

"There has been a lengthening of the average life in America. This does not mean that the maximum span of life has been increased, but only that more people live to a greater age. Child mortality has been greatly diminished—this is the brightest achievement. But there has been an extension of life at the other end. This means that more people live to be old, and in so doing live further beyond the period of greatest vigor, of easy adaptation and of adequate earning ability. Thus this lengthening of life makes the problem of old age more acute and difficult. It makes more imperative, too, some friendly provision for care in that period, even if there is increased saving against old age and its severities. There are eighty-two homes for aged in the city of New York with a total capacity of 13,300, but it is estimated that 6,000 more men and women, many of them 80 or 90 years old, are awaiting vacancies in homes—most of whom, no doubt, will first have to go to their long, long home.

"This is a present typical need. Meanwhile, the State is beginning an inquiry that has come later here than in some other countries, because of our more general prosperity, but that ought not to be longer postponed; for the problem of the care of the aged increases with the degree of sensitiveness of communities to the welfare of their members. Preparing for old age in early life—before the evil days come—is observing the best counsel, and if such prevision is supplemented by real homes of private friendly provision, it may be possible to banish the poorhouse."

SINFUL WASTE IN CHURCH DIVISION

FILL THE PEWS, AS DO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS, instead of competing for the right of way to heaven, is Frank A. Horne's grave warning to Protestantism, if it would conserve its resources and prevent the tremendous waste involved in pitting denomination against denomination. Mr. Horne, who is Vice-President of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, conveys his appeal for spiritual thrift in an address at the first annual meeting of the *Christian Herald* Institute of Religion, at Buck Falls, Pennsylvania, published in *The Christian Herald* and the Northern Methodist family of *Christian Advocates.*



By courtesy of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church

FUTILE DIVISION

Says Frank A. Horne, Vice-President of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, dissipates the enormous Protestant resources which should be available for a victorious Christianity.

Protestantism, he points out, has about $2,905,000,000 invested in church property, with 210,000 churches and about 32,000,000 members, but operating under more than 200 denominations. The power of these enormous material and personal resources which should be available for a victorious Christianity, he says, is dissipated by futile division. Such a situation in any other line of human activity, he observes, would call for immediate action to simplify and unify administration, conserve resources and produce adequate results. Giving credit to Archer B. Bass's "Protestantism in the United States" for many of his statements, Dr. Horne goes on at telling length:

"The evils of separation are shown by a study of the church edifices provided by the various communions. It is stated that there are 183,505 white Protestant churches to serve a membership of 23,515,000. That is an average membership of 128 persons per church. In contrast, the Roman Catholic Church provides 16,615 edifices for 18,104,800 communicants, giving an average of 1,089 members to the church. Catholic unity versus Protestant division on this point would seem to establish a ratio for efficiency of over eight to one. It is further declared that the Protestant church edifices of the country provide three times as many sittings as there are members, while the Roman Catholic Church has an approximate proportion of two and a half communicants for every sitting provided, practically reversing the proportion. Even if the entire white non-Catholic population of the country were assigned to our white Protestant churches, we would have an average allotment of 587, which is decidedly smaller than the average of the communicants of the Catholic churches.

"Indiscriminate locations, overchurched conditions, and weak leadership were clearly brought out in a survey made by the Inter-Church World Movement in 1919, based on a study in the State of Ohio. The summary of facts shows that 55 per cent. of rural churches had an average of 75 members each, and that 87 per cent. of the ministers of such churches were non-resident and many giving only part-time service. A typical county with a population of 30,400 had 5,770 church members, or 19 per cent. of the population, distributed in 63 churches averaging 91 members each.

"The Institute of Social and Religious Research, in a study of 179 counties in 44 States, reports that they found one church to every 463 inhabitants, ranging from one church for 163 persons to one church for 11,000 people, indicating both extremes of underchurched and overchurched communities. In a further survey, in 1926, in 140 village communities of from 500 to 2,500 population, each, it was found that there were 1,400 churches. It was disclosed that 21 villages had less than two churches per thousand inhabitants, 49 villages averaged between two and three, 40 between three and four, and 30 had four and over. Some communities had as high as seventeen churches."

A study of ministerial salaries is enlightening as it mirrors duplication and the resultant waste. Mr. Horne tells us:

"In certain rural sections, including town and country churches with full-time service, the average salary was about $1,000, including rent. The average in cities of 25,000 population and upward was $1,768. In towns having one to four churches, the average was $1,001, and in towns having five to thirteen churches, the average was $842. An interesting comparison can be made with community churches where some form of unity has been worked out. In a study of town and country united churches in 25 counties, the following figures are given in contrast to strictly denominational churches in the same territory:

Strictly denominational church, average salary....	$1,030
United Church (under denominational auspices)...	1,599
Federated Church.............................	1,865
Interdenominational Community Churches........	1,653

"This is surely a demonstration of the economic gain of the process of unity."

Another economic weakness in the armor of church pride is touched with Dr. Horne's searching finger. Here it is:

"According to the United States Census Report of 1916 (later specific reports not being available), 79 home-mission boards of white Protestant denominations gave $17,263,840 to definitely home-mission work. This includes the salaries in whole or in part of 27,982 pastors and missionaries, and aid of 29,283 churches. It is known that missionary giving since 1916 has increased about 90 per cent.; therefore, the appropriations for strictly home-mission aid must now be well over $30,000,000 per annum. What justification can there be for the multiplied overhead board expense, the unnecessary number of detached staff, and the evils of a competitive bureaucracy implied in such administration? More than this, is it not inevitable that home-missionary funds given in the spirit of stewardship and sacrifice are being used to perpetuate if not to pauperize many competitive and weak societies in overchurched communities? What are the facts?

"In two surveys involving over 21 States and many denominations it was found that from 20 to 22 per cent. of the churches were being helped financially. A study of 211 aided churches in 25 counties disclosed that 51 had a legitimate field, 41 were competing with other Protestant churches of different type and form of service, 78 were in direct competition with other aided churches, and 51 were competing with self-supporting and similar type of churches. That is, 60 per cent. of these societies were being assisted in competitive overchurched fields. This sort of thing leads to absurd and inexcusable survival of the unfit. In 38 communities there were 45 aided and 74 self-supporting churches operating together. This represents one church for each 276 of population, and if all the aided churches were discontinued there would still be one self-supporting church for each 404 of population, against a normal ratio of one church to 1,000 people.

"The Home Mission Council is, of course, dealing with this problem and can accomplish much in so far as it can secure cooperation, but the only permanent remedy would seem to be ultimate organic unity.

"The United Church of Canada is a demonstration of church unity. Administrative boards have been consolidated, church papers united, schools brought together, 560 charges reduced to half that number, home-mission charges made self-supporting, new missions opened, ministers given a man's job, and the per capita giving increased, in the short time this union has been effective."

In the foreign field, says Dr. Horne, the problem of unity is too great and the situation too critical to state the case in terms of economic gains and losses. As he sees it:

"This is implicit in the reduction of overhead, but the real essence is the saving of the whole situation. They are bound to unite whether we will or not, and the peril is that the young churches overseas in certain countries will organize national churches, which in effect will add new communions and tend to emphasize a narrow patriotism and nationalism rather than a world-encircling Christianity."

CURRENT · POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

HERE is a homely version, in *The London Mercury*, of the story of unrequited love, like Dante's for Beatrice:

INNAMORATA

By W. Force Stead

Happy in love was the bold Venetian sailor,
Who, though he wooed in vain, could still prevail;
True to a distant maiden, with love to guide him,
He painted her glowing face upon the sail.

"Be thou my love," he cried, "I have no other!"
Voyaging on to many a far-off place
Where ships were hung with flags and royal emblems,
He came under one sign, a maiden's face.

"Who is this?" said the Greeks and the Neapolitans,
"A saint of our Lady!" they cried, and the men of Spain
Doffed their caps; but the yellow beards of Flanders
Growled,—"Only a fool."—And he sailed away again.

Scudding blithely over the glittering water,
"Worthy art thou," he sang, "to face the sun."
Pale by night thro' the stars her face went rushing,
"Worthy of heaven," he sang, "belovèd one."

Cloud-burst and waterspout could not confound him;
She rode on high,—he dared the on-driving wave.
Love, I would be as the bold Venetian sailor,
Ever one face keeping me true and brave.

An amusing bit of fooling appears in *The Daily Herald* (London), with a preliminary note:

OUR LOST MASTERS

By Tomfool

[Mr. A. P. Garland, writing on the outcry made whenever one of our foreign masterpieces is sold to the U. S. A., remarks that when the newspapers display such head-lines as "£60,000 Goya goes to America," indignant letters will be written by "worthy men who have hitherto thought that Goya was an insipid kind of cheese."]

Why in the halls of the National Gallery
Do we not find Gorgonzola's best works?
Can the Directors be earning their salary
Since in the Flemish Department there lurks
Not one example by sturdy old Limburger,
He who, in mediums so far from mild,
Gave us the portraits of many a grim burgher,
Frequently adding a wife or a child?

In the Tate's French Section, many a masterpiece
Of L'Ecole Barbizon still is the rule—
How comes it that not among them is classed a piece
Painted by one of the Camembert School?
Why, among Genre Subjects, are there no samples of
Roquefort's best period found to be there?
Why does South Kensington show no examples of
Gruyère the Elder, and Petit Gruyère?

And, while we honor our Crome, Turner, Constable,
Why are the landscapes of Cheddar ignored?
Why do we gobble crumbs flung us from John's table,
Letting old Stilton's works go by the board?
Can it be, *can* it be that the American
Dollars have collared the works of all these
So very quietly that not one hysteric announcement has warned us we're losing our Cheese?

The Step Ladder (July) has this nostalgic lament of those Russians who may never see their home land again:

"ANDANTE CANTABILE" BY TCHAIKOWSKY

By Beulah May

Dear land, dear friends! No one may ever know
But has been exiled and is innocent,
How sad the thoughts of home in banishment;
The many-towered Kremlin and the glow
Of sunset on pine needles, or the low
Clear bells on feast and name days, with the scent
Of spring winds from the steppe, the merriment
Of crowded droskies racing o'er the snow.

Now I am old and near to death, it seems
I live but in the past; what songs were sung
Beside the blue Dnieper when a star
Drooped over us from heav'n, what hopes and dreams,
What earnest faces round the samovar,
When fame was all for youth and we were young!

This may be a glass wherein some may see their inmost selves. From the New York *Herald Tribune:*

ONLY THE SELF-CONFIDENT

By Helene Mullins

The anxious and distrustful constantly
Require that their companions speak their praise,
Holding it as a gross discourtesy
If any disagree with them or gaze
A little beyond the sanctuary where
They keep alight the lamps of egotism.
Upon their tongues the efficacious prayer,
Upon their thumbs alone the sacred chrism.

Only the stern self-confident can hold
Their peace amidst the clamor, nor betray
Their capabilities; can sit unmoved,
With all around them trembling to have told
The utmost of their merits; only they
Can bear to leave their strength unguessed, unproved.

"Life its own justification" is the theme of the following, and "abundant life is wiser than the most learned doubts" is the comment on it by Henry Hazlett in the New York *Herald Tribune*. This poem by Mr. Huxley is quoted from his new volume, "Arabia Infelix and other Poems" (The Fountain Press, London):

THE CICADAS

By Aldous Huxley

Limp hangs the leafy sky; never a breeze
Stirs, nor a foot in all this sleeping ground;
And there is silence underneath the trees—
The living silence of continuous sound.

For like inveterate remorse, like shrill
Delirium throbbing in the fevered brain,
An unseen people of cicadas fill
Night with their one harsh note, again, again.

Again, again, with what insensate zest!
What fury of persistence, hour by hour!
Filled with what devil that denies them rest,
Drunk with what source of pleasure and of power!

Life is their madness, life that all night long
Bids them to sing and sing, they know not why;
Mad cause and senseless burden of their song;
For life commands and Life! is all their cry.

House-cleaning does away with outworn things, and this habit even threatens the canary, but a Japanese poet comes to its rescue in *The London Mercury:*

THE CANARY

By Yaso Saijo

"Shall I throw the canary who has forgotten song—
Shall I throw her away in a mountain behind?"
"No, no, you must not."

"Shall I bury the canary who has forgotten song—
Shall I bury her among the gate-side bush?"
"No, no, that too, you must not."

"Shall I whip the canary who has forgotten song—
Shall I whip her with a willow-whip?"
"No, no, that's so pitiful.

"The song-forgotten canary
Will recall her once forgotten song,
If you send her on a moonlit sea
By the ivory boat, with silver oars."

In the New York *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Funk joins the modern versifiers:

PEACE

By Wilfred J. Funk

A green, evening hush:
Peace
Far around the wide-wandering hills:
Some distant, drowsy sound.
All's still.
Listen—
A thrush that thrills the silence into song
And fills the neighboring vale
Full to its purple rim with melodies
That suddenly cease:
Silence creeps up the hill.
Dear God! I think no night
Was ever quite so clear,
So filled with light.
Here on this velvet green, stretched at full length,
Almost I feel
The imperceptible soft rise and fall
Of nature's breast
At rest
Until the morrow.

Here from *Vanity Fair* is a novel theme, but a tame application—some may think:

RESURRECTION

By Helen Choate

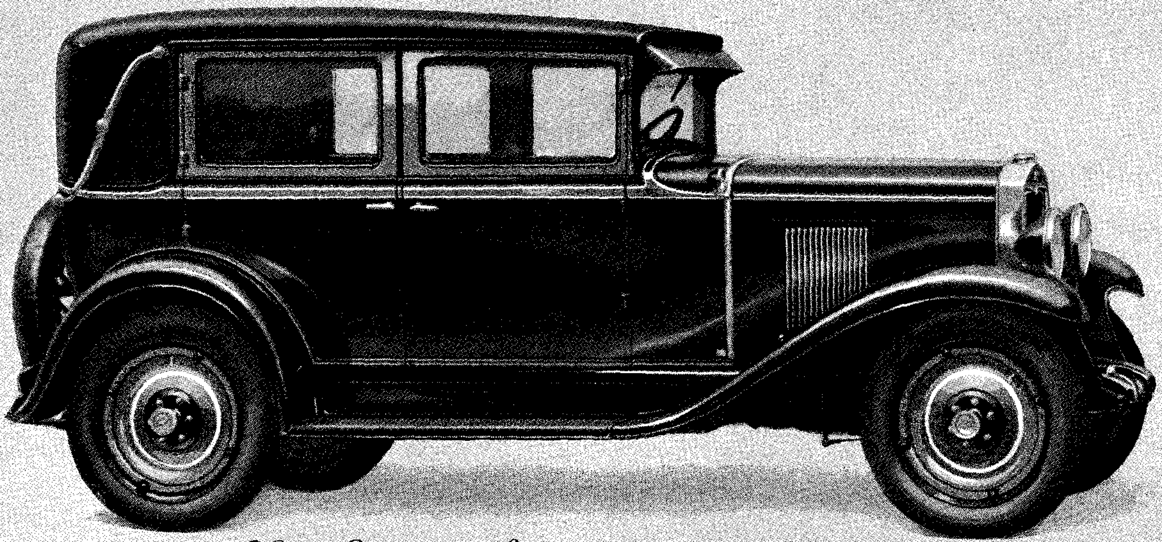
When Gabriel's final clarion
Pronounces resurrection,
And dead men roll aside their stones
And grope their way into the air,
The new flesh awkward on old bones,—
For all the fine angelic strains
I think there will be pains to bear:
The bright blood tunneling numb veins,
The brain assaulted by a flood
Of beauty to be understood,
The heart—a thousand years at rest—
Battering the brittle breast.

I see them looking back a scant
Puzzled moment, hesitant,
Under the never-setting sun
Remembering oblivion,
Wishing—happy risen men—
The quick might be the dead again;

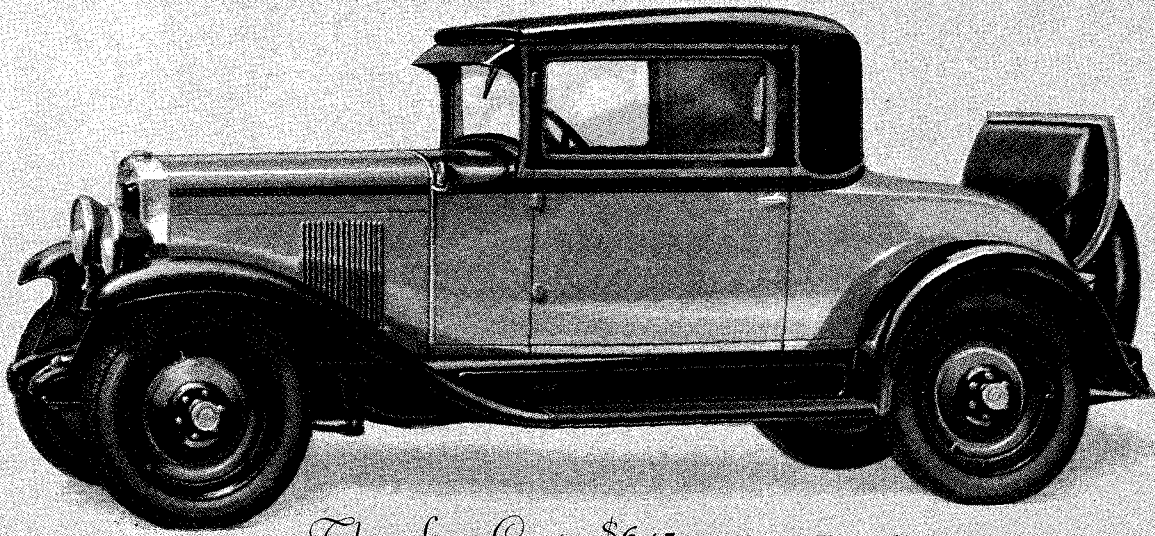
As I, beloved, yesterday
Wished you had not passed my way.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



The Imperial Sedan, $695; f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan



The Sport Coupe, $645; f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

Announcing Two New Models of the Chevrolet Six

Broadening the appeal of a line of cars which has already won over 900,000 buyers since January 1st, Chevrolet presents two distinguished new models of the Chevrolet Six—the Imperial Sedan and the Sport Coupe. With beautiful new Bodies by Fisher finished in striking color combinations and with numerous advanced convenience features, these new models provide in abundant measure those elements of distinction ordinarily associated with more expensive automobiles.

External bright work, such as radiator, headlamp rims, headlamp standards and landau bows, gleams with sparkling chromium plate. The upholstery is of rich, long-wearing plush. The driver's seat is easily adjustable, forward or back. Dome light, robe rail, foot rest and built-in smoking set are provided in the Imperial Sedan . . . and the rear window of the Sport Coupe is easily raised and lowered by means of a Ternstedt regulator.

When you examine the new Imperial Sedan and Sport Coupe, you will be impressed by their individuality and completeness. But you cannot fully realize what an achievement they represent —until you get behind the wheel and drive! For here are all the qualities of six-cylinder smoothness, power and acceleration which Chevrolet alone offers in the price range of the four— *combined with economy of better than twenty miles to the gallon!*

See these two new models at your Chevrolet dealer's. Learn the new standard of quality that Chevrolet has made available in six-cylinder cars—at prices within the reach of all!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

RESEARCH BACKS MALE REVOLT AGAINST SUFFOCATION

BACK TO PAJAMAS, MEN! even for street wear in hot weather, may be the next slogan we shall hear in the advance of an International Men's Dress Reform Movement, almost if not overdue as a male revolt against the tyranny of fashionable heavy clothes for men. It is no longer news that the Beau Brummells of Buenos Aires are considered "sartorially correct" in wearing pajamas of varied stylish colors in warm weather on the streets of the Argentine capital. Chicago papers have hailed some intrepid heroes who dared to appear publicly in fluffy georgette garments, and a Southern editor, W. O. Saunders, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, not only trod the streets of his own town pajama-clad but came to New York's Fifth Avenue to make the same successful experiment. An account of the French uprising against stuffy hot garments for men recently appeared in these columns. That this male rebellion is not confined to one country is shown by an article entitled "What Is Wrong with Men's Clothes?" contributed by Dr. Donald A. Laird of Colgate University to *The Scientific American* (New York, August). Dr. Laird is convinced that clothes make the man in respects more vital than mere appearance and social acceptability. Research and scientific opinion, he says, are rapidly accumulating data which indicate rather definitely that clothing may almost remake the course of human history. He explains:

International Newsreel photograph

WHY NOT WEAR PAJAMAS?

Mr. W. O. Saunders, North Carolina newspaper editor, electrifies New York City by strolling about the streets in pajamas. Clad in the same outfit in his home town, Saunders was arrested, but was released by the judge, who ruled that every citizen can dress as he likes within the bounds of decency.

"This newer knowledge helps one understand why we make more mistakes in summer, why usually sensible Germany has a growing number of nude societies, why the Alps are healthful, how to keep cool in summer; and it also makes us pause and wonder about man's place in the decades to come.

"White civilization at present is dominated by the male. History records numerous places, however, where women have dominated. Even now the explorers bring back to us reports from remote places where women dominate. This newer knowledge about clothes may make us wonder whether a female-dominated civilization lies in the not-so-distant future.

"For years it has been known that slightly more boy than girl babies are born. Boy babies are the more delicate, however, and there are more early deaths among them. By the time high-school age is reached the ratio has been altered so that there is an excess of females. As years go on, this ratio is changed still more, industrial accidents eliminating more men than women; disease also reduces the number of men more than it affects women.

"Total numbers alone will not necessarily determine which sex will dominate. We see a small handful of Englishmen dominating dark-skinned India. Vitality and ability are fully as significant as mere numbers. And on this point, also, modern science would point to a change to a dominance by the so-called gentler sex.

"His Majesty's medical inspectors have just reported on thorough studies of English boys and girls who are entering industry. They report definitely that the girls are much better developed physically than the boys. It has been known for many years that altho women do not usually have the muscular strength of men, they are in the long run possest of greater physical stamina and resistance. The royal medical inspectors are inclined to attribute a large amount of this difference to the clothing which is being worn.

"It is only in the last two decades that women's clothing has differed essentially from that of man; and the puny, almost neurasthenic, women typical of the '80s seem largely to have disappeared, along with the disappearance of several square yards of woolen clothing per woman.

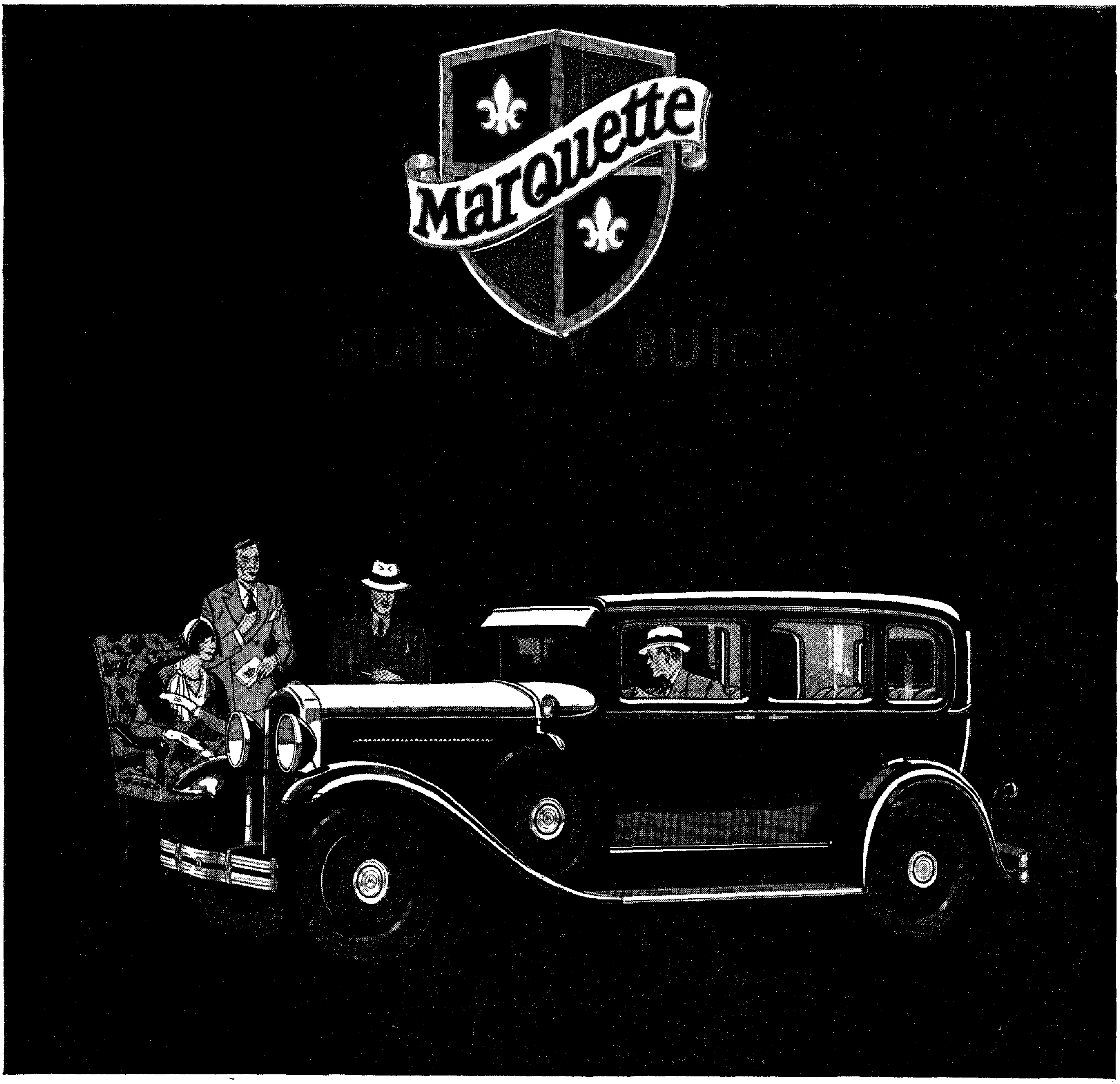
"Fifteen pounds of clothing was the average worn by men a few years ago, and women wore 'a little more,' according to the books. Men are still wearing about the same gross tonnage of clothes as ever, while women's clothes have only about one-tenth of their former weight. This means that men are still wearing about a tenth of their body weight in clothes, while a dog, which seems to stand cold weather remarkably well, carries only about one-fiftieth of his weight in fur.

"Man has to pay a price for this extra weight in several unusual ways. Energy has to be used, for example, to carry the extra weight around, even tho the energy is not consumed in useful or productive work. This excess clothing worn by men also results in men living in a self-produced tropical climate in both summer and winter within their clothing, while women live in the atmosphere of the Alps. Tropical climates are enervating; the Alpine atmosphere is invigorating. The temperature within the clothing of the average man is 87.8 degrees, Fahrenheit; for women's clothing it is only 80.6 degrees. The relative humidity inside men's clothing is 70 per cent., and for women it is only 55 per cent. The observed consequence is that men suffer from heat stasis and from excessive perspiration.

"A miracle of nature is the way in which the human body is kept at a uniform temperature, almost regardless of the external temperature in which it is placed. When, however, the environment has a high temperature and a higher humidity, and the air circulation is diminished by the clothing, the body-cooling function is hampered, the basal metabolism is lowered, a load which may reach dangerous proportions is thrown on the sweat glands, and this affects the water distribution in the body and may influence the kidneys and other vital organs.

"Dr. Leonard Hill, the eminent English physiologist, is urging radical changes in the clothing of men. Dr. E. Friedberger, of the University of Greifswald, recently presented the conclusions of a long study of clothing which were essentially the same as outlined in this article.

"How well sunlight could reach the bodies of men and women was given special emphasis by Herr Doctor Professor Friedberger. Using strips of paper which were sensitive to light he



THE MARQUETTE is distinguished immediately from all other cars anywhere near its price by its sparkling, speedy performance. Only Buick could have produced this superlative value. Here, at last, is a car of modest cost with a brilliant inheritance of those wonderful qualities of performance and endurance that have built Buick's great reputation. ⚜ On the road the Marquette literally does wonders! Lightning quick on the throttle—smooth throughout the entire driving range . . . delightfully balanced . . . incredibly easy to handle . . . quiet, steady! Under the hood there's a marvelous engine with the largest piston displacement in this price field—an engine that displays unrivaled mastery of performance in every expression of power and stamina and speed! ⚜ And a host of other extraordinary features! Handsome Bodies by Fisher, upholstered in remarkable new waterproof, dustproof, wear-resisting mohair. The new Fisher VV sloping windshield that eliminates dangerous glare. Fully-enclosed internal-expanding brakes. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers. ⚜ So many quality features does the Marquette embody that it has been called the most complete car ever offered in the moderate-price field. And although the Marquette is the outstanding quality car of the moderate-price class, the liberal GMAC terms make owning it very convenient and economical. ⚜ See this matchless new six. And don't delay having an experience at the wheel—drive the Marquette—see it spurt from 10 to 60 in 31 seconds . . . and know why everyone everywhere is saying "A GREAT PERFORMER."

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discovered that much light reached the body surface of clothed women, but that the sun's rays do not penetrate men's ordinary clothing.

"The admission of air is of perhaps equal importance with that of vitalizing light-rays, and in this case, also, the clothing of men exacts a penalty.

"Ultra-violet light penetration through ordinary clothing materials has been studied intensively by the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce. They find that rayon, batiste or nainsook cotton, and linen allow more of these rays to pass through than do pure silk or wool. When the materials are dyed or slightly yellowish with age, the passage of the ultra-violet is cut down. Woolen is only about half as transparent to these rays as is white cotton. The weave of clothing greatly affects its transmitting power. Crocheted or knitted weaves allow the most light, and also air, to bring their benefits to the surface of the body.

"Thomas A. Edison always has a fan with him in hot weather. His loose clothing also amounts to a fan, since it allows minute air currents to displace the overheated air near the body surface.

Courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

"A TEST THAT TELLS—ON THE MAN"

"When we inspect the clothes worn by dancing marathoners," says the editor of *The Scientific American*, "do we wonder that a woman dancer will wear out two or three partners?"

"Men will be cooler in summer if they wear suspenders rather than a belt. Tightly fitting garters hamper the blood-stream, as well as quickly becoming unsanitary themselves.

"Ventilated oxfords are unusually comfortable. They seem to have gone out of fashion, and we have been told this spring that they will have to be made to order at a rather high price.

"Since constriction is an important item against the garter, the same consideration should annihilate the tight-fitting starched collar entirely. The blood-vessels in the neck are large but are limited to a small area. 'Whenever you suffer from headache,' said Dr. Royal S. Copeland, 'my advice to you is to loosen the collar.' In addition to constricting the circulation of the blood, the tight, stiff collar prevents the free circulation of cooling or refreshing air currents over the surface of the body.

"The collar, garter, long underwear, and lined clothing result in only the face and hands of men being exposed to the sun and air. In the case of women, fully one-third of the body surface is exposed more or less to sunlight and ultra-violet, while, practically, her entire body surface is continuously ventilated by air currents. She is much better, physically and mentally, for this. So we find Dr. Ephraim R. Mulford, president of the New Jersey Medical Society, saying: 'To-day our American women are in better physical condition than our men.'

"There is also the matter of cleansing clothes. In this, women again have the advantage, their light garments and underclothing being readily and frequently washed at home. It is far from a luxury for a man to invest in enough hosiery and underclothing to allow a fresh change each day. Shirts should be allowed to air alternate days. Clothes closets should be provided with ventilators which allow outside air to enter, keeping the clothing in a more sanitary condition as well as making life a bit more miserable for moths.

"Women are just as intelligent as men, and are capable of doing the work of industrial executives, as great numbers of them have shown. With their equal brain power, their dress, which adds to their mental and physical efficiency, may give them an increasing advantage over men in directing our civilization."

THE SALES APPEAL OF ODOR

THE WORTH, IN COLD CASH, of the despised sense of smell is appraised by a writer in *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.), who concludes that odors play a much larger part than we think in *forming our opinions of things.* He notes that when a prospective customer picks up a cake of toilet soap or a package of cosmetic preparation, his first impulse is to smell it. If the odor is appropriate, the merits of the article have a chance to be recognized; but if the odor is weak or unpleasant, the examination generally goes no further. Further, he tells us:

"The sense of smell is not one that is now held in very high esteem. Nevertheless, we use it freely and depend on it more than most of us realize. It is prest into service, not only in examining articles that we expect to be scented, but also in examining such things as leather- and dress-goods, which are ordinarily classed as odorless. Not infrequently, a house has been sold through the sense of smell. The 'new' smell of the varnish and woods, particularly, impresses people who have become tired of an old house, with its characteristic odors. It has been claimed that a certain high-priced automobile has been sold quite as much through the sense of luxury created by the judicious use of delicate scent as by all the other arts of the salesman.

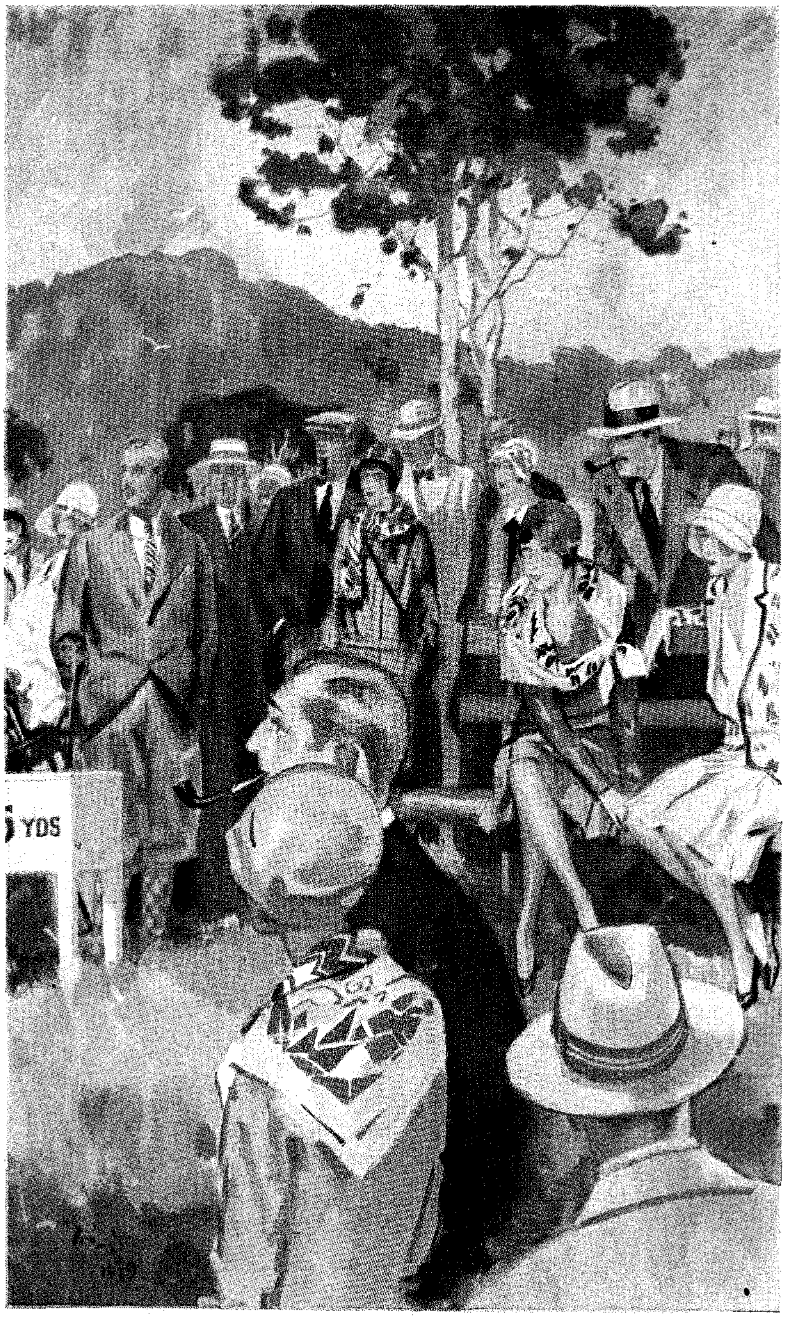
"Smell memory is lasting. How we smile when we recognize a familiar pleasant odor! Goods are more frequently trade-marked by odor than is generally appreciated. A perfumer, in discussing the importance of odor as a trade-mark, emphasized the danger of changing an odor that has once been established for an article. It seemed to him to be as risky as changing the name of the product or the style of the package. Yet the odor of a well-known household lacquer was recently made so much more generally acceptable and pleasant that sales were greatly increased.

"Every manufacturer should be alert to the sales value and appeal of odor in his product. Odor can be introduced into many articles which are ordinarily quite odorless. This is often to great advantage in winning an increased appeal. Yet the greatest opportunity is perhaps in overcoming traces of objectionable odors that limit sales. Some books, and the rotogravure sections of most newspapers, have definitely unpleasant odors that should be reduced as far as possible and then neutralized by a pleasant smell, as traces of yellowness are neutralized by bluing. Many fabrics have a faint rancidity, acquired in the finishing process, which can readily be offset by traces of an appropriate added odor.

"Musty-smelling upholstery in theaters has prevented many patrons from ever returning. The characteristic but unnecessary odors associated with hospitals and dental clinics give sensitive people a needless added dread. More than one handsomely illustrated magazine has been set aside because it offended the sense of smell. Dealers in shoes have often had their goods returned or silently boycotted because of strong-smelling leather or box-toes.

"Manufacturers of household lacquers have made marked progress in the improvement of their products with respect to odor. Producers of leather, laundry soap, raincoats, wall finishes, linoleum, etc., could benefit greatly by their example. In general, raw materials should be purchased with respect to odor as well as other properties. When this is done, many products are improved at once. Then, as a finishing touch, cautious addition of a pleasant scent (not necessarily of a flowery type)

(*Continued on page 35*)



THE NATIONAL AMATEUR MEET . . . PEBBLE BEACH

AT SUCH pinnacle sport events as The National Amateur Golf Championship at Pebble Beach, California, Studebaker straight eights and sixes throng the motor-park. Men and women accustomed to far costlier cars have turned by thousands to Studebaker, Builder of Champions. They have been drawn, not only by Studebaker performance, which won and holds *every* official stock car speed and endurance record, but also by the lively, youthful style, the suave and pulseless power, and the unique restfulness which Studebaker gives. Finding such spirit, smartness and travel ease, in cars so moderately priced, motoring America has rewarded Studebaker with world leadership in the sale of eight cylinder cars. Illustrated is The Commander Eight Brougham for Five... $1675 at the factory, including six wire wheels and trunk. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

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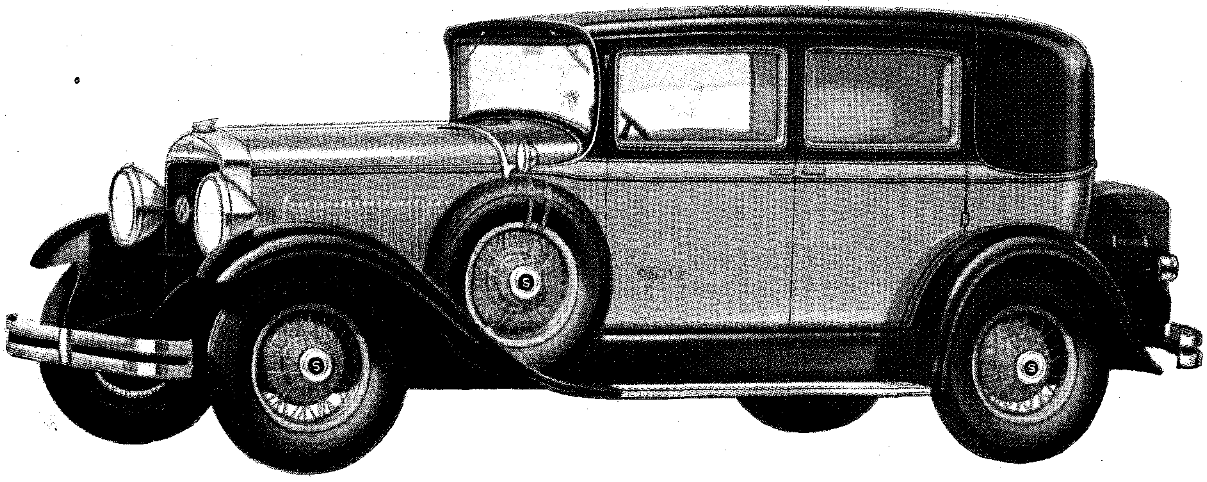

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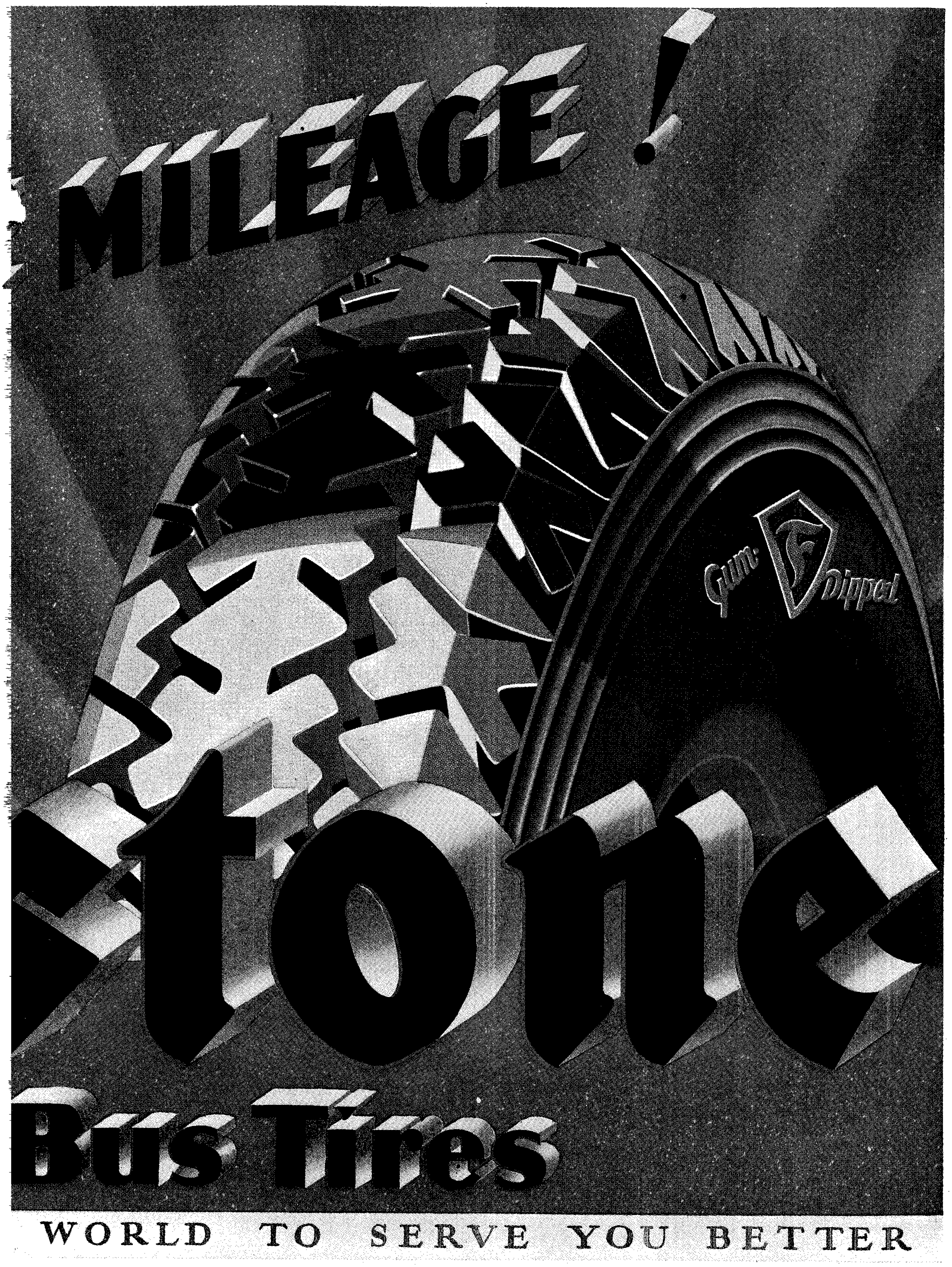
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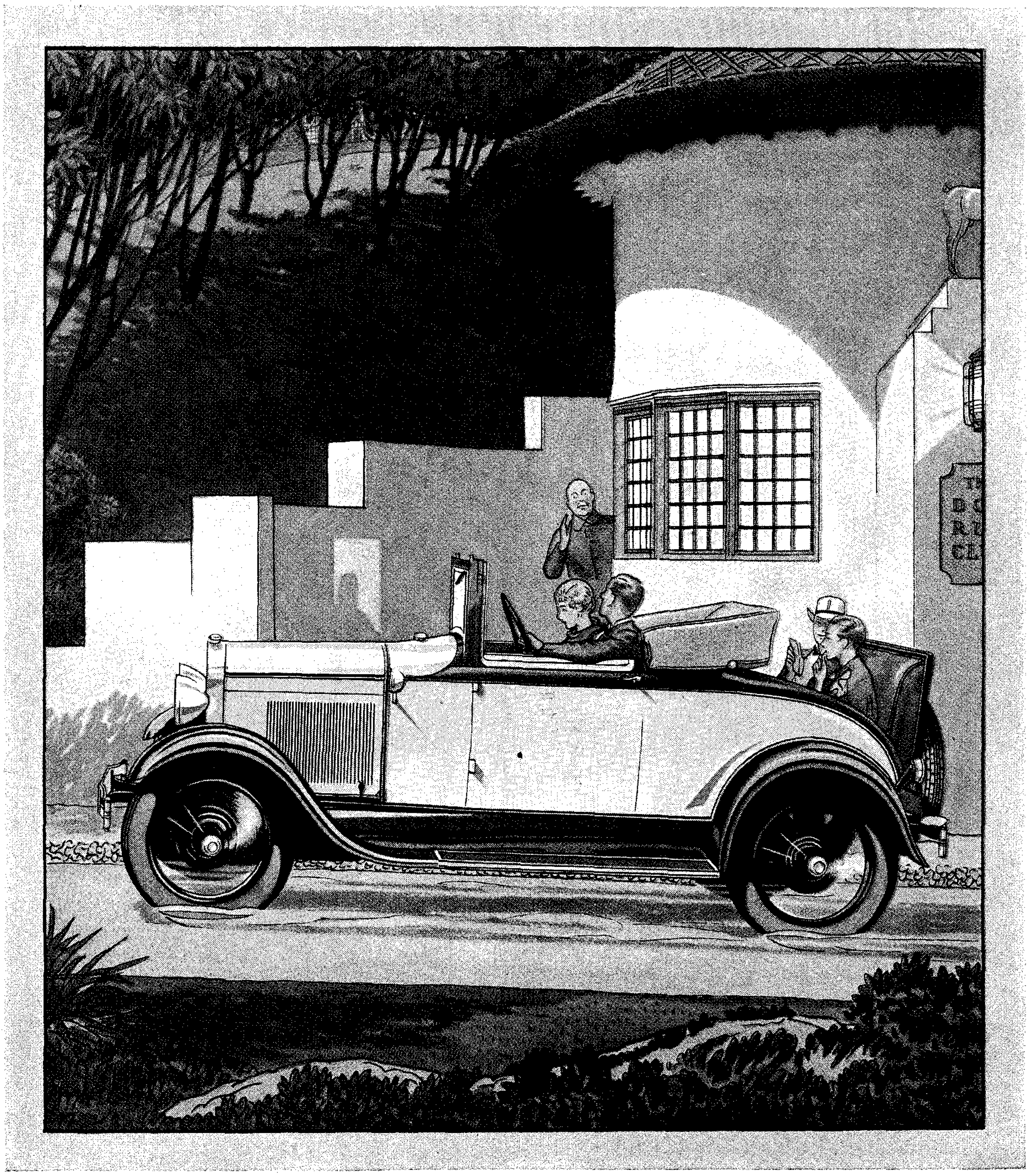


The Ford Convertible Cabriolet

Features of the Ford car

Sturdy body construction ◆ Ease of control ◆ Four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers ◆ Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield ◆ Fully enclosed, silent six-brake system ◆ Quick acceleration ◆ 55 to 65 miles an hour ◆ Smoothness, balance and security at all speeds ◆ Vibration-absorbing engine support ◆ Choice of colors ◆ Tilting beam headlamps ◆ Theft-proof ignition lock ◆ Reliability ◆ Economy ◆ Long life

Ford

(Continued from page 30)

should be made. The kind of odor to use will depend entirely on the article, and no little skill is required to choose the right type, amount, and lasting quality.

"For most purposes, the cost of overcoming an objectionable odor or of adding a pleasant one is very trifling. A very small fraction of a cent's worth of perfume will mask the unpleasant odor of a gallon of glue. On the other hand, the cost of perfume, under the usual conditions of American practise, may amount to a cent or several cents for a cake of toilet soap, and constitutes a large percentage of the cost of raw material. Some scientific principles that have lately been recognized now permit odoriferous materials to be blended to secure a desired effect with a minimum expense for raw materials. The manufacturer is used to calling in experts to advise him concerning advertising, style, and other appeals to the sense of sight. He needs advice no less in matters concerning the sense of smell. Improvements in the olfactory qualities of goods now on the market indicate that many different industries have come to recognize this fact."

CATNIP TO CATCH LIONS

THE LARGER MEMBERS OF THE CAT family are as powerfully attracted by the odor of catnip as the smaller domesticated varieties, we are told by a contributor to the science page of the New York *World*. This fact, he says, is now used to lure and destroy many of the large cats, from the lordly lion down to the relatively diminutive "bobcat." He writes:

"Cats do nip catnip. A cat can become quite inebriated in a patch of this weed. A garden which seems to attract feline visitors frequently possesses a magnet in the form of a patch of catnip.

"We are told that tigers and lions are just grown-up tabbies or just large-scale cats. In some respects they are. Are they large-scale cats with respect to catnip? The answer is, Yes. The Department of Agriculture has had catnip tried on bobcats, or American lynxes, and mountain lions. They love it. Experiments with African lions, tigers, and leopards indicate that these huge cats love it also, altho some individual animals are not so susceptible.

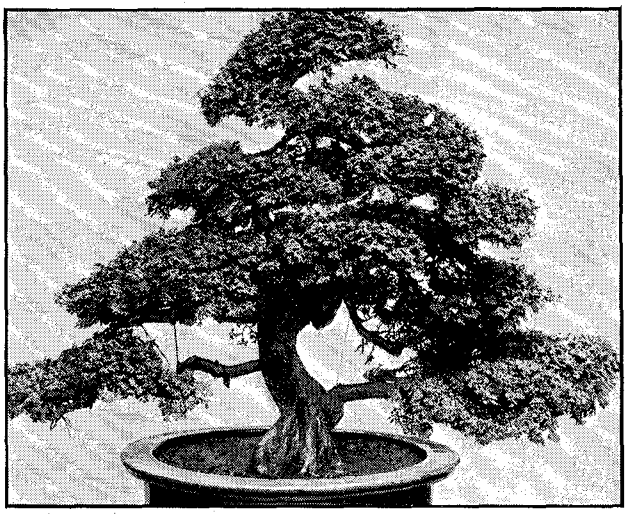
"Animals may be trapt or hunted with the aid of lures which attract them. It is hardly convenient to lay out a bunch of catnip in the woods where mountain lions roam, in the hope of decoying them into a trap. So our scientifically minded friends extracted from the plant by suitable distillation an oil which possesses the potency of the catnip in concentrated form. It is particularly effective too, but the quantity obtainable from a quantity of catnip plant is so small that the chemists who have so successfully imitated many of the essential oils of commerce turned their attention to catnip oil and produced an artificial mixture which simulated the genuine so closely that the cats have been deceived.

"This oil is so powerful that it may be considerably diluted with inert oils and retain its effectiveness. It has been tried out by hunters, trappers and State conservation boards, and found to be an effective lure for these animals.

"The principle of animal lures is probably as old as animal life. Scent glands exist in many animals; these glands secrete substances with powerful odors which serve to attract their mates. It is advantageous to an animal to be keenly sensitive to these odors so that the presence in wooded country or at night of a mate may be recognized or the presence of prey detected or of an enemy learned. The keenness of scent of some animals is well known. Some emit very powerful odors.

"It is not strange that in the animal world where these odors play so important and dramatic a part some vegetable odors may have a similar intense attraction. It is not certain that the bee is so much attracted by the odor of the flower as directed by the odor to the flower. That is, of course, a problem in bee psychology which the psychologists will consider in due time, perhaps when they have settled some of the disputed psychological problems of the higher animals.

"At any rate, catnip attracts the members of the cat family. This will be a fatal attraction like that of the light for the moth."



SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS YOUNG

This gnarled dwarf tree has been living for seventy-five years—yet is only eighteen inches tall. The gnarled effect was produced by weights.

TREES DWARFED BY SURGERY—Surgical operations on limbs and roots will keep trees from growing in size, while they develop into perfect dwarf reproductions of what they would have been if allowed to attain maturity. Some examples are described in an article contributed to *Popular Science Monthly* (New York), which reads as follows:

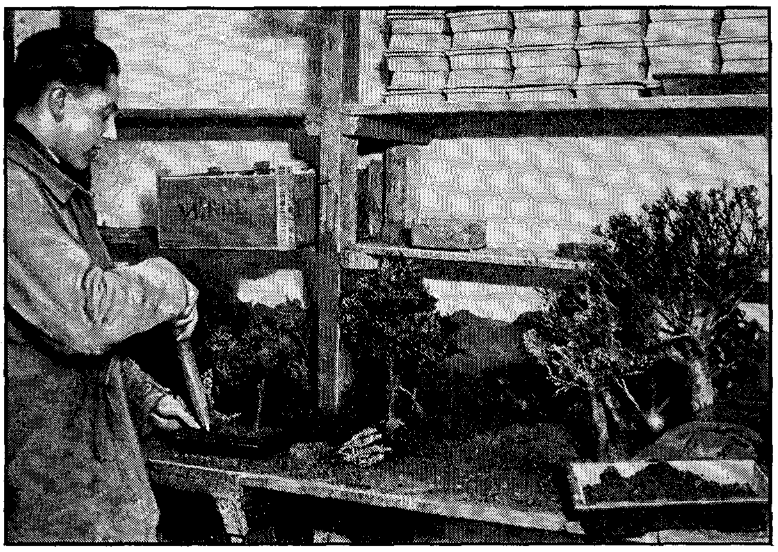
"Gnarled and twisted, a dwarf tree three-quarters of a century old was exhibited recently in Paris, France. Its height was only a few inches greater than the length of this page! Similar dwarf trees, produced in Japan, are said to have lived a hundred years without growing as much as an inch!

"An amazing forest of such Tom Thumb trees is located in a horticultural garden near the French capital. A science known as 'nanization' produces them. Through delicate 'surgical' operations on the roots and by semistarvation, shoots of normal trees are stunted so they reproduce all the characteristics of forest giants without attaining a height of more than a few inches.

"The process begins when a young shoot is placed in a small pot which restricts the roots and prevents them from growing too large. Then the main, or central, root is bound tightly with a wire underground at the point where the trunk begins. This wire gradually chokes the root to death. The secondary roots are trained to creep near the surface of the small amount of soil provided, so that partial starvation results.

"As the outer roots grow, other surgical operations are performed every two or three years until all but three or four are choked off.

"The gnarled appearance of an ancient tree is given the dwarf by tying weights to the tiny limbs. When the weights are removed, after several years, branches remain perfectly bent."



Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Science Monthly*

PERFORMING A DELICATE SURGICAL OPERATION

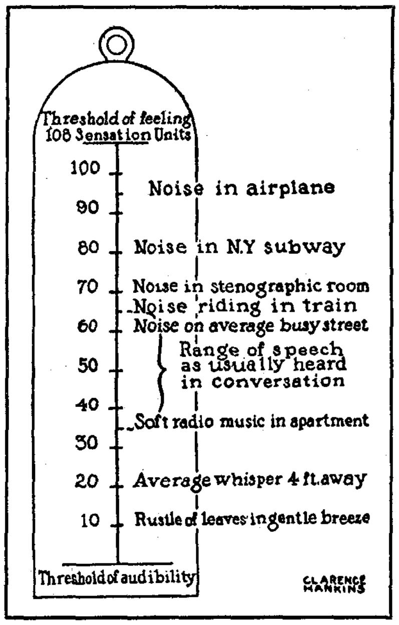
On a shoot of a normal tree to stunt its growth and produce a curious dwarf.

A NOISE METER

A SCALE FOR MEASURING the intensity of sounds, very much as a thermometer measures degrees of heat, has been devised, and is described in *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio). "How warm is it in the room where you sit and read this?" asks the writer. Look at the thermometer, and you will know with considerable exactness. How noisy is it in the room? Heretofore there has been nothing you could do to answer this query with any degree of accuracy. He proceeds:

"Ever since Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit—German-born, but a life-long dweller in England and Holland—devised a scale for the thermometer which Galileo had invented, men have been able to express heat and cold in actual numbers. Since the year 1714 this ability has encouraged definiteness in dealing with temperature, and the physicist now measures to a ten-thousandth of a degree with little trouble. There has been no scale for noise, however; if you wish to convey an idea of its intensity, you simply have to try to duplicate the noise yourself. Whisper, if you mean 'soft'; shout if you mean 'rather loud'; roar your best if you mean 'very loud'; give it up entirely, and let your listener remain in ignorance, if the sound of which you tell is beyond your lung capacity. There have been no numbers to measure the intensity of sound accurately, yet the topic 'Sound' in physics is surely as important as the topic 'Light'!

"Precise information as to the loudness of sounds is now needed for two reasons. Paradoxically, one favors more sound, one less. Loud-speakers of radios must be accurately measured for the volume of sound they produce with a given amount of electrical energy, so that their designs may be constantly improved. On the other hand, in this day when there is so much more noise than once there was, most earnest study of sound-absorbing materials is being made. Echoes must be removed from rooms; a gymnasium in one part of a school building must not interfere with study in other rooms; typewriting and conversation in one office must not be heard by occupants next door, if it is possible to deaden the sound. Jokingly—or perhaps not—we may say that a quarrel in one's apartment should not be heard by all the neighbors.



"The engineers of two important companies have developed a 'Scale of Loudness' that will be just as helpful in the realm of sound as the 'Scale of Temperature' in the realm of heat. The Bell Telephone Laboratories have developed the 'audiometer,' an electrical instrument that measures the intensity of sound. Even as in temperature measurements, intensity is different from quantity; a steam whistle gives a sound of great intensity, while the ocean's roar is of immense quantity.

"The Chief Acoustical (hearing-science) Engineer of the Celotex Company, manufacturers of sound-proof wall fibers made from the waste of sugar-cane, is Wallace Waterfall. From studies he has made with the aid of the electrical audiometer, he presents the measuring scale for noises which we show in the diagram.

"The 'threshold of audibility' is that point where the least sound may just be heard in an otherwise perfectly quiet place. Such a sound is one unit. The rustling of leaves in a gentle breeze is 10 units. From sounds of this loudness—or softness, we should say—the scale proceeds by barely perceptible steps until it reaches a loudness that would be actually painful to any one whose hearing was normal. Such a sound would really 'hurt our feelings,' and the term 'threshold of feeling' is applied. The distance between the two thresholds is 108 degrees.

"You will be interested in the position upon this scale of various familiar sounds. Talking, you observe, covers a wide range. Airplane riding is so noisy that it approaches—or perhaps passes, for many persons—the threshold of feeling, becoming a positive discomfort instead of a mere annoyance.

"We know some one of our readers will examine this scale, and exclaim in protest: 'Surely the noise of an airplane (about 100) is not the mere tenfold rustle of leaves (about 10)!' You are right indeed! Few scales indeed can be numbered in direct ratio of the things they measure. A temperature of 20 degrees is not twice as hot as 10 degrees, nor one-fifth as hot as 100 degrees. Zero is not 'no heat' for there are minus temperatures. Scales of distance, as we see them on the ruler, are perhaps the most familiar scales where 'two times' is really 'twice,' and other measurements show true direct proportion.

"Practically everything that is measured by the human senses must be indicated by what is called a 'logarithmic scale.' Logarithmic ratios multiply instead of add as they grow bigger. The sound scale worked out by Mr. Waterfall is based upon the discovery that a sound in which the waves were actually 100 times as violent as another would be interpreted by the ear as being only twice as loud."

TEACHING SURGERY BY TALKIES

SURGICAL INSTRUCTION by moving-picture has been practised for some time, but the addition of verbal explanation by "talkie" has introduced a notable improvement into this method, according to *The British Medical Journal* (London). We read in this magazine that the method, demonstrated at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine, may well prove to be an important new departure in the instruction of students in urological and other operations. Three cinematographic films were projected, in all of which the operating surgeon was Sir John Thomson-Walker. Says the writer:

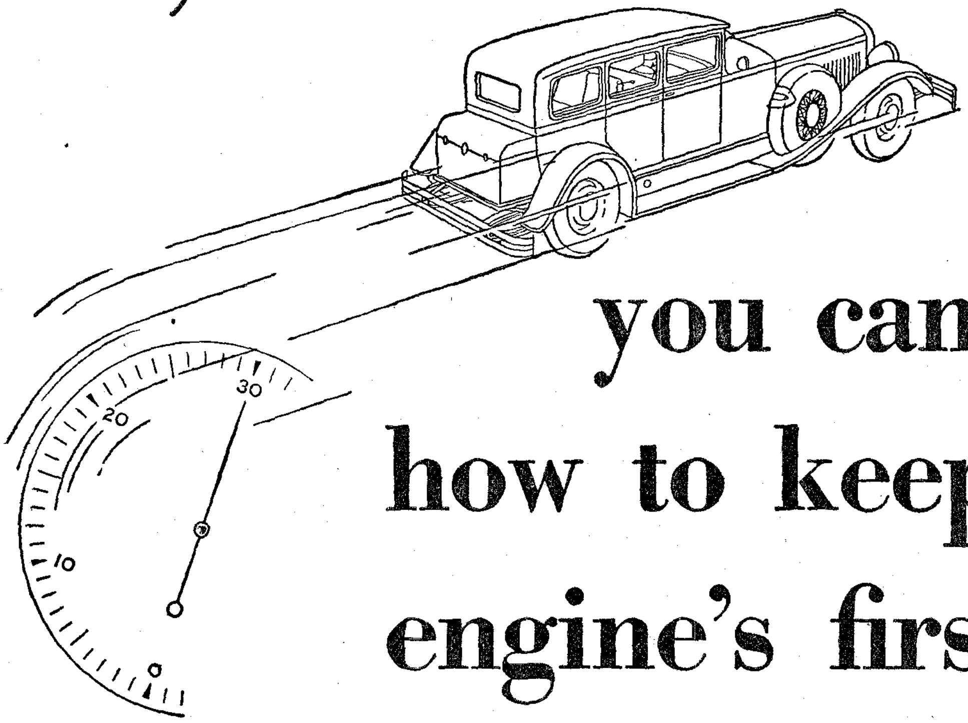
"The film was accompanied by a synchronized gramophone record in which the operating surgeon explained in a conversational way, as tho he were commenting to a group of students the use and handling of the instruments. This is almost, as Mr. Swift Joly remarked from the chair, the first attempt to show these operations by cinematographic means directly; sketches have been made before, and very ingeniously contrived so as to give a sequence to the film picture, but in this most recent innovation the cinematographic operator has been in attendance from the administration of the anesthetic right through to the removal of the patient from the theater. The film began with the patient's case sheets, showing the history and the results of the examination, then proceeded to record the preparation of the patient, the making of the incision, all bringing out with excellent clearness and on a large scale every movement of the surgeon's hands or instruments; then there followed the placing in position of the drainage tube, the repair of the abdominal wall, and the dressing of the wound, finishing with the removal of the patient on the inclined-plane trolley. In the third film, performed for stricture of the urethra, the operating surgeon became the narrator, and it was certainly an advantage to listen to his voice explaining the manipulations as they took place, rather than to depend upon a title film at intervals.

"The purpose of the film, which was quite experimental, was merely to indicate the value of the moving-picture, perhaps accompanied by sound production, in medical education. It seemed to him to offer advantages in teaching in the schools. It was impossible to show every student every sort of case and every sort of operation, but the student could quite well assimilate half a dozen film operations in an afternoon. Other advantages, not mentioned by Sir John Thomson-Walker, are the possibility of repeating the projection indefinitely until every detail becomes fixt in the mind, and also the possibility of stopping the film for closer examination at any point."

SHEETS OF MILK—The latest form in which milk is to be available is that of sheets, like paper, according to the *Gazette des Messageries Maritimes* (Paris). Says this magazine:

"A Danish manufacturer has devised a process intended to remove completely the water contained in fresh milk, leaving only the solid matter, which issues from the machine in the form of a kind of sheet like thick paper. The inventor declares that in this form the milk can be kept for years, and that all that is necessary is the addition of water to dissolve the leaves and obtain at once a fluid having all the properties of fresh milk. A factory is to be built shortly for the manufacture of the sheets of milk. We may look forward to the day when our breakfast milk may be delivered at our houses in this form."

Here, in 30 seconds . . .



you can learn how to keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles

Directions: Find your car on this New Mobiloil Chart. Be sure thereafter that your crankcase is drained regularly and refilled always with the grade of the New Mobiloil specified. The New Mobiloil will do the rest.

* * *

In all our advertising this year we have definitely said that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. This is a conservative statement. As a matter of fact the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many test engines for more than twice 30,000 miles!

Drain and refill with the New Mobiloil today. Use it regularly. It's the safest way to keep the first-year feel in your engine.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

Make this chart your guide

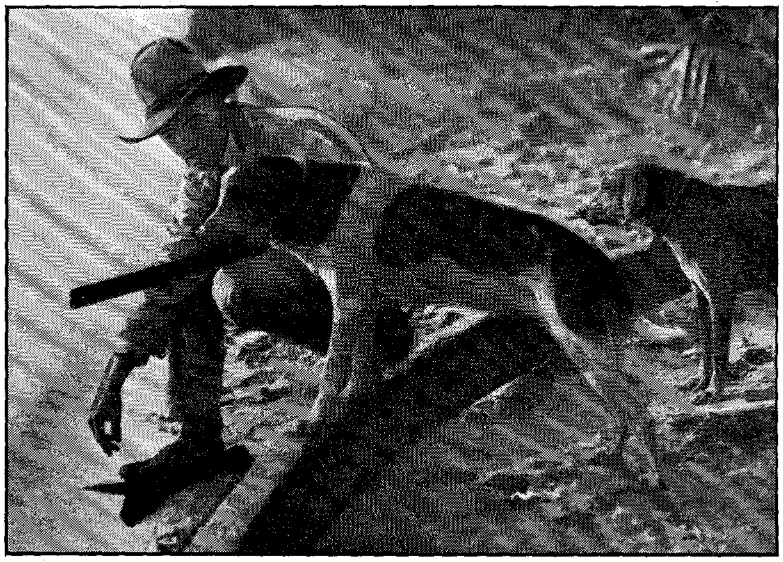
It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929		1928		1927		1926	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

MUSIC OF HOUNDS IN A TEXAS CONVICT HUNT

THE MAN IN THE MUDDY WHITE CLOTHES dropt exhausted in a tangled morass of creeping vines, grubbing among their tendrils like a maddened animal. Fear shone in his bloodshot eyes, and his hair was matted with sweat. The vines covered a pool of water from which rose clouds of mosquitoes. Here and there were ripples made by water snakes. But "a fear greater than that of snakes drove the man into the water," as Don Hinga of Houston, Texas, tells us in a special article in the New York *Evening Post*. On the wind "came the haunting cry, 'Owoooooo,' short, savage barks, and again, 'Owooooo.'" Now the bloodhounds were searching at the edge of the pond. A tall, stalwart man was with them. His face was leathery, he wore a broad-brimmed hat. There was a pistol at his belt and he "tugged with a firm grip at the chains that held the bloodhounds." Two other men appeared and after a whispered conference with the first the hounds were pulled back and the newcomers waded into the water where the fugitive convict they were hunting lay at full length only the tip of his nose above the surface. The searchers spied him. There was a cry of "There he is! Get him!" The dogs tugged at the chains, the escaped prisoner in the dirty suit floundered and was on his feet. The guns of the posse were snapt to their shoulders. The convict's hands went up into the air, Mr. Hinga tells us. Slowly he turned and waded to the bank. "Ten minutes more," he panted, "and I'd uv got away."



Illustrations by courtesy of the New York *Evening Post*

WHERE THE HUMAN TRAIL ENDS, ALLIGATORS BEGIN

The escaped convicts have braved an ugly death to swim this river, thereby baffling the bloodhounds which we see on the bank with Ed Humphreys, the prison guard.

"Well, maybe next time you'll have that ten minutes," one of the guards told him philosophically as he was marched off.

And that, in effect, Mr. Hinga tells us, is the way Joe Williams, ringleader of the recent prison farm outbreak near Houston, Texas, when forty-three convicts dashed to liberty, was brought back to custody. From the rest of his article, we may presume that it was a typical instance. Many good people in Texas and other States deplore these man-hunts and the prison system behind them, and a description of one of them is therefore useful in bringing to public attention a scene that few realize exists in our day.

Every spring and summer there are these outbreaks of convicts and hunts for them, the account continues. With the coming of warm weather, says the writer, lawless spirits chafe at discipline, and dammed-up energy breaks out in escapes. And while in an age of prison reform the description of these man-hunts may seem exaggerated, Mr. Hinga assures us that it is accurate. But in Texas there is agitation for a change in the prison system. There are a dozen prison camps, we are told, mostly located in the region along the gulf. Prison-reform advocates in the State, the writer says, believe that welfare will be best served if these rambling farms are centralized and the prison farm guard system now in force abolished. A bill is now before Governor Moody, we learn, to centralize and relocate the prison system.

The farm break, resulting in a dramatic man-hunt near Houston not long ago, began at 2:15 o'clock in the morning and was evidently well planned, we learn. Thus:

A convict arose from his cot and asked permission to go to the hospital steward for medicine. He returned a minute later to say he was unable to rouse any one in the hospital and asked for some paper.

The picket guard started to arise. The convict thrust a pistol in his stomach. Another convict slipt to his back with another pistol.

The guard, Emmett Moore, stalled. He tried to argue them out of their intention.

"Cut out the conversation," one snarled. "We have made up our minds to go. Stick 'em up."

Moore gave up his gun and keys, and the two armed convicts went into the main section of the barracks. Moore was the picket guard.

As if by a prearranged signal, the convicts in the inside drew knives and rushed on the two other guards, Virgil Cook and Red Cash. The two were disarmed quickly and taken outside.

Convicts ran from one cot to another, stopping to waken hurriedly some sleep-sodden figure. Some stirred in their sleep and refused to rise. Others rushed for the door.

Outside a weird scene was in the making. Three prison guards stood at bay before two heavily armed convicts, while dozens of other white-garbed men milled around uncertainly.

Joe Williams, leader of the break, forced the guard, Cash, to change clothes with him. Then the guards were herded to the fore of the group of men and told to start running.

"They flourished guns at us and told us to start running," Guard Virgil Cook describes the break.

"They ran us about four miles to the river. Part of the time they made us trot, and then they'd let us slow down to a walk and get our breath.

"I asked one of them, 'Are you going to hurt us?' and he said 'No, we're just going to take you to the river.'

"Finally we reached the river. On the opposite side of the bridge the convicts saw a car approaching. The leader of the band made all but him and me hide in the drainage ditch beside the road.

"He was drest in the clothes of Cash, and didn't look like a convict.

"You get out and stop that car," he said.

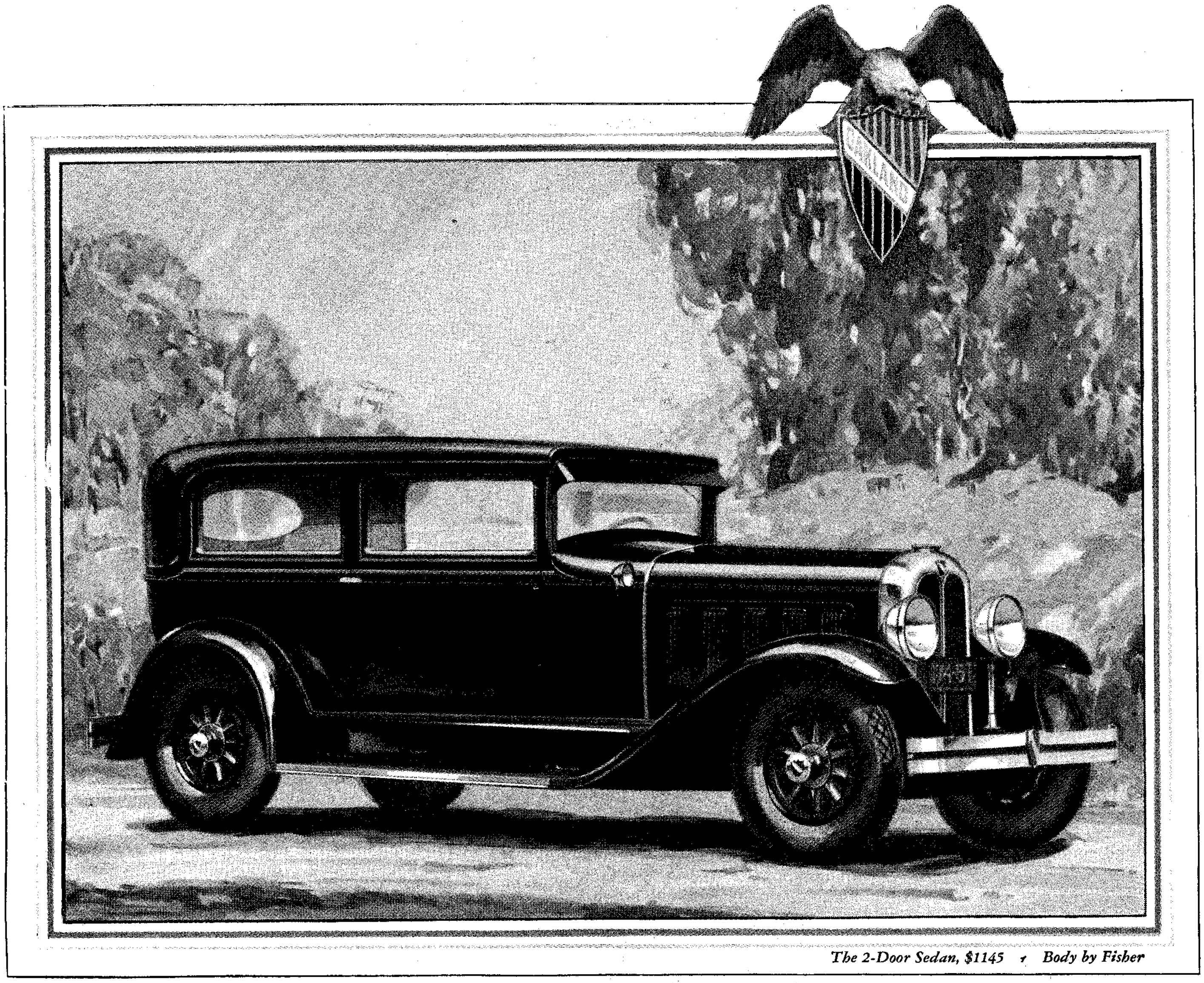
"I held back. 'I'm afraid I'll get run over,' I told him.

"'Get out there and stop that car,' he ordered. 'Remember, you're covered from both sides of the road.'

"I ran out into the road and flagged the car. It was a small coupé, and a negro was driving. When the car stopt convicts swarmed from the ditches.

"The negro took one look and came out of the car running. One of the armed convicts took four shots at him as he weaved from one side of the road to the other, but the shots missed.

"The convicts were all trying to get into the car. It wouldn't start and some of them started pushing. I saw my chance and



The 2-Door Sedan, $1145 · Body by Fisher

Owners of Oakland call it "America's finest medium-priced automobile"

Such universal enthusiasm as the Oakland All-American Six has aroused among its owners is rare. But equally rare is the value which is keeping Oakland owners so delighted with their cars.

This is clearly revealed in a comparison between the All-American Six and twenty other medium-priced cars. The comparison shows, for example, that only Oakland in the entire field offers the cross-flow radiator with its many advantages and its remarkable convenience. It shows that only Oakland and two other cars in the field offer Fisher bodies . . . and one of the two is higher-priced than Oakland.

These are among the facts disclosed by 878 individual comparisons between the All-American Six and the twenty other cars. Out of these 878 comparisons, the All-American proved to be definitely superior in 451 or 51.37 per cent. The twenty cars combined were at best equal to the All-American in 382 comparisons or 43.50 per cent. And this despite the fact that thirteen of the twenty cars are higher-priced than the All-American Six.

Let the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer give you *all* the information gathered from this thorough analysis. You will be astonished to learn how completely Oakland establishes its superiority. Know today's Oakland as well as its owners know it . . . and you will understand why they call it "America's finest medium-priced automobile."

Prices, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. factory, Pontiac, Michigan plus delivery charges

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
All-American Six
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

jumped over a fence. I fell near where Cash and Moore were.

"For a minute I thought Cash was a convict. He had on the prisoner's clothes, and I asked him:

"'Boss, is this all right?'

"Then I saw who he was and we jumped up and ran for a corn-field. We tramped around for nearly an hour and finally came back to the vicinity of the bridge.

"We lay in the weeds for some time. We could still hear convicts crossing the bridge. They must have been an hour streaming from the door of the barracks.

"We located a negro house, and knocked early in the morning. But when the hounds are out, the negroes stay close and he refused to let us in. Finally, it became light and we made our way back to the prison farm."

While this was going on, we read, back at the prison farm a different act was taking place. When the convicts fled, the ringleaders threatened those who did not break and warned them to keep silent. Quoting further:

"Stay in there and be damned quiet about it," they were told.

For an hour the cowed prisoners stuck close to the shelter. Finally a trusty mustered courage and dashed for the alarm bell. He pulled it lustily and other guards came running.

The farm was a hotbed of activity. Dogs were unleasht, guns unlimbered, ammunition doled out, and the surrounding countryside was notified to be on the alert.

Man-hunt headquarters was set up in the neighboring hamlet of Sweeny, a town of some dozen buildings.

The sun beat down mercilessly, sending shimmering waves of heat dancing down the powdery road.

In the morning the guards would come in wearily from their night of vigilance. Breakfast of steaming pots of coffee and hardy food was spread on a dirty tarpaulin under the shade of a spreading live-oak tree.

The guards bolted their food to gain a few minutes' rest in the shade. Then large trucks lumbered up and they, with the dogs, were bundled in and trundled off down the road.

A circle twenty-five miles long was thrown up, with guards a mile apart. The truck would drop them off in pairs. One mounted guard at the edge of the forest, gun ready, while the other foraged around in the underbrush.

If the forager "flushed" his human prey, the fugitive didn't have a chance. Either he took his chances on fighting the dense jungle or a dash in the open. When he ventured from the protecting shade of the woods, he was covered by the guard at the post.

Lee Hailey and Tom Nichols were two of the men who took a chance on the timberlands.

For hours they waded in snake-infested streams, fought the tangled creepers that barred their path and tript them up, and suffered the stings of mosquitoes and other insects.

They back-tracked on their trails, crossed fences, and put to use every trick they knew to fool the dogs. All this was done at night. In the daytime they lay in the underbrush, their throats burning with thirst, hunger gnawing at their stomachs.

Once they wrested a few ears of green corn from the stalks. They appeased their hunger for a time, but cramps and dysentery filled the following hours with torment.

When dusk settled they heard a train coming and rose from the corn-field. The headlight of the engine threw a beam down the shiny track and disclosed the two crouching men.

"Come back here," a voice yelled.

Hailey rose six feet to his full height, ready to run.

A spurt of flame stabbed the darkness. Nichols felt the stings. His knees buckled.

"Don't shoot," he yelled. "We'll come back."

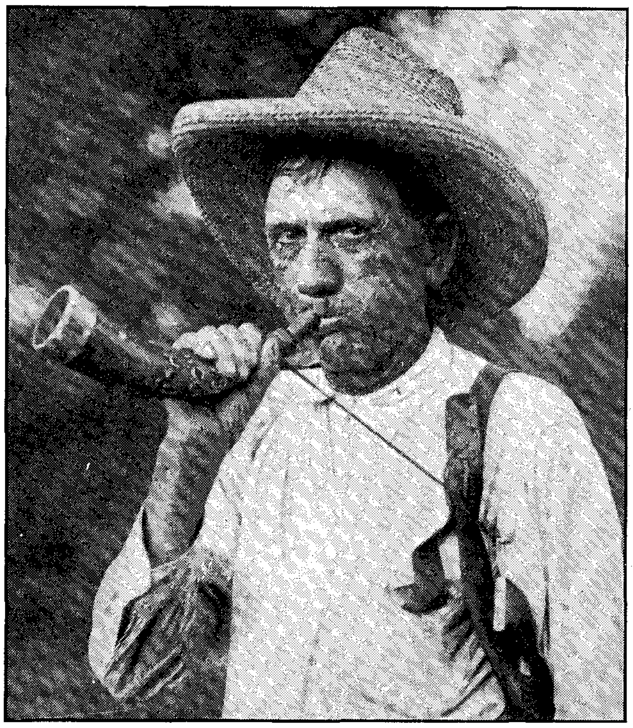
Hailey crawled toward the railway track. The gun belched fire again. Half-way through the right-of-way fence the gun was fired once more.

"They've got me," he yelled, and dragged himself through the weeds to Nichols.

Then, continues Mr. Hinga, there was silence and the sound of running footsteps. Within a short while, the chronicle runs on:

A posse stumbled over the wounded men. They were carried to the railway station. Groaning with pain, they lay awaiting an ambulance to take them to a Houston hospital.

One by one the dogs tracked down the men. Others, weary with the battle against hunger, disease and the bottoms, wandered into clearings and threw themselves exhausted on farmhouse steps, eager to trade liberty for a drink of water and piece of bread.



WHEN THE HUNTER WINDS HIS HORN

It's not such a merry performance as tradition would lead us to expect, for the occasion is a man hunt. This is "Pop" Clark, of Clemens State Prison Farm, summoning the bloodhounds.

One got as far as the coast of Matagora Bay. There he fell exhausted on the beach and was caught by a party of fishermen.

Three of the convicts, named Theobold, Gaber, and Frank Martin, fought their way to the banks of the San Bernard River, many sections of which are infested with alligators.

"If we can get across we'll be a long ways on the way," they agreed.

Gaber waded into the stream until the water reached his neck and then started swimming. The other two could hear the steady "slap, slap" of his arms as they hit the water.

Finally they heard him climb upon the opposite bank.

"He's made it," Theobold whispered. "I'm going."

Theobold swam into the night and reached the other side safely.

Martin plunged into the water. He was not a good swimmer, but the urge for freedom drove fear away. His comrades heard his short, jerky strokes, heard them slow down and finally a call:

"Help!"

Garber stript off his clothes and plunged into the river. He swam in a wide circle, but the placid surface of the river was unbroken. Posses found Martin's body a day later.

As the convicts were rounded up one by one they were brought into Sweeny for transfer back to the camp. They dropt exhausted on the ground under the shade of a large oak tree, panting like animals and wolfing food offered by circles of sightseers come to see the results of the man-hunt.

These prison camps, as Mr. Hinga describes them, are picturesque, even attractive in outward appearance. There are a half-dozen frame buildings in the group, we learn, as we proceed to a discussion of the prison-camp system, its physical make-up and its mode of operation, which reform advocates would change. Says the writer:

Painted white and set against the luxurious green background of the river bottoms, the buildings present a restful appearance.

There is a large barnlike building. It is the barracks. There each night the convicts are locked up after being checked closely. Outside, in "picket," sits a husky guard with a shotgun.

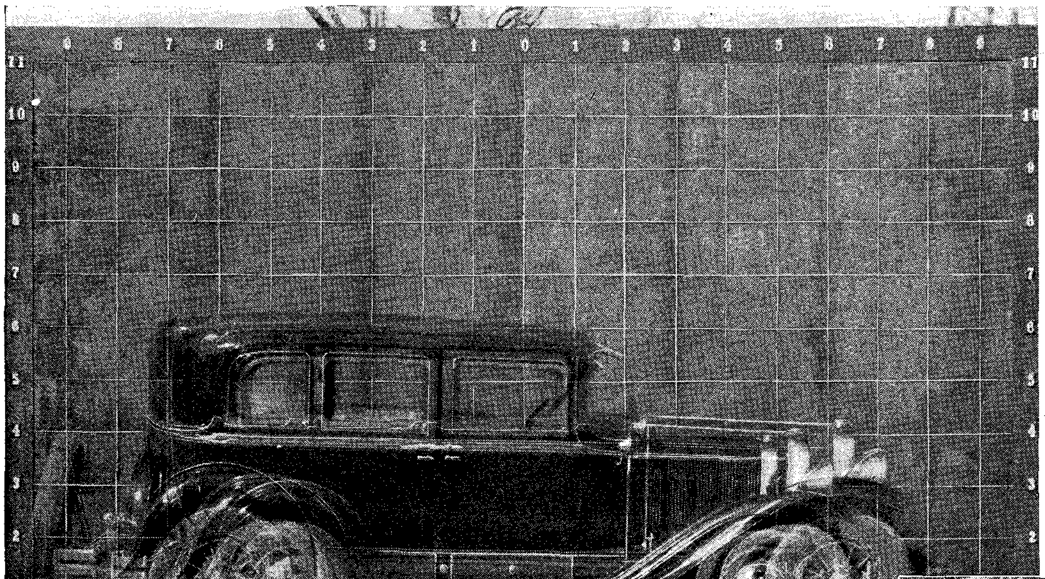
Inside the building usually there are two more guards, all heavily armed with pistols and guns. Convicts lie all about the guards on rude cots, sleeping the heavy sleep of tired work animals, reeking with sweat and the smell of unwashed bodies.

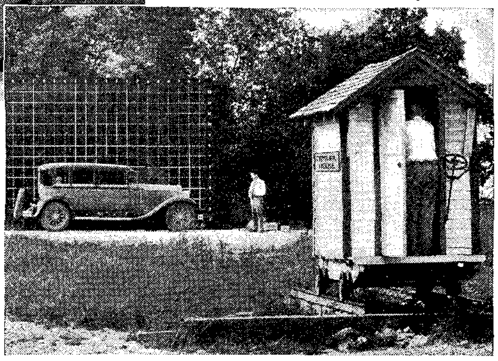
Grouped around the large barracks are smaller buildings. These house the prison workshops. One holds an ominous threat for the unruly convicts.

It is "solitary," or the dark cell. Here, in inky blackness, sit those who rebel against work in the fields or prison authority. For those who persist in bucking commands there is the lash.

In the days past the lash or bat was left to the discretion of the farm manager. A series of unusually bloody floggings roused Texans from one end of the broad State to the other, and now the lash can not be applied except by permission of the State Prison Board.

No. 6. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*





The picture above illustrates the principle of the Proving Ground "checkerboard." It brings together negatives of three different cars. The smaller picture at the right shows the camera house, with the photographer in the act of "snapping" a new model.

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday Evening. 8:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

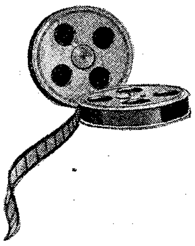
Taking the new car's picture

ALL new cars have their pictures taken against this checkerboard background at General Motors Proving Ground. By superimposing the negatives one upon another, General Motors engineers can study the trend in body designs and keep ahead in anticipating public taste in motor car style and comfort.

The Proving Ground occupies 1268 acres near Milford, Michigan, convenient to all General Motors car divisions. It is a great "outdoor laboratory" where automobiles can be tested in a scientific manner under conditions that are exactly comparable. Especially constructed roads and hills duplicate every driving condition.

At the Proving Ground the General Motors car divisions thoroughly test and prove their new models before they are offered to the public.

Here also cars of different American and European makes are tested after they are put on the market, thereby enabling General Motors to know precisely how its products compare with others in their respective price classes.



A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation is available in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. It may be borrowed by schools, clubs, churches, and other organizations. Please specify whether the 35 or 16mm width is desired and give several weeks' notice in advance of showings. Write to Institutional Advertising Dept., General Motors, Detroit.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

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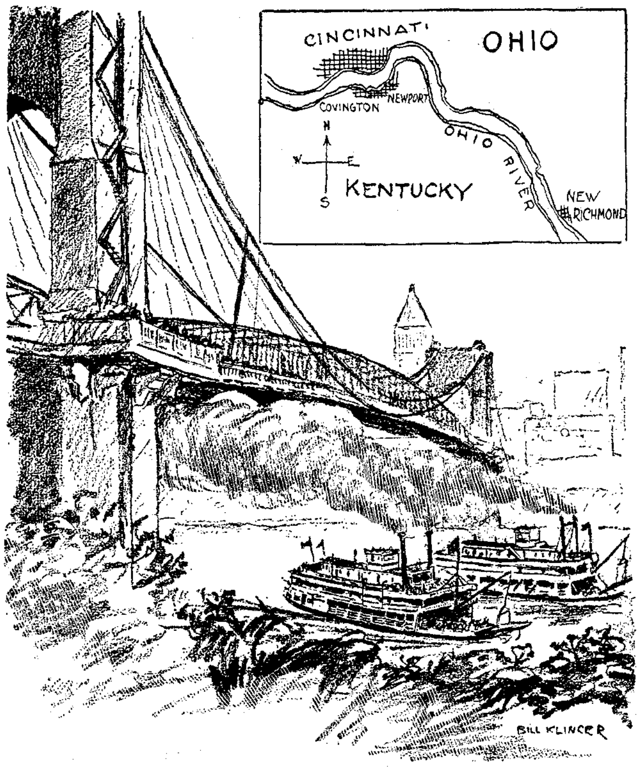
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* · ℞ WATER SYSTEMS · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

REVIVING THE WHOOPEE OF STEAMBOAT RACING

A ROUSTABOUT NAMED "PIG MEAT," who had bet his shoes on the *Betsy Ann*, refused to give them up. He swore that both boats had won. Many others said the same thing, and, indeed, 'twas a very tricky finish to a neck-and-neck race—the closest packet race ever seen, according to historians of the big river. A Cincinnati *Times-Star* writer breaks into verse about it:



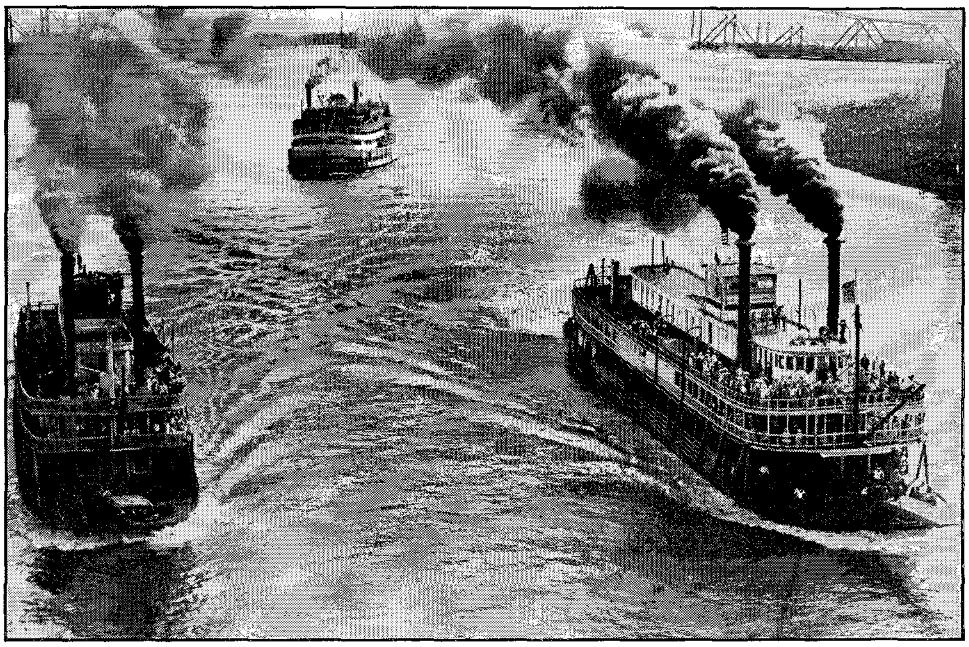
RIVER PADDLE-WHEELS CLASH AGAIN
—Klinger in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

> Heads you cash, tails you lose,
> Dis darkey don't give up his shoes!
> If *Tom Greene's* bow was de winning hoss,
> De *Betsy's* stern-wheel was de first to cross!

And then, relapsing into prose, he explains that "the *Tom Greene's* bow crossed the line ten feet ahead of the *Betsy's* but the *Betsy* is forty feet smaller than the *Tom*, and so the *Betsy's* entire length, including her wheel, crossed the line thirty feet ahead of the *Tom Greene's* stern-wheel. That was enough of a technicality for the roustabouts to make a grand palaver over. They will argue the question on the river-boats the rest of their lives. The *Tom Greene* received the formal cup of victory, but the *Betsy Ann* received her full mead of applause and honors."

Just at this time last year, THE DIGEST chronicled a race between that little thirty-year-old speed queen, *Betsy Ann*, and another of her larger modern rivals, the *Chris Greene*. That revival of old-time Mississippi steamboat racing was such a success that this year the *Betsy Ann* was pitted against the *Tom Greene*, and 100,000 people saw the race, which was accompanied, we are told, by an incidental music of sirens, drone of diving airplanes, raving of rival roustabouts, and barking of dogs and radio-announcers. Charles Ludwig, the writer we have already quoted, continues his account with this piece of word painting:

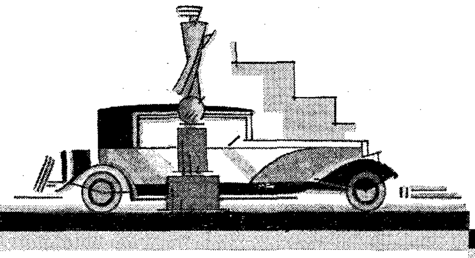
> A Niagara of spindrift dashed over the bows of the two steamboats as they battled their way nose and nose over the twenty-two-mile course from the Cincinnati levee to New Richmond, Ohio.
>
> The *Tom Greene* generally was in the lead from five to thirty feet, and the race was so close that at one time the two boats were locked side by side for a moment, attracted by the suction their wheels created.
>
> It was at first announced that the race would end at the dam below Richmond, and here, with both steamers tugging their mightiest, the boats were running about even, the *Greene* being perhaps a few feet ahead.
>
> Then it was declared that the contest would not be officially concluded till the boats reached New Richmond, a mile farther up the river. This last mile afforded the keenest rivalry between the boats. Sometimes the *Betsy* would make a spurt, and then the *Tom Greene* would forge ahead. It was an even race in this final stage, too.
>
> The *Tom Greene* managed to cling onto her slight lead, and finished ten feet ahead, amid cheers from the passengers, the blowing of whistles, songs of Boy Scouts, and shouts of the crowd on the shore.
>
> W. C. Culkins, vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce and secretary of the Ohio Valley Improvement Association, and Slack Barrett, of the Barrett Lines, were the official judges. The race was so close that Barrett, who had taken along a measuring line, was prepared to use it on the two gang-planks of the boats to convince *Betsy Ann* followers of the accuracy of the decision, but this was not necessary.
>
> The time for covering the twenty-two miles was two hours and nineteen minutes.
>
> Weather was ideal when the race started from the Cincinnati levee shortly after 5 P. M. There were crowds on both boats. Mrs. Mary Greene, widow of Capt. Gordon C. Greene, and the only woman steamboat captain and pilot on the river, was in command of the *Tom Greene*. But Mrs. Greene acted chiefly as hostess to the passengers, and her son, Capt. Tom Greene, had charge of the actual operation, assisted by his brother, Capt. Chris Greene. Captain Chris and his boat, the *Chris Greene*, defeated the *Betsy Ann* in the memorable race a year ago.
>
> The youthful Capt. Frederick Way, owner of the *Betsy Ann*, was aboard his boat and Capt. Charles Ellsworth was in charge,



International Newsreel photograph

"JES' NOW WE HAD ANOTHER RACE;
NO WATER WAS THROWED IN *BETSY'S* FACE"

The *Betsy Ann* (on the reader's left) and the *Tom Greene* at the height of their furious dash up the Ohio River. The *Greene* won "by an eye-lash."



CADILLAC
LASALLE
FLEETWOOD

An inspiring spectacle of satisfaction

THE contrary may have happened in some instances, but we have never heard of a case in which a Cadillac owner was induced to change in which disappointment did not ensue. The really significant thing however—in view of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon them—is the amazingly small percentage of those who *do* change even in a five or ten year period. Cadillac owners are, of course, as they have always been, the focal-point of continuous competitive attack from a dozen aspiring and ambitious sources. But the solid phalanx of deep, abiding and immovable satisfaction remains substantially unbroken. The downright greater goodness of Cadillac in everything that makes a motor car a thing of beauty and a joy forever is too pronounced to be lightly forfeited.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS with Wirt Jordan as chief engineer. Officers of the *Betsy* claimed that at the New Richmond dam they were about three feet in the lead.

George Wise, twenty-five, youngest chief engineer on the river, was in charge of the engines of the *Tom Greene.* Wise said that about the middle of the race a steam pipe under the floor of the engine-room sprang a leak, which made it impossible to use maximum pressure—and the inquiring reporters heard the rush of the steam.

The *Betsy* carried the colors of Pittsburgh, and there was a delegation of Pittsburgh newspapermen aboard to report the race.

"You Pittsburghers will have to build a faster boat now if you want the river championship," they were told, but the Pittsburghers still seem to think the venerable *Betsy Ann*, much older than the modern Green-line boats, never yet has been beaten fairly.

The *Island Queen*, with a crowd aboard, followed the racers up the river. Airplanes hovered above and many speedboats followed the racers.

Roustabouts named "Chalk Eye," "Six Bits," "Little Breeches," "Whisky," "Broad Ax," and "Big Un" were discoursing on the hot finish of the race. And "Six Bits" sang happily:

"De *Tom Greene* am de debil's boat,
All she do is load and tote.
If *Betsy* knowd this
She'd staid in po't!"

But "Chalk Eye," remembering how the winning *Chris Greene* "threw water in the *Betsy's* face" last year, chanted thus:

"Jes' now we had another race;
No water was throwed in *Betsy's* face;
Betsy evened up the deal;
She throwed water on *Tom Greene's* wheel!"

The stacks shook as the stokers fed the roaring fires under the boilers, and pieces of unburned coal came flying out of the smoke to rain down on the decks, we are told by Charles J. Mulcahy in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and he goes on to give us some quaint details of the race, thus:

The rocky bank at New Richmond was packed with people waiting to cheer the winner. So close was the finish, they could not tell which boat to cheer, so they argued about it instead.

The brick levee that slants down from Front Street, Cincinnati, was fairly swarming with taxicabs, and a crowd of several thousand persons had gathered at the top of the rise to watch the start of the race.

The steam calliope on the *Island Queen* was industriously snorting and bellowing something that sounded like "Ten Miles From Home." After that it played "I'll Get By."

Some one on the *Tom Greene* thoughtfully interrupted this song by ringing the ship's bell. Eighty-three times he rang the bell.

The bell is fifty years old. Considering its age, it makes a lot of noise. Before it was bolted to the deck of the *Tom Greene*, it was on the steamer *Montana.*

At five the *Betsy Ann* cast off her lines and backed out into the stream. She came ahead slowly and stopt opposite the mouth of the Licking River that separates Covington from Newport, Kentucky.

At 5:10 the *Tom Greene* cut loose with her chime whistle—two blasts. The *Tom Greene* has the most famous whistle on the Ohio River. It whistles a B-flat chord. You can pick out the tone on a piano—F, B-flat, D and A-flat, or something like that.

"Something like that" is good—so good that THE DIGEST prudently disclaims responsibility for Mr. Mulcahy's chord, altho it may be a perfectly good rendering of the *Tom Greene's* harmonic hoot. Reading on:

It used to be on the old steamer *St. Laurence* and on some other boat before that. Capt. Gordon Christopher Greene liked it so well he offered to buy it for $500. The owners laughed at him. He thereupon bought the packet *Courier*, keel, hull, masts and all, just to get the whistle.

Capt. Tom Greene leaned over the rail a few seconds after this famous whistle blew.

"Let go the stern line," he said.

The *Tom Greene* slid away from the levee. She backed a little, then came ahead again, jockeying to clear the *Island Queen.* It required some expert maneuvering.

The *Tom Greene's* whistle then sounded three short blasts and the *Betsy Ann* moved up, heading for the Central Bridge, that links Cincinnati and Covington.

The *Tom Greene* pulled abreast the *Betsy Ann* and a young man in a gray suit fired a cannon, which up to this time had stood unnoticed on the top deck of the *Tom Greene.* It wasn't much of a cannon; it fired ten-gage shotgun shells.

The *Tom Greene's* whistle sounded again—one long pull and a short one. The man fired the cannon again. He appeared to be shooting at the pilot of the *Betsy Ann.* He also appeared to be missing him.

This failed to discourage him, however. Throughout the race he continued to fire at such objects as presented themselves—three airplanes, carrying cameramen—a fleet of speedboats—a man with a blue and orange tie. No hits.

As the boats, still neck and neck, steamed past the Ohio River Yacht Club, a tall, elderly gentleman threw his hat far out from the rail of the *Tom Greene.* It was a black derby. Black derbies, it developed, do not float well.

On up the river the packets went, between banks lined with spectators. Many of the watchers cheered as the boats went by. Others whistled. A few fired revolvers into the air. A few others shouted questionable advice to the rival captains, who ignored it.

The man with the cannon, it seemed to this observer, shot at practically all the spectators who offered questionable advice. We learn with relief that he hit "practically none of them." However:

A roustabout on the *Betsy Ann* screamed and pretended to be hit by a stray shot, but nobody had enough confidence in the cannoneer to believe it. The roustabout, piqued because the passengers doubted him, threw a whisky bottle at the *Tom Greene.* The bottle was empty.

A small battalion of newsreel-cameramen added greatly to the excitement of the race by climbing all over the two boats, taking pictures of everything and everybody.

Some of them had microphones and batteries and miles and miles of tangled cables for recording the sound of the paddle wheels, the hissing of the steam, the swishing of the wash along the sides.

They also recorded the music of the accordion some one thoughtfully brought along—and the music of a banjo.

The man with the banjo may have been the character from the song, "Oh, Susannah," popular when the California gold rush was on. The song went:

"I jumped aboard the *Telegraph*,
My banjo under my wing."

The *Telegraph* was the finest packet on the Ohio in those days. She had a gold anchor hanging on her bell-rope for a handle. It hangs from a beam in Capt. Tom Greene's cabin now.

In the main cabin of the *Tom Greene*, where 250 passengers were eating dinner while the race progressed, was Capt. Mary B. Greene, acting as hostess.

She didn't pilot her son's boat after all, unless you count the time she took the wheel—long enough to be photographed.

Arch and Drew Edgington piloted the winner. They're brothers. Their father, George Edgington, had seven sons and all of them became steamboat masters. Old Man Edgington built a packet and called her the *Seven Wonders*, in honor of his numerous sons.

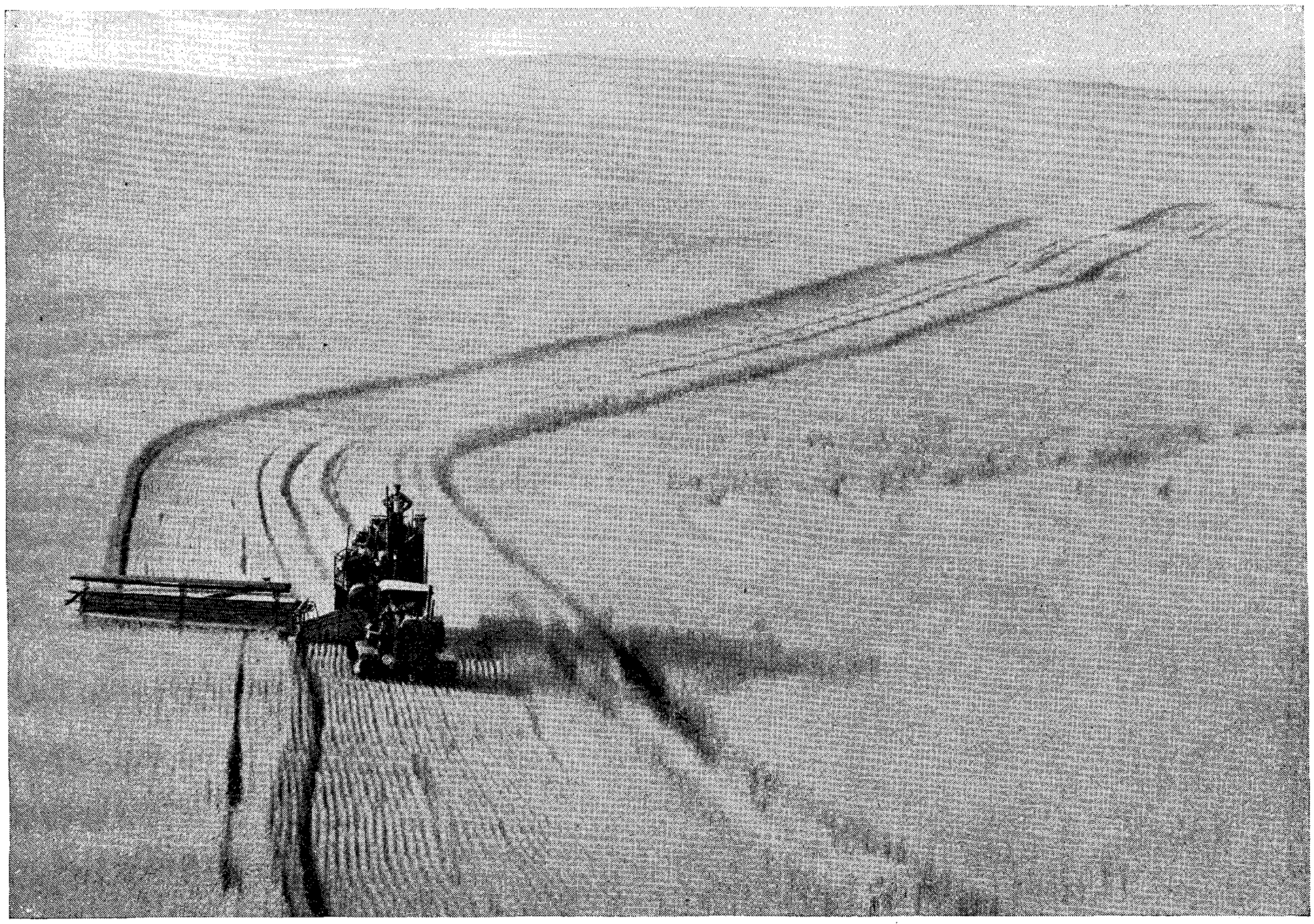
When, under the able guidance of Drew Edgington, the *Tom Greene* slid in alongside the vanquished *Betsy Ann* at the end of the race, a great delegation of townsfolk came aboard. Among them was Lou E. White, New Richmond undertaker, who had with him the loving cup put up as a trophy by the business men of the town.

Under the gifted, but highly confusing, direction of some seventy-five photographers, he presented the cup to Capt. Tom Greene. White was acting for C. H. Bogart, New Richmond Mayor, who couldn't be found.

All the prominent guests and officials and whatnot left the packets at New Richmond and returned to Cincinnati by auto or speedboat to attend a banquet in the winner's honor on the Hotel Gibson roof.

Capt. Fred Way of the *Betsy Ann* told the judges after the race that he thought the *Betsy* was the real winner, tho he would, of course, accept the decision of the judges, we learn from the Cincinnati *Times-Star.* Furthermore:

"Captain Way told us after the race that a photographer who took a picture as the boats passed the dam below New Richmond said the *Betsy Ann* was three feet in the lead," W. C. Culkins, one of the judges, stated. "Captain Way said, however, that he would abide by the decision of the judges, and, tho he felt badly over the close decision, he was a good sport, and walked over and had his picture taken with the officers of the *Tom*



BROADER FIELDS

Look down from the hills of the Palouse. . . . As far as you can see . . . farther . . . the sun-browned valley rolls in velvet billows toward Spokane. As far as you can hear . . . only a whispering quiet . . . the sigh of fullness through the fields . . . waiting there for harvest. Wheat . . . as wheat has stood for five thousand years. These might be the fields of Babylon . . . until the machines come.

Power has pushed back the fence rows of American life. . . . Not only on the farm, but in factory and home, the use of machinery has changed our outlook. We are a nation released from incessant toil for the production of necessities. . . . The result is *time gained.* Time to learn . . . to read and to travel. Less time in *getting* to our destination and more time for business or social contact. Less time in *getting* the news of the world . . . and more time to think about it. More time to learn how other people live . . . and to decide how *we* want to live. . . . And power has brought us *more money* with which to build. Machinery has helped translate our *national resources* into *national wealth.* The machinery of manufacturing . . . mass production . . . has distributed a large part of that wealth to a great mass market which is willing to spend it in return for better living. . . . Picture a nation of people with time to learn how to live, with money to spend and with a *multiplicity of privilege* such as has never before existed in the entire history of civilization . . . and you have the American market. *A nation on the make.*

Apply power to selling and you have advertising . . . a very definite and fundamental force in the cycle of American business. . . . Employed with intelligence and purpose, it opens up to the worthy product the multiplicity of outlets which is the first requisite of mass production. . . . Continued with courage and steadfast adherence to its objective, advertising will push back the fence rows of business, and lead, steadily and surely, into broader fields.

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Greene. The race was so close that we judges had to find out who was really in the lead by drawing a line across the two stages that projected over the bows of the boats."

Capt. Frederick Way showed the reporters the old-fashioned bar, with its footrail still in good condition, on board the *Betsy Ann*. But it was bone-dry.

The bar, at which Southern gentlemen used to sip mint juleps when the *Betsy* ran in the lower Mississippi trade, is forward on the main deck, but is arid and is used as an office now.

Last year the *Betsy Ann* lost to the *Chris Greene* the golden antlers she won in races in Southern waters. Now the *Betsy* sports another fine set of golden antlers, which shine brilliantly in the sun. They were a gift from friends.

"We'll win those rocking-chairs from you, too!" shouted a perspiring Negro coal-heaver of the *Tom Greene*, as he came out of the firing pit and pointed to the large antlers. But the antlers were not involved in this race, and the *Betsy* steamed on with them after the race.

The *Tom Greene's* narrow margin of victory over the Pittsburgh veteran makes for the enrichment of river traditions and furnishes material for more boat races no less than for argument, in the editorial judgment of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, which continues:

There must be a graceful bowing to the decision of the judges on the part of the regional supporters of the loser and insistence that the wheel-spoke handle that separated the packets at the finish line is reason for a new challenge and another race.

An end so close and a race so stoutly contested have seldom if ever been seen on the rivers. When the *Chris Greene* won over the *Betsy* last summer, there were six boat-lengths of open water between the steaming packets. In the classic days races were longer and the separations greater; the *Robert E. Lee* was four hours ahead of the *Natchez* in the famous meeting of 1870 on the 1,250-mile run from New Orleans to St. Louis, the race to which rivermen look when fast time on the inland waters is in question. Eyelash finishes are usually for the race tracks and not for the streams.

In the result there is honor for both boats and for the cities which they represent. The rivalry between the *Betsy* and the Greene line is healthy and makes for a growing appreciation of the rivers as mediums of sport as well as commerce. The report that a hundred thousand spectators lined the banks and urged on both boats indicates vastly more than merely local interest. They had great sights to witness—the belching smokestacks, the sweating crews, the energy-inspired captains, the daring pilots and, best of all, the boats themselves racing side by side with no choice between them for the whole twenty miles of the course. It is of such epic spectacles that folk lore is made. Much will be heard of the 1929 race of the *Betsy* and the *Tom Greene*. Pittsburgh will desire another meeting, regretting most of all that the home waters do not furnish a straightaway course of sufficient length to make a race possible right here.

In a reminiscent and pensive mood over the faded glories of the rivers, the Louisville *Courier* begins an editorial with an old quotation:

Gangway, catfish! Cross dat bar.
We's a-comin' on de *Guidin' Star*.

As the black smoke rolled from the twin stacks of the *Betsy Ann* and the *Tom Greene*, racing upstream from Cincinnati to New Richmond, the mist of sixty years or more rolled back and revealed to crowds of pleasure-loving moderns in airplanes, motor speedboats, an excursion steamer, and on the banks a revival of one of the most thrilling sports of their grandsires along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Oh, I wouldn' be a fireman,
He wuks down in de coal;
Ah'd ruther be de gamblin' man
An' wear a ring o' gol'.

The "gamblin' man" was absent as the *Betsy* and the *Greene* puffed and strained and shivered from stem to stern, but one might well picture his ghost, attired in a tall beaver hat, high collar and black stock, ruffled shirt bosom, lavender frock-coat and checkered trousers, strapped under his boots, leaning over the rail and waving a roll of bills at the rival boat, offering wagers. This was no gambling event nor yet a commercial scheme, the winner to get the business, but purely a contest of speed between friendly rivals.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LION PERIL IN EAST AFRICA

THE EYES OF THE LURKING LION glittered with anticipation. It was a free and toothsome meal brought to his very doorstep, this herd of grazing cattle in the Kenya Colony of East Africa. Out from his hiding place leapt the king of beasts to fasten himself upon one of the grazers, which came down to earth with a terrified bellow. At the alarm the rest of the cattle fled, and the native herdsman came running up to the defense of his charge. But the marauding feline stood his ground. He was bolder now than he had been, for the herdsman was unarmed. And as the man approached closer, he prepared to battle a human foe. But did the lion attack the man? And if he did, was the man killed, or only mauled? And, finally, did the lion eat the man?

Articles attributing man-eating proclivities to these lions of Kenya have appeared in various periodicals, including THE DIGEST. Other journals which have given attention to the topic include the New York *Times*, the London *Sphere*, from which we quoted, and *Chambers's Journal* (London). But now residents of Kenya come forward to declare that the truth about the Kenya lions is far from romantic, that the big cats are nothing more glamorous than stock thieves. While natives have died from being mauled, it is denied by the *East African Standard* that any native has been eaten by a lion. Abolition of the moran system of training youths for war and hunting, and the consequent prohibition of the moran weapon, the spear, is often blamed for the increased boldness of lions. The moran system is a tribal institution of the Masai of East Africa. Under it young men receive military training from the fighters and hunters of their tribe. But while admitting that this did make the beasts less fearful of punishment for stock stealing, Captain Ritchie, Kenya game warden, denies the more exciting features of this situation.

In a letter to the New York *Times*, Leslie J. Tarlton, writing from Nairobi, Kenya Colony, says:

No one has been eaten for the last eight years, and not one "man-eater" has been officially recorded or reported unofficially. This on the authority of the chief game warden.

It is true that during the construction of the Uganda Railway, about twenty-five years ago, lions did become a serious menace to the railway workers. There were special reasons for these man-eaters' activities, and the curious may learn all about them from Patterson's "Man-Eaters of Tsavo."

But, alas! "man-eaters" sound much more interesting than "stock thieves." Our stock thieves are not only branded "man-eaters," but there are 500 of 'em, mark you. They are "a new and terrible breed." They go in packs "of a dozen or two dozen"—"night after night." One lion is said to have "attacked a crowd of 2,000 natives"—another reported to have killed no less than eighty-four. A third "man-eater" was content with a modest forty. And the gallant 500 have "gained supreme control over hundreds of square miles of territory." "Women and children have been set upon by mobs of lions and torn to pieces."

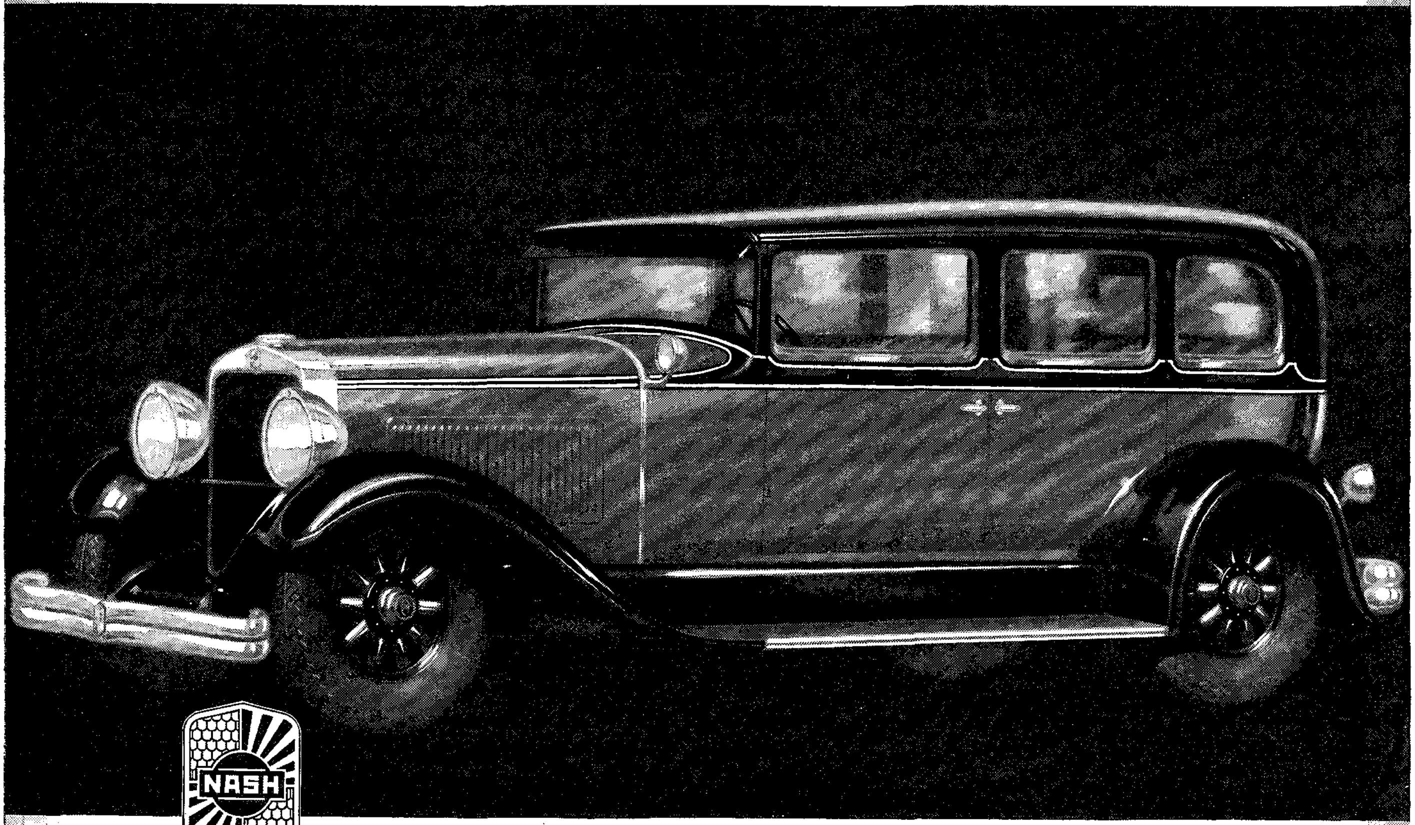
And all this terrible time those ignorant fools in Kenya, living in the heart of it, know nothing about it, and one of them (the writer) was stupid enough to send down an elderly married couple to camp in the center of these "man-eaters" for over a week, armed with nothing more deadly than a camera. Their guide was eventually persuaded to carry a rifle, which was never fired, and, to add insult to injury, the party returned after a happy visit, but much disappointed that, in spite of very careful searching, they could find no lions of any kind.

And night after night a regular stream of travelers passes along this area, camps under a big tree at Kidongai, with no other protection than a camp lantern, blissfully unconscious of the terrible tragedies enacted in their midst among the suffering natives.

And, more astounding still, the natives are in complete ignorance of their fate, altho naturally they protest when their cattle are unduly harassed.

Captain Ritchie, the game warden, writing in the *East African Standard*, is even more forcible in denying the lion stories. This same journal, in an editorial, also takes up the situation and reveals that it has a decided political angle. Quoting from this:

THE CAR WITH THE TWIN IGNITION MOTOR



NASH

WE SUPPOSE there isn't anyone interested in motoring in America today who isn't familiar with the fact that the Nash "400" is the car with the Twin-Ignition motor.

But do you know just what that means, in terms of better engine performance and greater motoring satisfaction?

There is more to it than simply two spark plugs per cylinder, instead of the customary single plug.

The two spark plugs fire simultaneously—double the fire produced by one plug. Combustion is quicker, smoother, more thorough. This makes possible and practical a much higher compression.

And the result in engineering figures, is that the same Nash motor with Twin Ignition, instead of single ignition, produces 22% more power, 5 more miles per hour top speed and 2 extra miles from every single gallon of gasoline you buy.

It is a new experience for experienced motorists to drive this Twin-Ignition-motored motor car. Words are really inadequate to give you an understanding of the smooth, quiet, responsive rhythm of this new type of power—of the strength, vigor and decision in Twin-Ignition getaway—of the instantaneous, unhesitating change of pace from one road speed to a higher one.

Therefore, don't let anything prevent you from driving and knowing the Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400", *before you buy your new car.*

NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

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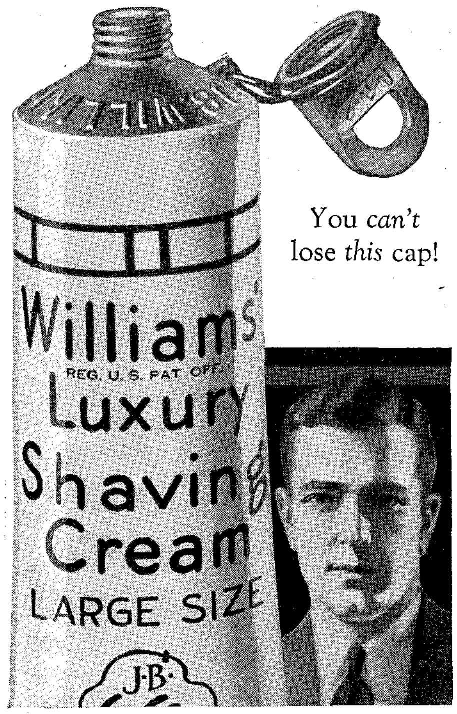
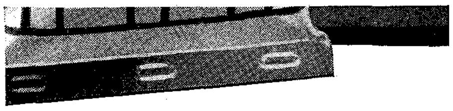
"JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE WILLIAMS"



FACES——

and WILLIAMS!



For millions of faces, Williams Shaving Cream begins the day.

¶ Men who want the proven things choose Williams. Blended from 89 years of study. Uncolored. Cool as morning. Mild as cream.

¶ Saturated with moisture, too, is this Williams lather. Ten per cent more of it, by authentic test, than in any other we know of.

¶ Williams—for the exacting man—the sensitive skin—the tough beard! For *any* water—weather—razor!

¶ No shaving experience is complete until Williams has been tried.

¶ "Oh, yes," the drug clerk says, "sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

"**Williams**

Shaving Cream

please!"

Complete the shave with a dash of AQUA VELVA. Made *just* for that!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

It is no doubt a very great pity, from the point of view of the fiction writer, that Kenya possesses no man-eating lions. For many months, as the Game Warden shows, this popular aspect of the Romance of Africa has been freely and liberally exploited. By the ready pens of the story-tellers, the elastic limits of fiction have been enlarged and all the arts of the sub-editors of sensational journalism utilized to make the man-eater of Kenya a really live and ferocious king of beasts. Another trouble is that the situation has a political side, subtly exploited as a cunning plot, by the white settlers of Kenya, with the aid of specially protected man-eating lions, to scare the defenseless Masai from his land so that it may become available for alienation! The distorted story of a government policy [the abolition of spears], which was introduced at the request of and with the support of the Masai Elders (as recorded in resolutions passed by them since 1921), is in fact being used quite definitely by some writers, unconsciously assisted by others, to throw suspicion upon the colony. The Kenya policy, as is well known, is simply an honest effort to turn the thoughts and energies of the Young Masai, in the interests of the preservation of their once virile race, into civilized channels instead of perpetuating the vicious system of the warrior age with all its unsettling influences and moral degeneration.

IN ITALY—WHERE TAXES ARE TAXES

AN official-looking gentleman, flanked by two huskies, entered the office in Rome. He wanted to know whether he should remove a desk, a typewriter, or a rug. It developed, Carroll Binder tells us in a copyrighted Rome dispatch to the New York *Sun*, that "I had made myself liable for a fine by failing to pay a license tax for the right to operate an office. I had visited three tax-collection offices and paid fees at each, but this one had escaped me." And we read on:

> My predecessor had paid the license fee for the fiscal year. He had paid the tax for an office, the tax for an office with a rug on the floor (which made it a de luxe office), the tax for a sign on the building, and the tax for a sign in a foreign language, but he didn't know about the personal license tax, nor, of course, did I. Other taxing bodies send a solicitor with a bill. The Rome license taxers simply sent an agent to confiscate some object worth as much as or more than the $4 due.

For in Italy, we learn, the taxpayer pays until it hurts. Twenty-two per cent. of the individual's income is paid in taxes, Mr. Binder tells us, and the Italian shares with the Englishman the distinction of paying the largest proportion of his income to the government—which should be comforting news to Americans sore from the payment of income taxes. Continuing his account of the fee he forgot to pay, Mr. Binder says:

> On being assured of my intention to pay, the agent agreed to remove nothing, but I could not prevail upon him to accept payment of the fine and tax. It was necessary for me to call in person because I was born after 1892. It was a question of establishing my ability to read and write as well as paying the money. The argument that a journalist might be presumed to be literate was brushed aside as irrelevant. So I took my place in a queue, and after an hour passed the test—by writing my name.
>
> Our taxes are relatively few, as we transact no business in Italy. A professional man gets hit harder and more frequently. A young dentist friend must pay nine distinct taxes to as many different offices. Some of them are quarterly, some semi-annual, some annual. The total averages about $45 a month (a formidable item for a European professional man), and the payment requires many hours' attention monthly.
>
> Tax complications of course increase in proportion to the number of interests of a citizen. The *Corriere Mercantile*, one of Italy's best financial journals, published at Genoa, has compiled a list of the taxes which a Genoese bachelor business man has to wrestle with every year.

Here is the bill, as Mr. Binder itemizes it:

> 1. National land tax.
> 2. Provincial land tax.
> 3. Communal land tax.
> 4. Gross income tax with supplementary taxes on portions of income derived from business and portion from investment.
> 5. Bachelor tax. This fluctuates annually with age and income of payer.
> 6. Supertaxes on both income and wealth—paid separately from normal income tax.
> 7. Communal tax on his business.
> 8. Communal tax on profession (often exercised jointly in Italy with business).
> 9. Corporation tax for Fascist corporations.
> 10. Social insurance tax.
> 11. Highway-maintenance tax—one for home, one for business.
> 12. Highway-occupation tax—based on frontage of home and business property on highway.
> 13. Weights and measure tax.
> 14. Sign tax.
> 15. Tax for provincial councils economy.
> 16. Tax on rent paid.
> 17. License for conduct of any kind of business, trade or profession.
> 18. Tax for each vehicle owned (a thirty-horse-power Italian auto, for example, costs about $100 a year in taxes).
> 19. Tax for each animal owned.
> 20. Tax for grilles at cashiers' or other windows.
> 21. Tax for each doorway or entrance from street to home, office, or factory.
> 22. Aqueduct tax.
>
> Inasmuch as many of the taxing bodies do not send notices of the amounts due, or the time when these must be paid, the mere payment of these imposts is a formidable task. Schedules of dates when payments must be made and the amounts due must be kept by trusted clerks. In addition, the Italian employer must inform the government registry office of the number of employees on his pay-roll as well as their ages and social condition—that is, whether they have been married during the year.
>
> Under the concordat with the Catholic Church, priests are exempted from taxes, but few other citizens escape.

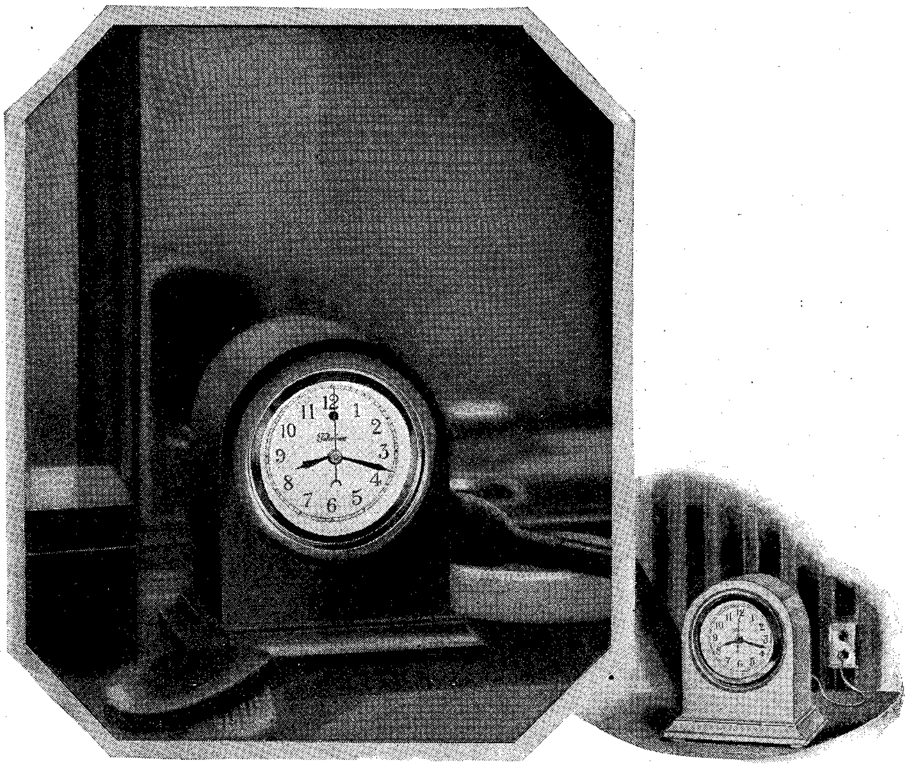
A CALIFORNIA SHERLOCK WHO TRAPS CRIMINALS WITH THEIR OWN PENS

THE body found on the desert near the Nevada-California State line was that of a stranger in a strange land. It was unrecognizable. All marks of identification has been stript away. Only the battered head bore mute testimony to the manner of the unknown's death. The murder seemed an impenetrable mystery—a "perfect crime." Only one clue was found—a small scrap of paper rolled up in the watch pocket of the trousers worn by the slain man. On it was a small amount of handwriting and the name of an Ogden, Utah, bank. It was a tiny clue, but it was big enough to convict Joseph Watts of the murder of Wilfred Hey. One of those instrumental in untangling the riddle was J. Clark Sellers, the Los Angeles handwriting expert and criminologist, we are told by Otho L. Ferris in *The Kiwanis Magazine.* Mr. Ferris, a Kiwanian of Los Angeles and former chairman of the club's international publicity committee, writes interestingly of the work of Mr. Sellers, a fellow club member. Turning to his article for a more detailed account of Mr. Sellers's work in the Hey mystery, we learn that the unfortunate young victim came to this country from England a little more than two years ago. He had saved up a small amount of money and, going to Detroit, he deposited this, his life's savings, in a bank. A short time later he met Watts, who roomed in the same house. Continuing the story in Mr. Ferris's own words, we read:

> They became friends and one day Watts proposed to Hey that they make a trip to California in Watts's car. Hey, wanting to see the country, readily agreed to do so, standing his share of the expense.
>
> At Ogden, Utah, they ran out of money and they remained there while Hey sent to Detroit to withdraw part of his savings to pay the expenses of the trip to Los Angeles. After receiving the money they continued on toward Los Angeles. A few days later a man presented himself at a bank in Los Angeles and presented credentials to prove that he was Wilfred Hey and a savings-bank book showing a deposit in a Detroit bank, and requested the bank to send the deposit book to Detroit to transfer the money to Los Angeles. This was done, but when the money arrived the bank required more identification. To meet this request the man representing himself as "Wilfred Hey" brought a man to the bank who identified him as "Hey."

And after that, for a time, it seemed that all was well with the pseudo-Hey. But then the body, which turned out to be that of the real Hey, was found, and also the clue of the rolled paper with the name of the Ogden bank. Reading on:

> Mr. Sellers was called into the case by District Attorney Johnson of San Bernardino County, examined the handwriting of Joseph Watts and the signature of Wilfred Hey on checks at the bank on which the payment of the money from Detroit had been obtained, and he pronounced these signatures of Wilfred Hey to be forgeries, and stated they were in the



"Auburn", No. 371, $23.00
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Three models, "Auburn", $23
"Clinton", $23, "Vernon", $24

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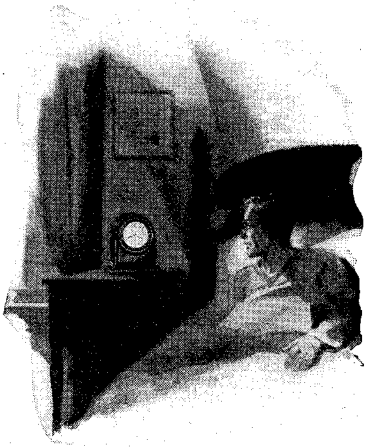

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handwriting of Joseph Watts. This important evidence was presented at the trial of Watts, charged with the murder of Wilfred Hey, and was one of the most important pieces of evidence that was presented at the trial. In commenting upon the evidence of Mr. Sellers, the San Bernardino *Sun* stated: "Spectators yesterday learned why they dot their i's and cross their t's. J. Clark Sellers, a nationally known handwriting expert, testified for hours identifying Watts's handwriting in the signatures of Wilfred Hey on checks by which Watts obtained Hey's bank account. Sellers explained in detail that the characteristics of a writer in his writing seldom change, and that it is virtually impossible for him to change his writing so that the authorship can not be detected if the expert is permitted to study the natural handwriting of the writer."

Watts was convicted and paid the penalty by hanging on Friday, October 15, 1926. With him was hanged Mauricio Trinidad, convicted of murdering Louis Hernandez. Mr. Sellers was also a witness at the trial of Trinidad.

According to Mr. Sellers, "The 'perfect' crime never has been committed, and probably never will be committed. Every action leaves a clue as to who did it." And he says further, that:

Often circumstantial evidence is much stronger and more conclusive than so-called eye-witness testimony. Some of the interesting cases Mr. Sellers has worked upon illustrate remarkable corroboration of that statement. For example, he states that "the mute, material evidence incorporated in every wrongful act, such as the halting, hesitating stroke of the forger, the bullet in the murdered man, blood stains left at the scene of a crime, speak volumes of what actually occurred and who committed the act, and more accurately to the trained observer than the testimony of excited witnesses, who are usually poor observers, and are frequently prejudiced in favor of one side or the other. It is very rare indeed that two witnesses will make the same observation and then recount those observations accurately weeks or months later in court."

But let us hear Mr. Sellers himself. Writing on the hardships of forgery in *The Police Reporter*, Los Angeles, he observes:

The forger is confronted with a greater task than he usually realizes, when he decides to imitate some one else's handwriting, regardless of whether it is on a $10 check or a $10,000,000 will. Even tho the forger is faced with a difficult task, many forged wills, deeds, contracts, etc., are accepted as genuine. It would probably be amazing, if known, the number of documents which are accepted yearly as genuine, which in reality are forgeries, and are often never submitted to an expert, because suspicion of them is not aroused.

Documents, which for some reason or other, are questioned, are usually of two general classes: first, documents which are suspected of being forged, and, second, documents such as extortion and blackmail letters. In the extortion or blackmail letters the writer desires to hide his own identity; therefore he attempts to disguise his own handwriting. To do this successfully he must divorce from his writing his own peculiar characteristics. Few people are acquainted with their own writing characteristics. These characteristics are developed over a period of years and are not easily cast aside.

As for a specific case, he gives us this recent spectacular crime:

William Edward Hickman was confronted with the important problem of hiding his own identity when he wrote the death-threat letters to Marion Parker's father. To accomplish this he chose as a disguise a system of handprinting the letters. He not only painstakingly hand-printed each letter, but, in most of the letters, he went back over every letter in each word two or more times, making extra strokes on each, trying to still further disguise. Yet he did not succeed.

Before Hickman was ever captured we knew he, and he alone, was the writer of the series of death-threat letters. Members of the detective force of the police department had scoured the city for hand-printing of Hickman. Their efforts were rewarded by finding two places in which Hickman, some months before, had applied for a position where in each instance he had hand-printed his name and address. From these genuine standards of Hickman's writing we were able to positively identify him as the writer of the death-threat letters. Cunning as he tried to be, he could not get away from his own peculiarities. They remained to expose him.

The man who attempts to forge another's handwriting is confronted with even a much greater difficulty than the man who is attempting to disguise his writing. He must not only cast aside his own peculiarities, but he must take on all the peculiarities in the handwriting of the person whose writing he is attempting to forge. To produce a perfect forgery, the forger would first need to make a thorough study of the handwriting of the person whose handwriting he desired to forge; not only to ascertain the form of the letters used, but how each part of each letter is constructed, the manner in which the pen is held, where the nibs of the pen open and close, producing the shading; the relation of the high letters to the small letters, and a myriad of other details. Then, he must study his own handwriting to ascertain which of his own characteristics he must leave out. Then, after he has done these things, the most difficult act remains to be done—the actual forgery itself. The mere desire to do, even the knowledge of how an act should be performed, does not give one the power to accomplish that act.

However, signatures are only one part of a document. Frequently, "many questions arise in relation to a document, other than the signature"; and sometimes a signature is questioned which in fact, is genuine, as in this case:

In the forepart of March of this year one of the most important document cases in the history of California legal annals was tried in Fresno before Judge Charles R. Barnard. The case occupied more than two weeks in trial, and was bitterly contested on each side, the value of the property involved being in excess of $800,000. E. W. Risley, a former Superior Court judge of Fresno County, died in 1918, leaving a large estate. There were two children living, a son and a daughter. The son, T. E. Risley, immediately after the death of his father, recorded three deeds transferring the property to him. He made a settlement with his sister, paying her a large sum monthly, which, he testified, his father had requested him to do.

Nine years after the death of Judge Risley the sister started action against the brother for a half interest in her father's estate, alleging the deeds were forged. At the conclusion of a lengthy trial, in which experts appeared on both sides of the case, Judge Charles R. Barnard of Fresno County immediately rendered his verdict in favor of the defendant, T. E. Risley. In commenting on the case, Judge Barnard stated he was absolutely convinced the deeds were genuine. Many interesting points relative to questioned documents were brought out during the trial. Not only the authenticity of the signatures was questioned, but also, whether or not handwriting characteristics change with age; whether or not the jurat, on certain documents, was filled in after the notary had signed his name and affixt his seal; whether or not the five pages of a certain deed were typewritten in continuity on the same typewriter and by the same typist, and whether or not the original backing paper, on one of the deeds, had been removed and certain pages substituted.

A trip to Mr. Sellers's office and laboratory is at once interesting and enlightening, continues Mr. Ferris as we return to his *Kiwanis Magazine* article. As he tells us:

There you will see microscopes, little and big ones; cameras of different designs for different purposes, one of them five feet long, another one mounted on an iron base specially constructed to avoid vibration, for making photographs through high-powered microscopes; lenses for various specific purposes; micrometers for making measurements down to 1-10,000 of an inch; specially constructed measuring instruments ruled on glass for placing over a document to make accurate measurements, also chemicals for making tests. All of them instruments of precision to enable the examiner to come to accurate conclusions.

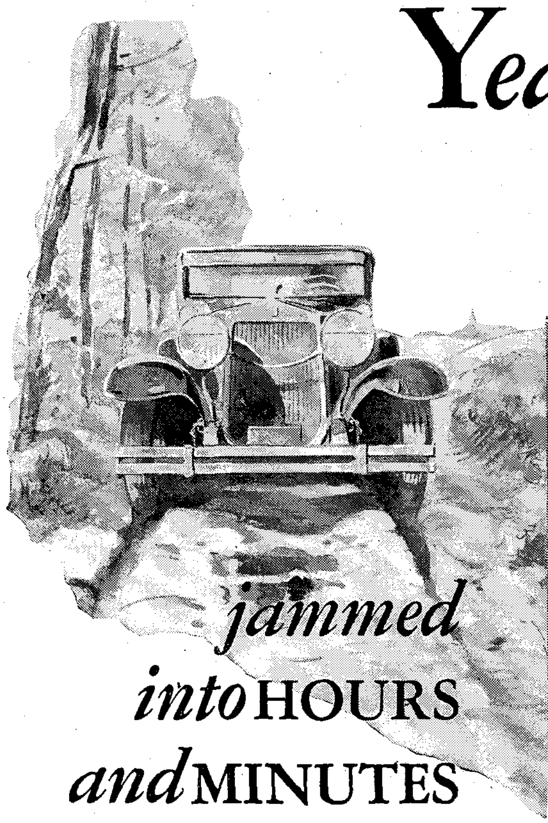
"Forgery," states Kiwanian Sellers, "dates back almost to the very beginning of the art of writing. In fact, the arts and wiles of the forger have kept pace down through the ages with the advance in the art of chirography. Some of the most interesting trials in the history of our courts have been those wherein the question of the authenticity of certain handwriting has been involved.

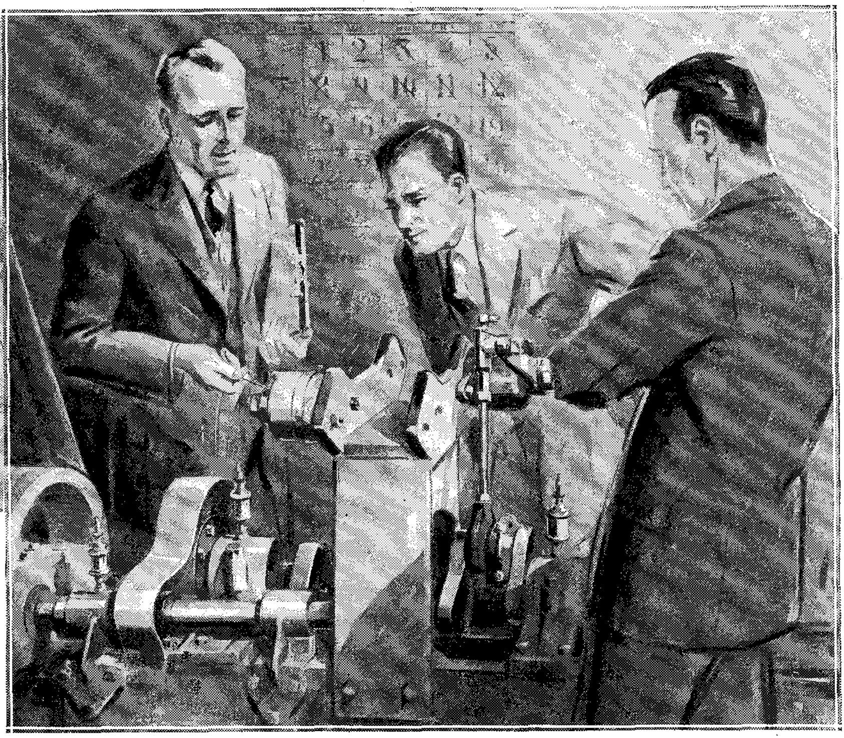
"Many weird tales have been told in the court-room about the strange finding of a lost will, the details of which usually bespeak a most active imagination.

"These are often forged wills and fake stories, but, strange to say, often find ready believers and credulous attorneys to argue the genuineness of them. Often the forgeries are so cleverly done that only one who is experienced and who has the necessary microscopes, cameras, etc., can tear aside the veil and reveal such documents as forgeries.

"Forgers have been so clever with the use of the pen that they have been able to successfully imitate bank drafts, engraved checks, and even pen-and-ink imitations of greenbacks have been done with such minute detail and exactness that they

Years of punishment





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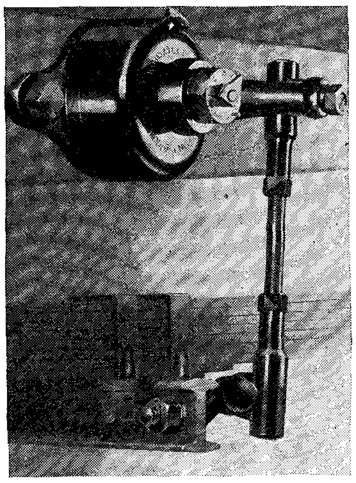

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

passed for genuine currency until examined by a currency expert and the fraud exposed."

Many persons believe that all typewriters are alike, and that the typewriting furnishes "a perfect disguise for the swindler who inserts an extra page in a will, or adds an extra paragraph to a contract, or attempts to extort money by threatening letters." Nothing could be further from the truth, the writer warns us as we continue our reading:

> The microscope aids in searching out defective type, letters battered or out of alinement, which make each machine individual, and the typewriting can be definitely tied up to the identical machine on which the document was written, Mr. Sellers declares. Moreover, it is sometimes possible to establish that a certain document was written by a certain typist, as typists form certain habits which are individual.
>
> Sometimes important information as to the age of a document can be told by the paper on which it is written, or by the ink with which it is written. Frequently the examiner of questioned documents is called upon to determine whether or not a document was all written at the same time, with the same ink, and the same pen. Often experience, ink chemistry, the microscope, and photography enable the examiner to establish the true facts.
>
> When asked to point out what he considered to be necessary qualifications to become successful in his profession Mr. Sellers stated it would be difficult to lay down any iron-bound rules, but declared that in addition to a thorough knowledge of his subject, one should possess a broad general experience of human affairs, be of a studious and experimental turn of mind, be able to make others see and understand what he does, love his work, and then work like blazes.

"Truth is stranger than fiction" is amply proved in the experiences of Mr. Sellers. He has been called into some of the most important cases in the West, including these:

> The Kid McCoy case, Dr. Young murder case, Willis trunk murder mystery, "Alexander the Great" extortion letter case, Homer Laughlin extortion letter case, and the famous Aimee McPherson Kidnaping Case in California, the Shelly forgery cases in Montana, wherein he was the government's expert in Federal Court, also the Lauer bank forgery cases in Federal Court in Idaho, and the Hellmen stock fraud case in Federal Court in Portland, Oregon, the Shipyard cases in Seattle. He has albums filled with photographs, char's, and newspaper clippings from all over America and Canada.
>
> His advice is, "Never write anything, never say anything, never do anything that will rise up and damn you at any future time."
>
> A letter written by Mrs. Laura Brown was instrumental in her conviction and that of two men for the murder of Lee Camp in Kings County, California. District Attorney McKay desired to establish whether or not Mrs. Brown had written a certain letter, which if written by her tended to prove the motive for the murder. After a microscopic study of the handwriting of Mrs. Brown and comparison with the disputed letter Mr. Sellers informed the court that Mrs. Brown wrote the letter.
>
> L. R. Adams, chairman of the Board of Supervisors of a California county, was successful over a period of four years in forging and cashing county road warrants until one day District Attorney E. R. Utley noted a similarity between the handwriting on three different warrants indorsed by separate names. He submitted all of the warrants under those three names covering a period of more than four years, amounting to more than $22,000, to Mr. Sellers for laboratory examination. Mr. Sellers soon submitted him a report declaring all of the different warrants to be indorsed by the same person, and that person was Adams, the chairman of the Board of Supervisors. The accusation and trial of Adams were a sensation. Both Mr. Sellers and Mr. E. O. Heinrich of San Francisco were witnesses for the State, and the jury conferred less than twenty minutes, and came in with a verdict of guilty. The Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the jury. It is one of the axioms of Mr. Sellers to "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."
>
> In the famous Fee case, in which William Fee, well-known San Gabriel and Alhambra banker, was found dead in Lytel Creek Canyon, it was the report of Mr. Sellers which established that Fee had dropt dead and was not murdered, which cleared four young people of causing his death, and saved the State a large sum of money, in a useless prosecution of innocent persons.

"DEBUNKING" BUFFALO BILL'S BATTLES

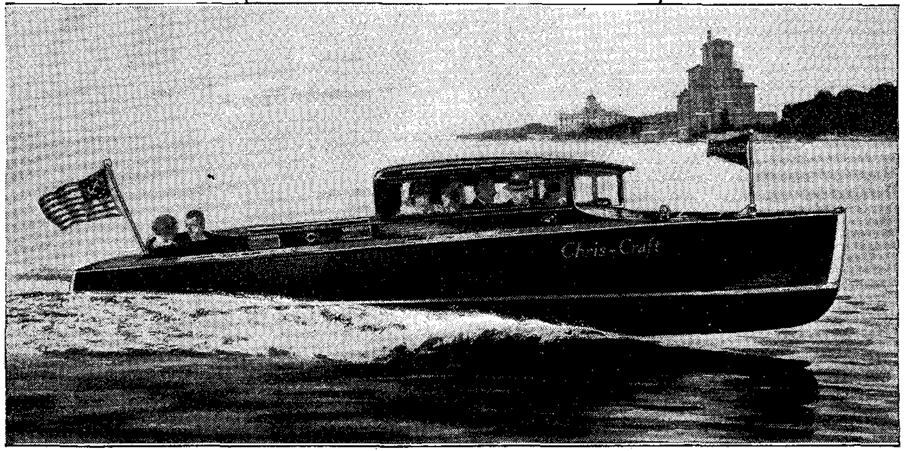
TALL BULL and Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne chieftains, were killed. But who killed them? It is a mystery of the old West that has never, it would seem, been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned. "I killed them," claimed William F. Cody, Buffalo Bill, that almost legendary figure of the plains. "He did not," retort some old-timers, Indian fighters and Bill's companions, who, in their reminiscences deny him much of the glamour of his supposed exploits. Richard J. Walsh, author of "The Making of Buffalo Bill" (Bobbs, Merrill), from which we quoted in our issue of April 20 (under the title, "Truth and Legend in Buffalo Bill's Career"), doubts whether Cody killed Tall Bull. This chief was slain in the Battle of Summit Springs in 1869. But Mr. Walsh accepts the common version of Cody's victorious duel with Yellow Hand after the Custer massacre in 1876. Our previous article, it will be recalled, dealt with these two episodes and also quoted Gen. Charles King, a friend of Buffalo Bill, who, in the New York *World*, defended his old comrade against Mr. Walsh's criticisms. Now, Mr. Walsh, answering the General in the same journal, admits that while he did not formerly question Cody's account of the Yellow Hand affair, evidence has come up to make this, too, seem doubtful. Some of the information has come from Herbert

Cody Blake of Brooklyn, who has done much research into the history of the old West. Says Mr. Walsh of General King's remarks:

> General King charges me with circulating "mendacious and malicious reports" about Buffalo Bill. While honoring him for his loyalty to his old comrade, I can not concede the accuracy of his statements. It is not true that I have "declared that Cody was a mere guide and a dispatch bearer." In "The Making of Buffalo Bill" I have indeed shown that much of what the dime novelists and press agents told about their hero for juvenile readers was untrue. But I do find in his life depths of romance into which they never delved.
>
> The *World* article confuses two Indian fights which were separated by an interval of seven years. The first of these was the Battle of Summit Springs, at which Chief Tall Bull was killed. The second was the famous "single-handed duel" with Yellow Hand after the Custer massacre in 1876. I have asserted that there is strong doubt as to who killed Tall Bull.
>
> As to whether Cody killed Yellow Hand, I have not hitherto, as General King seems to believe, exprest doubt, except to put in the record the statement of Sergt. Jacob Blaut, that "Bill and I fired at the same time, and I think my bullet killed him." Indeed my book accepts at its face value the accounts which were written by General King himself, who says he was an eye-witness.
>
> General King is not the only living eye-witness of the encounter. Since the publication of the book I have received letters from persons in various parts of the country, bringing forward new testimony.
>
> Mr. Chris Madsen, now living in Oklahoma City, was an enlisted man in the old Fifth Cavalry. He says that he saw the duel, and agrees that Buffalo Bill did kill Yellow Hand. Mr. E. A. Brininstool of Los Angeles, writes to me that he has located three survivors of the Fifth who were present at the fight. He adds: "Two of them say Cody killed the Indian, but say they saw no duel. Another says that Sergeant Blaut killed him. Also I have a clipping written by yet another member of the old Fifth, who says he is the rightful slayer of the Cheyenne."
>
> There remains the circumstantial story to the effect that "Little Bat" Garnier killed Yellow Hand. Some excellent research about this has been done by Mr. Herbert Cody Blake of Brooklyn, and recently published by him.

In a pamphlet, "Western Stories," published by himself, Mr. Blake presents the following letter from Charles J. Millar, a cavalryman who was present. Mr. Millar's letter reads as follows:

> El Paso, Texas, Sept. 11, 1925.
>
> FRIEND BLAKE:
>
> I got your letter forwarded to me at this place. About Cody's being challenged and fighting a duel with an Injun called "Yellow Hand" at the time we had the picnic with the Cheyennes in July, 1876, near the Bonnet, I have seen the story in Cody's book. There's nothing to it. We surrounded the Injuns before they reached the Creek. A few of them had come up there the day before we got there. The tail-enders never got there. Over 700 of them in all. They turned back when we struck them. Most of them lost their ponies.
>
> Cody was armed same as the rest of us with the .45 Carbine. I saw him pretty



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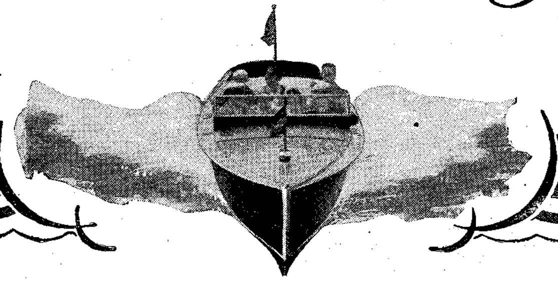

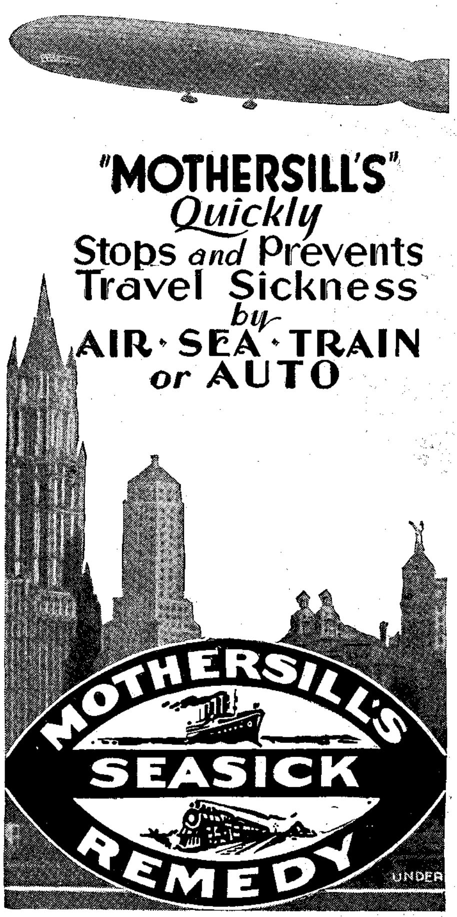

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

much all of the time. The story of Cody's riding out in front, with us backing his play and the Cheyennes "keeping case" for the Injun while they pulled off a duel is all made up; IT'S BUNK. All I do know to be true is, that the next day Cody had two scalps which he got after the show was all over. I was told some of the men found a dead buck who was a chief, and he was good and dead, being out in the sun for a couple of days, and that Cody got his hair and sent both topknots back to the fort. This was just about his speed.

(Signed) CHARLES J. MILLAR.

Mr. Blake also publishes this affidavit made by Norman M. Kelley, a former scout, who not only denies that Cody killed Yellow Hand, but offers evidence as to who did:

Lankershim, California, March 10, 1927.
To whom it may concern:

The following account of the killing of the Cheyenne Chief Yellow Hand was told me by "Buckskin Jack" Russell and "Big Bat" Pourier in my Pool Hall at Scenic, South Dakota, over fourteen years ago, about 1912 to be exact. Something was said about Buffalo Bill in a conversation and I asked "Big Bat" what kind of a scout was Buffalo Bill? He knew Bill well, and had been on several scouts with him.

He said, "Bill was a good scout and a good guide, but as to a lot of his fighting and Indian killing he didn't do it." Those were his exact words. I asked Bat if it was a fact that Cody was the first man to scalp an Indian after the Custer Massacre, and that the Indian was Yellow Hand and was killed in a duel with knives. Bat replied, "Yes, he may have scalped him all right, but he didn't kill him; 'Little Bat' Garnier is the man who killed Yellow Hand." I asked Jack if that was so, and he said "Yes."

Both of these men, "Buckskin Jack" and "Big Bat," "Little Bat," and a man named Tate were on a hunt with a bunch of mixed blood Indians (half-breeds) and at the time were married to Indian women. They went to look for their horses and were "jumped" by Yellow Hand and a few other Cheyennes, and shot it out with them. They took cover in a buffalo wallow and killed one Indian at the first firing. The other Indians packed him off and then charged again.

In the next charge Yellow Hand was killed by "Little Bat," and the breeds hearing the firing came rushing up, and the Cheyennes pulled out leaving Yellow Hand on the ground. Jack and Bat both being whites did not raise the Cheyenne's hair. Some of the breeds knew Yellow Hand and told the scouts who he was. "So," Bat said, "I can't understand how 'Buffalo Willie' could kill Yellow Hand on the day the soldiers came in, when 'Little Bat' killed him the day before."

"Buckskin Jack" Russell and "Little Bat" are dead. Russell died on Porcupine Creek, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. "Big Bat" was considered an extra good Scout, and his word was extra good. I know lots of Indians who were fighting in some of the battles "Big Bat" was in. Woman's Dress, a Sioux Indian Scout, Short Bull, Louis Richards, Dick Stirk, Tal Gillispie, Bill McGaa, and numerous other scouts knew "Big Bat" and all said his word was

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good. The only story I ever saw with his name in it was called WARRIOR'S GAP.
(Signed) NORMAN M. KELLEY.
Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 14th day of March, 1927.
D. A. Myers, Notary Public (Seal)
Lankershim, California.

Returning to Mr. Walsh's article in *The World*, we find him admitting:

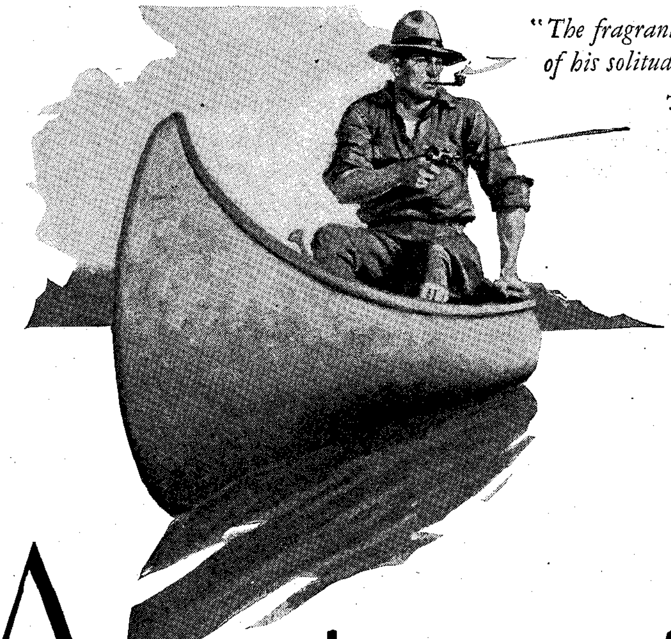
> Mr. Blake is a more zealous "debunker" than I have sought to be. But on the basis of all this evidence it must be admitted that there is considerably more doubt about the Yellow Hand duel than I believed when I wrote my book.
>
> As to the earlier affair, in which Cody is supposed to have killed Chief Tall Bull, General King says: "Never before this year did I hear of such a thing as it's being doubted or questioned." But King was not present at that battle, and bases his assertions on information gained from other sources. The unreliability of these sources may be judged from the following facts cited in my book:
>
> 1. In his first autobiography, written in 1879, Cody told how he shot Tall Bull "at a range of fully 400 yards."
> 2. In "True Tales," written in 1908, Cody said that he shot Tall Bull "when he was not more than thirty yards away."
> 3. In his show program a picture entitled "Killing of Tall Bull by Buffalo Bill" showed him stabbing the Indian with a knife.
> 4. In an article in the New York *World* in 1897, signed by Cody himself, he said: "Tall Bull himself was killed by a shot from Lieutenant Hayes's pistol."

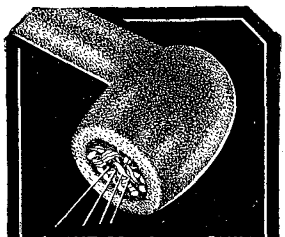
FANS OF THE 'EIGHTIES WOULDN'T KNOW THE OLD BALL GAME NOW

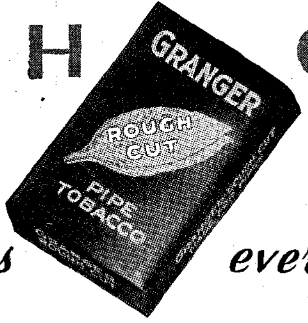
THE ball player on the bench was a quick thinker. The batter had batted, but the result was a foul that went sailing out toward third and over the third baseman's head toward the bench where "Ten Thousand Dollar" Kelly sat. Kelly, we are reminded in an article syndicated by the Newspaper Enterprise Association, was one of the heroes of baseball in the 1880's. It was then that he did his quick thinking, and something that would never be seen on a diamond to-day. "You're out of the game," he called to the fielder. "I'm in your place." And he caught the ball. For Kelly, as captain of the Chicago team, was allowed by the rules to take the place of any player at a moment's notice. But Kelly made an even trickier play, we read:

> During a game while Kelly was on first, a hit sent the next man to first followed by the umpire.
>
> Kelly, clearing first base, sped across the field to third, without going to second, and claimed his position, since the umpire did not see his sly maneuver. This proved conclusively that the diamond was too large for one umpire to keep covered with his two eyes.
>
> "Ten Thousand Dollar" Kelly got his name from the fact that when in 1887 he was transferred from Chicago to Boston, the transaction was made at a cost of $10,000, an unheard-of sum in those days, when even stars drew small salaries.

Many changes have occurred in baseball rules, customs, technique, and equipment,







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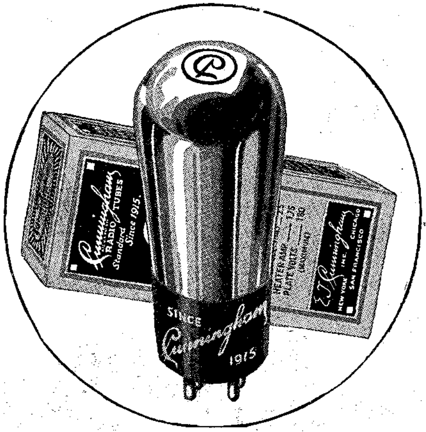

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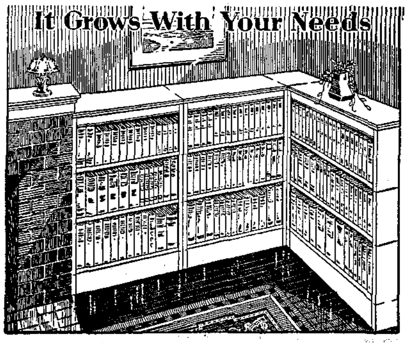
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

since the time the game first was played in America, and it is likely that old-time fans would hardly recognize the game as played to-day. Nor is this conclusion hard to reach from the evidence presented in this article:

> Imagine, if you will, Babe Ruth, swinging his lusty ash and approaching the plate at the Yankee Stadium all dolled up in long, blue flannel trousers, tight-fitting at the ankle, and wearing a blue mohair hat. If you saw the Babe thus attired, you would think that he had gone off his nut or was trying to impersonate a character from some antiquated musical comedy.
>
> Yet in 1849—in the days of the New York Knickerbockers, the first organized baseball team—such was the recognized uniform of the ball player. Thus dolled up the baseball player of the past looked more like a Zouave or a hero of the Arabian Nights than a ball player.
>
> Many records treasure the names of the seamstress or tailor who made the uniforms, as history treasures the name of Betsy Ross, who is said to have made the first American flag.
>
> Another unique custom of the early baseball teams was the wearing of neckties by the players. The sartorial adornment often displayed vivid hues, and sometimes the colors ran the gamut of the primary and secondary pigments.
>
> The ties were handy and easily arranged, as the four-in-hand knot was made by machinery. To put the tie on, one placed it against the collar, threw the strong end around the neck and pushed the small end through a hole. Then the proud possessor gave a smart pull, wriggled the neck several times and hitched the end to a pin. The tie was then ready for active service and, come what might in the ensuing battle, it remained in its position, tho often awry.
>
> The shoes worn by the early ball players were the familiar "Hum brogan" of that era. They had no cleats, but the soles were full of wooden pegs. Sometimes the pegs would come loose, and when they did, a player had to watch his step in circling the bases, or he'd find himself flat and out.
>
> There was no such a thing as a catcher's mitt in the early days. In fact, it was not until 1888 that anything resembling the present-day catcher's mitt came into use. Joseph B. Gunson, then playing with the Kansas City team, gets the credit for the first mitt.
>
> Gunson was quite a famous catcher in his time, and such famous pitchers as Cy Young, John Clarkson, Cuppy, Arthur Clarkson, and others hurled their respective deliveries at him.
>
> While playing with Kansas City, Gunson injured one finger of his left hand. What follows is his own story: "There were two games the next day, so I stitched all the fingers of my left-hand glove together with twine, practically making it a mitt. It worked so well that I made a pad all around the finger ends, sewed a wire in it, and padded the center with sheepskin with wool on, covering it with buckskin, thus making a regular mitt."
>
> Gunson never made anything out of his mitt. He had offers to patent his invention, but apparently none of these appealed to him. Decker, of Chicago, subsequently made a mitt, and so did a number of others, but none made anything out of it.
>
> The ball used in the olden days was soft, comparatively speaking, and it is a good thing it was, because when the batter hit the ball this is what happened: the player recovered the ball, threw it at the runner, and if he hit him when he was off base, the runner was out.
>
> If the fielder was quick in handling the ball and accurate in throwing, he hit the runner on the wing, so to speak, and the latter was out. If the ball missed the target, the runner was safe.
>
> In July, 1867, the Athletics defeated the Baltics by the score of 73 to 26. It sounds more like a football or basket-ball game, but such inspiring scores were not at all uncommon in baseball back in those early days. Frequently the players completely lost track of the tally when it began to soar skyward.

When the scores were down in the twenties, the game was considered tight. It was the players' idea of a pitchers' battle. And one reason for this was the prevailing style of pitching, thus:

> It was done underhand, without bending the elbow, much as one pitches quoits. That is what is called a "pitch," and the name still clings, despite the fact that the ball is now thrown, and has been thrown for years.
>
> Moreover, the pitcher, in the old days, was out there to accommodate the batter. The latter, when he stept to the plate, held out his hand shoulder-high, waist-high, or knee-high, denoting what kind of a ball he liked best to hit, high, medium, or low.
>
> After that the pitcher not only had to pitch the ball over the plate, but at the height asked for by the batter. The ball might cut the plate waist-high, but if the batter had asked for it shoulder-high, it was a "ball."
>
> And what dignified individuals the old-time umpires were! They wore frock coats and top hats, took their time in rendering decisions, and generally kept a safe distance from any possible damage to their *chapeaux* from fly balls. As a general rule the umpire sat in a chair and had a nice big umbrella over his head to keep off the sun.
>
> In the old Knickerbocker score-books there are frequent marginal notes against a player's name, reading, "Fined by the umpire." This was 'way back in 1845, but it shows that whatever temper the umpire may have is a traditional one, and much needed in tight places.
>
> Umpiring reached a scientific point in the days of Sheridan, O'Loughlin, O'Day, and Billy Evans. Certainly a great deal of science and a great deal of judicial temper are needed in these modern days when an umpire has at least 200 decisions to make in the course of two hours, and has to make them on momentary evidence, for a slide to base waits for no man.
>
> Things were easier in the old days, however. The game was not so fast as it is to-day, and the umpire had time to stroke his whiskers, lift his top hat, scratch his head in thought, before shouting "Out."
>
> Baseball contented itself with one umpire until the late 'eighties.

So accustomed have we become to high salaries being paid to present-day stars that it is difficult to realize there was once a rule that players were to receive "no pay." As we see, an iconoclast was required to change this:

> Harry Wright boldly faced this rule when he went to Cincinnati, in 1867, with the

idea of organizing an all-professional nine.

Glance at some of the salaries paid the famous Red Stockings. Mere pocket-money to-day. George Wright, Harry's brother, and one of the best all-around players of all time, played shortstop and drew down $1,400. He was the highest-paid player on the team.

Asa Brainard, with his swift, twisting sort of ball, received $1,100. Less than $800 was the average salary for the season.

Before Wright successfully bucked the "no pay" rule, professionalism was a charge like murder.

While team play had its beginning with Harry Wright's Red Stockings, it was not until nearly fifteen years later that serious attention was given to this important phase of baseball.

Adrian C. ("Pop") Anson was one of the greatest hitters the game has produced, but his immortality in baseball rests on the work he did with the Chicago club of 1882, when he practically instituted inside baseball, or team play.

Beginning then with Anson and his team, one can follow the development of team play through the St. Louis Browns under Charley Comiskey's inspiration, through Hanlon's Baltimore team of 1890, and Frank Chance's famous Chicago Cubs.

Anson, like A. G. Spalding, began his baseball career with the Forest City club of Rockford. Later he led the National League as a batter, just as Spalding led it as a pitcher.

Anson became manager of the Cubs when the National League was formed in 1876 and, largely because of his guidance, the Cubs won the championship in 1880, 1881, 1882, 1885, and 1886.

And here, in conclusion, is the story of how the bunt, now so important was born:

For the past half-century the bunt has played an important rôle in baseball. It has won many a game. While the baseball records disagree, some claiming that Dicky Pearce invented the bunt way back in 1866, it is generally agreed the honor goes to Tim Murnane.

Those who recall Tim Murnane say that he was as swift as an arrow in the infield and in his base-running, but that his work at bat was a sad and sorry sight. Murnane played with the old Athletics in the early 'seventies, and when the National League was organized in 1876, joined Harry Wright's Boston team.

One day, by accident, his bat gave the ball a weak, half-hearted tap. It died in front of the pitcher's box before the pitcher had awakened to the significance of the weak little thing. When he did wake up, Tim was on first.

This set Tim to thinking. He whittled one side of his bat flat—against the regulations—and practised until he could "lay them down" in whatever direction he wanted. Thus, so tradition says, the bunt was born.

After Murnane left the game, the bunt fell into disuse, and, as late as 1889, it was referred to by the sports writers as among the freak stunts of batting. In 1894, however, the famous Baltimore Orioles showed how the bunt could help win a pennant. Since then it has been a power in the offensive side of the game.

It took many years to bring baseball up to the fast, heady game that it is to-day—the development of "inside baseball," the evolution of equipment, the almost scientific training that athletes in the big time have to go through to break into the major leagues and stay there.

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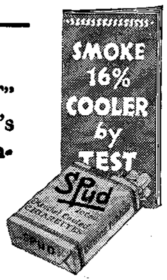

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ELECTRIC POWER BUILDING UP THE SMALL TOWNS

OF ALL THE FORCES AT WORK to halt the rush of population cityward, and turn people back again to the small towns, the most effective, it is generally agreed, is the network of electric-transmission wires that covers the country. More than 50,000 miles of these power-distributing lines have been built in the last eight years, at an expense of more than $1,000,000,000. So wide-spread has the power network become, says the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, that much of the industrial activity formerly confined to the large cities may now be accomplished in the small town. In fact, we are told, "some of the largest corporations have thus decentralized many of their operations." The advantages of the rural community over the city are many, it is said. So far as the workman is concerned, the overhead expense of living in the city is high; rents, food-distribution costs, water-supply, sewerage, traffic control, and police systems are costly necessities. As the Washington *Post* points out:

> The city offers definite advantages to the industrialist, including an abundant supply of labor, power, transportation facilities for both raw and finished products, and, to some extent, a market. But the city is not free from disadvantages, such as higher costs of labor, real estate, and taxation. When the population becomes too concentrated, the advantages may be outweighed by the disadvantages. According to some economists, this is what is happening in America to-day.
>
> A recent study of American business methods and policies by the Middle West Utilities Company, of Chicago, indicates that the drift of people to the large cities is continuing, but that the productive capacity of city populations is not increasing in equal measure with that of the inhabitants of smaller towns. The investigators concluded that industrial leadership of the country is being transferred to the less-populous centers. Their findings are substantiated by the recent government report on economic changes, which showed that the only present gain in number of industrial wage-earners is taking place in towns of less than 10,000 population. This tendency is particularly noticeable in the new industrial areas of the South.
>
> After a certain point of saturation is reached, according to the utilities company study, city growth creates more handicaps than facilities for productive industries. Labor and electric power are diverted in increasing measure from production to mere efforts to overcome handicaps, such as street congestion. These difficulties have reacted upon industry, and some of the country's foremost economists are urging decentralization.

The next decade, concludes the Washington paper, "should see a rapid development of small cities." Already, notes the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

> The small towns, supplied with flexible transportation and given the benefit of the power networks in their regions, are mightily advancing in industrial importance. One of the chief causes of this tendency has been the marked improvement in the freight-transportation facilities of rural communities, as a result of automotive transportation, better highways, and the remarkable acceleration of railroad traffic. But even more important has been the construction of power networks that have furnished the rural communities with abundant facilities for operating industrial plants.
>
> It is not the electric-power companies alone that emphasize the importance to the rural communities of the rapid growth of distributable power; on the contrary, many social scientists have credited this growth with offering Americans the possibility of escape from city congestion.
>
> It is all cheerful news for the active small towns of the country looking for industries, and no less cheering for labor which would escape the confinements and expenses of life in huge cities.

So, "despite the fact that it obviously is propaganda for the utilities concerns engaged in supplying electrical power to small cities," the book, "America's New Frontier," contains "much that is interesting and truthful," observes the Columbus *Dispatch*. In this book, Martin J. Insull, President of the Middle West Utilities Company, says, in part:

> Wide-spread electric transmission has permitted general distribution of electric energy all over the country, even to the smallest hamlet and the farm. It is no longer necessary that manufacture should be centralized in crowded cities. With adequate transportation and power supply, the small towns are relieved of handicaps that formerly diverted industry to the larger centers.
>
> It was not until about 1910–1912 that it became feasible to deliver this all-important element of power to virtually any place where it was needed, or where a use could be found for it. That is the important difference between the power supply of to-day and the power supply of yesterday. Steam power had to be used where it was generated. It could be transmitted no further than the length of the leather transmission belt. Electric power, likewise, altho it could be transmitted from one end to the other of a single community, could not be transmitted any more widely than that in its early days. The consequence was that both steam power and early electric power caused concentration of industry in the vicinity in which the power was available.
>
> Much of the power applied in great centers of population is electrical, and therefore electrical power put to work in a small town profits the people more than the same amount of electrical energy used in a great metropolis. Electric power used in small communities goes directly into net gains of productivity and better living in a degree not equaled in the great cities. City dwellers must pay heavily in labor, power, and money merely to get out of each other's way. Probably the most familiar aspect of this situation is the high cost of distributing foodstuffs within metropolitan areas.
>
> The per-capita use of electricity in such districts is very high, but power must be diverted to subways, elevateds, street-railways, elevators, pumping water to great heights in tall buildings, and many other services which are not required where people are less crowded. Electric traction, mostly in metropolitan cities, consumes over 11,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electric energy yearly. Tall buildings, cavernous streets, dark rooms demand an enormous amount of daytime lighting. A large part of the "speed" of city life consists in frantic efforts to get to and from the job. In Chicago, 29 per cent. of all the electricity generated is required for railway and traction use.
>
> The term decentralization does not mean that the large units of industrial areas are being broken up and moved out into the smaller towns. What it does mean is that the natural expansion of industry of to-day is directed into many smaller plants rather than into enlargements of existing big-scale plants.

ADVANTAGES OF OUTRIGHT BUYING—If the long life of the bull market proves anything, says George T. Hughes in a financial article for the Consolidated Press, "it is that the large profits go to the man who buys his shares outright and stays with them; speculators make money by in-and-out trading, assuming they are right on the average, but the greatest reward goes to the investor, again always providing that he has made a wise choice." This authority finds an illustration of this declaration in recent prices for utility stocks. For instance, Brooklyn Edison (a minority stock 97 per cent. owned by Consolidated Gas) recently was quoted at $350 bid and $500 asked. Back in 1922 it sold at $100 a share. Mr. Hughes makes the point:

> Those who bought the stock on margin "for a turn" and then sold it doubtless made money, altho they also must have taken some losses when the market went against them temporarily. But the purchaser who kept his stock or who exchanged it for Consolidated Gas increased his capital enormously without the risk involved in operating on borrowed funds.
>
> This is something to be borne in mind by the man who buys stocks paying for them in full, and yet is disturbed by the day-to-day fluctuations in the prices for his holdings. A dozen things can happen to depress the market for an active stock without in any way affecting its investment merit.

AMERICA'S STAKE IN MANCHURIA

WHILE Soviet airplanes have been flying over the Manchurian border cities and ultimatums have been flying back and forth between China and Russia, stockholders in American banks and industrial enterprises with wide foreign ramifications have been wondering how much American capital is invested in the Far Eastern country, how many concessions held, what the total American trade with Manchuria amounts to, and so forth. According to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> American citizens have less than $12,000,000 in capital invested in all of Manchuria, and only one American concession is held in the disturbed area. Not more than thirty-four American business houses have interests in the entire Manchurian zone, and among these there are not more than a dozen corporations of international importance. The total American population does not exceed seventy-five.
>
> Among the important American firms which have branches at Harbin, capital of Manchuria, are the National City Bank of New York, the Standard Oil Company of New York, Dodge and Seymour, manufacturers' agents; Anderson, Meyer & Company, of New York, importers and exporters; the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the American Manchurian Corporation, Frazar Federal, Inc., the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the Pacific Oriental Company, the Mongolian Produce Company, the Manchurian Fur Trading Company, and Universal Pictures. Other smaller companies bring the total to thirty-four.
>
> The National City Bank is the only large American company owning its own business house in Harbin. The British-American Trading Company, a British concern largely controlled by Americans, manufactures and imports tobacco products for local consumption.
>
> The Baldwin Locomotive Works, which sold large orders of locomotives and cars to the Chinese Eastern Railway during the war, has the largest dealings with the railroad company, whose repair shops are located at Harbin.
>
> The only American concession in Manchuria is the soya-bean plantation, formerly owned by the late Morgan Palmer, American citizen and Harvard graduate, who was killed by bandits on his concession in 1927.
>
> The total American trade with Manchuria, all of which clears through the port of Dairen, averages around $9,500,000 yearly. Imports of American products during the last four years have averaged about $36,500,000 annually. These consist principally of motor-cars, kerosene, tobacco products, agricultural machinery, railway equipment, and building supplies.
>
> Exports to this country recently have averaged $3,000,000 yearly, consisting of raw furs and carpet wools.

The flare-up over the Chinese Eastern Railway is not making it any easier for the Chinese Nationalist Government to obtain loans for railway construction. In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Theodore C. Wallen says:

> George B. Rea, representative of the Chinese Ministry of Railways, said negotiations for $600,000,000 of American capital to build a 10,000-mile extension of Chinese railways had been suspended by unstable conditions.

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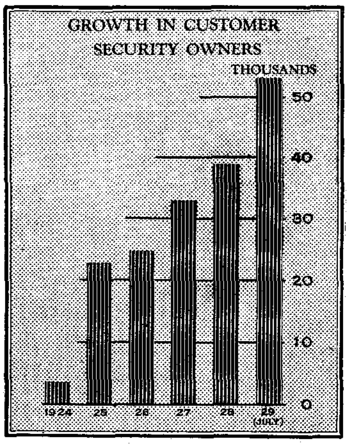

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NO RAILROAD FEAR OF PLANES OR MOTORS

THE menace to the railroads from airplanes and automobiles does not seem to be materializing. Here is one editorial writer testifying to the confidence of railroad magnates that air traffic is not going to put the iron horse out of business, while another calls attention to "convincing evidence that the motors have taken more business to the rails than they have taken from them." And to support such observations come reports of record earnings so far this year which go a long way toward establishing 1929 as the biggest of all years in railroad history. It is an editorial writer in the New York *Times* who calls attention to the maiden voyage of the *Bremen* and the plans of both British and American operators to meet the *Bremen's* challenge by even faster ships as indicating a refusal on the part of shipping men "to see any parallel between what the steamship did to the sailing-vessel, and what the airplane will do to the steamship." Of course, both railroad men and shipping men are making use of the airplane in connection with their regular routes, but they certainly do not concede that aviation has the future to itself. On land as on sea there is a strong disinclination on the part of transportation men, we read on, "to translate the flyers' smoke-writing on the clouds as *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*":

> Bankers and promoters busy themselves with forming new trunk lines out of existing systems, or projecting new construction. Electrification plans involving the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars in a comparatively few years are announced. Terminal developments and grade-crossing improvements are being carried on with a zest that argues belief in a long future. The New York Regional Plan, looking thirty-five years ahead, includes a system of airports for the metropolitan area. But when it comes to provide for the passenger traffic of 1965 the Plan thinks in terms of belt-line railroads and subways.
>
> Railroad magnates and ship-owners and regional planners need not be accepted as masters of the infallible vision of the future. Even $25,000,000 may conceivably be put on the wrong horse—or the wrong ship. The business man's future is a not-too-distant future; it need extend only long enough to cover the original investment and a reasonable annual profit. Nevertheless, there is in the present-day bearing of the transportation business on land and sea a definite lack of concern about any imminent scrap-heap.

While it is obvious to every one that motor-trucks have taken much short-haul business from the railroads, and that the rails have lost passenger business to buses and private cars, nevertheless, contends the Boston *News Bureau*, there are certain more obscure but more important facts we have quite overlooked:

> Motors, of course, do handle a very large amount of short-haul freight, but motors create even more freight for the rails than they take from them. For instance, the ore for building automobiles is moved by railroads to steel mills. The steel is then moved to the motor plants by railroad. Then the finished car is shipped by rail to the consumer.
>
> The raw material for making tires is shipped to the tire plants by rail. The finished material is shipped from the plant largely by rail.
>
> But for the motor-car there would be comparatively few top-notch, hard-surfaced highways. The railroads move a great deal of material for building such highways.
>
> Material for building garages is moved largely by railroads. In a hundred other ways motors are creating freight in tremendous aggregate volume for the rails.
>
> The proof of this statement lies in published statistics. Gross earnings of thirty leading railroads, for instance, have increased, roughly, 30 per cent. since 1919, while total population has increased not more than half that amount. Net earnings, of course, have made a sensational recovery. But that is due largely to more efficient management. The increase in gross is due to a heavier volume of freight.
>
> We are beginning to hear about the inroads that airplanes are making on railroad earnings, too. But in the end we shall probably find that the airplane, like the motors, will take more business to the rails than it will take from them.
>
> The short-haul rails—the feeders—may find it impossible to show reasonable profits. In time, economic progress may make them useless. They may have to be scrapped like outworn shop tools. But railroads are not facing extinction. There is hardly room for doubt that 1929 will be the best railroad year to date, but in the future there will be more new high records.

The last sentence calls to mind recent reports of railroad earnings for the first part of the current year. According to the New York *Times*, net earnings of all the reporting railroads for the first five months of the year reached a record total of $457,362,000, an increase of 21.57 per cent. above the $376,209,000 earned in the same period last year. It is thought that the percentage of increase is likely to be still larger when the reports are in for the six months, as important roads like the Pennsylvania, New Haven, Erie, and Union Pacific have established record or near record earnings for the six months. According to *The Times*, "the earnings and prospective earnings of the roads in 1929 tend to justify the great advances in the prices of railroad stocks made recently," and—

> The only factor which is likely to militate against an even greater gain than the roads will probably make this year is the possibility that maintenance charges will increase in the last half of the year. Some railroad men believe some roads have gone too far in reducing maintenance charges.

Profitable Evening.—"Who's the absent-minded one now?" said the professor as they left the church one rainy night. "You left your umbrella back there and I not only remembered mine but I brought yours too." And he produced them from his coat.

His wife gazed blankly at him.

"But," said she, "neither of us brought one to church."—*U. P. Magazine.*

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 31.—The North German Lloyd liner *Bremen* smashes the east-bound transatlantic record by making the crossing in 110 hours and 30 minutes, seven hours less time than the previous record.

The dirigible *Graf Zeppelin* takes off from Friedrichshafen, Germany, for Lakehurst, New Jersey.

August 4.—Fifty thousand Boy Scouts, assembled from virtually every civilized nation on the globe, gather at Arrowe Park Camp, England, to celebrate the peace of the world.

August 6.—At the opening of the conference on the Young plan for settlement of the reparations problem, at The Hague, Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, announces that Great Britain does not oppose the fundamental principle of the plan, or the total that Germany is called on to pay, but does object to the division of the annuities proposed as being unfair to Great Britain.

The British Government announces the termination of the British military occupation of Egypt, with the exception of the Suez Canal Zone, and the granting of other rights to Egypt.

DOMESTIC

August 1.—In a riot of 900 inmates of the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, one convict is killed and three wounded.

August 2.—Wilber Brotherton Huston, of Seattle, Washington, wins the Thomas A. Edison scholarship, and scholarships are awarded also to his close competitors—Charles H. Brunissen, West Redding, Connecticut; Ivan A. Getting, Pittsburgh; James Seth, Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Bernard Sturgis, Butler, Indiana.

Edwin C. Wilson, First Secretary of the American Embassy at Paris, is appointed unofficial American observer at the intergovernmental conference to consider the Young reparations payment plan.

The National Cooperative Council, with an initial membership of 100,000 farmers in 100 commodity cooperative groups, is organized at the meeting of the American Institute of Cooperation, at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

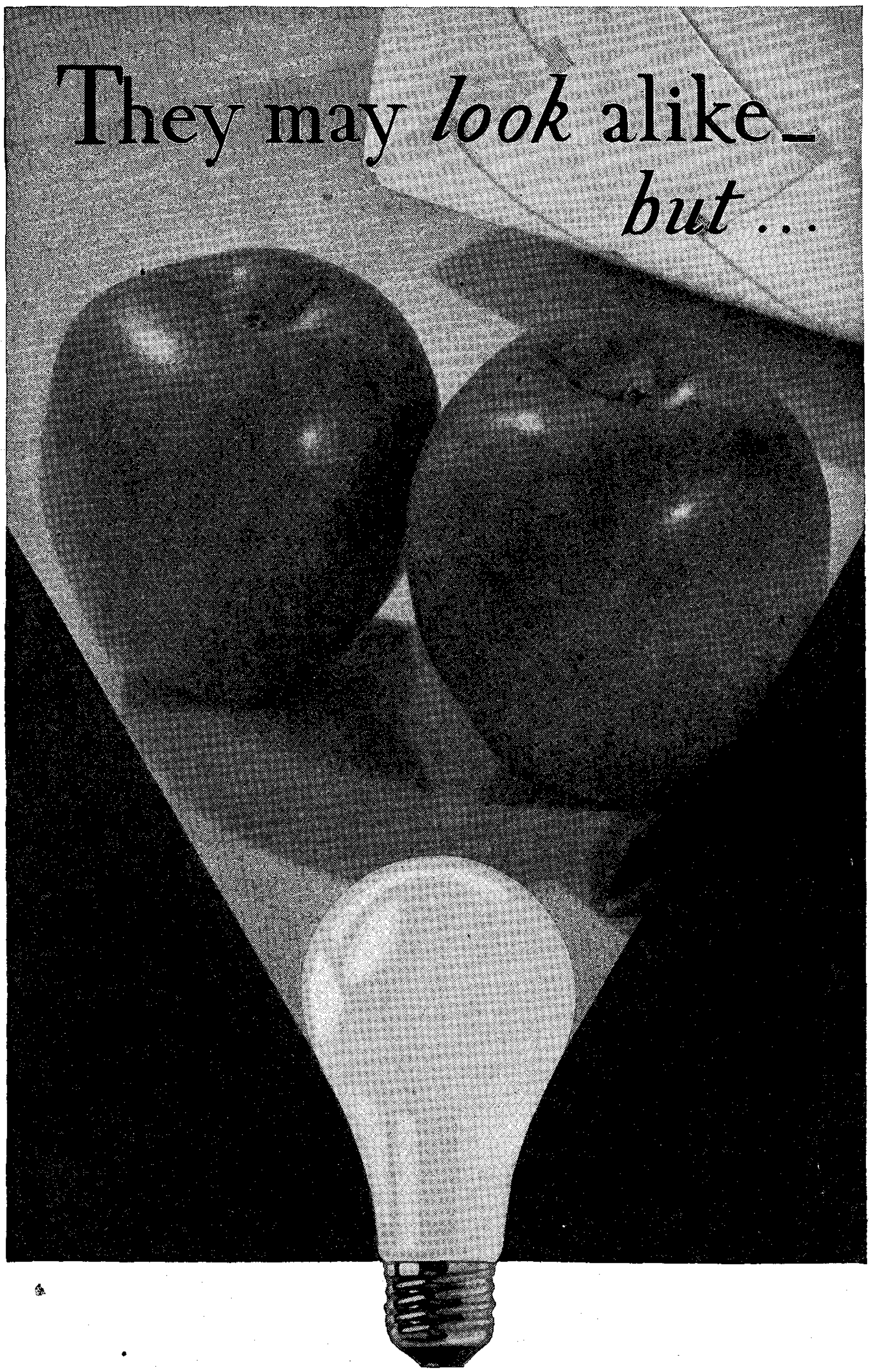
August 4.—The *Graf Zeppelin* completes its second westward flight of 5,003 miles from Germany, reaching Lakehurst, New Jersey, 95 hours and 22 minutes after she had left Friedrichshafen.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., issues a statement defending his political position and his personal financial affairs, and declaring that "either Raskobism must be repudiated or dry Southern Democrats are of necessity permanently out of the Democratic party."

August 5.—John W. Garrett, Baltimore banker, is appointed Ambassador to Italy, to succeed Henry P. Fletcher, resigned.

August 6.—President Hoover announces that he will ask the December session of Congress for an appropriation of $5,000,000 to relieve the present congestion in the Federal prisons.

Two convicts are killed and one convict and a guard wounded in a dash for liberty at the Kansas State Penitentiary.



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There may also be great differences between lamps that look alike. But you need never make any mistake about the quality of the lamps you buy.

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Guerdon of Labor.—ARTHUR—"I think she's as pretty as she can be."

JEAN—"Most girls are."—*Stray Stories.*

No Nectar.—TOMMY (after the first dose of medicine left by doctor)—"Are you quite sure, mother, that Dr. Briggs is the best man on mumps?"—*Humorist* (*London*).

Page Emily Post.—LADY DRIVER—"Tell me, George, quick! Which is the right side of the road to keep on when you're running down a hill backward like this?"—*Punch.*

Those Large Thumbs.—We have great admiration for fancy divers. They can dive twenty or thirty feet and splash less than we do opening a bottle of milk.—*Judge.*

Woes of a Prophet.—VISITOR—"Isn't that the man who writes the daily forecasts for the papers?"

WOMAN—"Yes, but 'e ain't lookin' well lately. Weather ain't been agreein' with 'im."—*London Opinion.*

Comfort First.—"Hear the latest about Newrich?"

"No. What now?"

"He bought a Louis XIV bed, but it was too small for him, so he sent it back and asked for a Louis XVI."—*Boston Transcript.*

Influence of Einstein?—Soon the nation will know whether Herbert Hoover is going to "get along with Congress." Politicians think he will do the trick, perhaps to a larger extent than any of his successors during the past twenty-five years.—*Farm Journal.*

Welcome Tears.—They were talking about women friends. "Do you see Emma often?" one inquired.

"Oh, yes, quite frequently," the other replied.

"Is she happily married?"

"Is she? I should say so. Why, that girl is so happily married she has to go to the theater for a good cry."—*Epworth Herald.*

Powerful Motive.—It was the young barrister's first case, and he was bubbling over with pride and enthusiasm as he stood in court.

"Now," said he, addressing the defendant, "you say you came to town to look for work? I put it to you there was another, a stronger motive that brought you all this distance."

"Well," hesitated the defendant, "there was—"

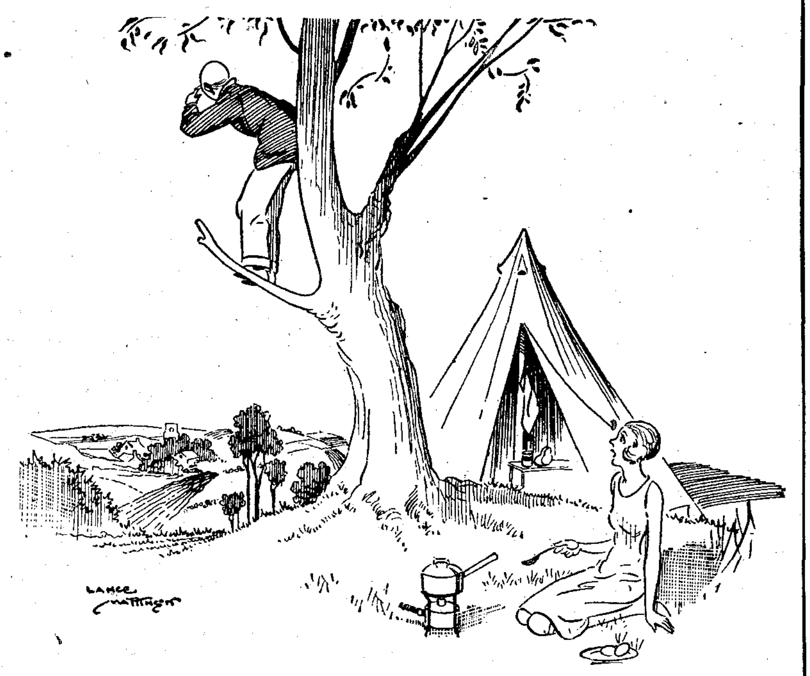
"Ah!" cried the barrister, triumphantly. "And what was it?"

"A locomotive."—*South Coast Times.*

Toujours la Politesse.—"How do you like your new French music teacher, Helen?"

"He's a very polite man. When I made a mistake yesterday, he said: 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take such pains to improve on Beethoven?"—*Pearson's.*

The Pants She Panted for—The will has just been proved of a man living in a southwest suburb of London who died last November, in which he left to his wife: "One pair of my trousers, free of duty, and carriage paid, as a symbol of what she wanted to wear in my lifetime, but did not."—*English paper.*



PICNICKER (to grumbling husband, up tree): "Well, if you hadn't forgotten your watch, we wouldn't have to boil the eggs by the village clock!"

—*The Passing Show* (London).

No Rough Stuff.—SMALL SISTER—"Let's play that we're married."

SMALL BROTHER—"Naw—let's play football and then we won't get bunged up so much."—*Life.*

Perils of a Sporting Life.—THE COLONEL—"I just crept out and shot the brute in my pajamas."

DOLLY—"But, Colonel, how did the elephant get *into* your pajamas?"

—*London Opinion.*

Caught on the Rebound.—HOLIDAY-MAKER (leaving crowded boarding-house)—"I admit I don't object to sleeping in the breakfast-room, but really, I think you're going a little too far when you charge me extra for breakfast in my bedroom!"

—*London Opinion.*

World's First Neckers.—He did not blame them for making love in a taxi. After all, that kind of thing had been going on ever since the days of Adam and Eve. —*Weekly paper.*

That taxi we had the other day must have been the one Adam and Eve rode in.

—*Humorist* (*London*).

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Kitchen Surgery.—He underwent an operation by the American Can Company in Portland.—*East Oregonian.*

Skin 'Em Alive.—Wanted 100 men to peel pulp, painters, paperhangers, and pipe-fitters.—*Ad in a Canadian paper.*

Any Trade-in?—

JUNE BRIDE SALE
Starts To-day

—*Ad in a Syracuse paper.*

Three's a Crowd.—It is requested that at least two persons share one bath. — *Announcement card from a Saratoga Hotel.*

Strong Language.—

LAWYERS TO
TALK GARLIC

—*Head-lines on a Dublin cable to the Syracuse Herald.*

What's His 'Phone Number? — Buy From Owner. Buick Coach, Late Model. Excellent condition, small mileage, owner died. — *El Paso Evening Post.*

300 Per Cent. Home.—Wanted — To sell or trade my brick residence, 2214 Fairview Road. Reason — need more rooms; had one child when moved in; now got four; good place.—*Raleigh Evening Times.*

We Live and Learn.—Q. What was the country that is now Siberia formerly called? W. S.

A. Siberia is a Negro republic on the west coast of Africa, a country which was formerly known as Upper Guinea.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Must Have Smelt Powder, However.—June 26 has been selected by May —— as the date of her marriage to Maurice ——. It will be her first martial venture.—*Galveston News.*

Waiter! Vegetable Dinner!—

SPECIAL TODAY:
Fried Rabbi and French Fried Potatoes, 50c.—*Item noted by a* DIGEST *reader on the menu of an Oakland* (*Cal.*) *restaurant.*

Dad's Sitting Up, Thank You.—Mrs. F. C. —, the very proud mother of a baby daughter, has returned from the hospital. The baby and mother and father are getting along fine.—*Portland* (*Ore.*) *paper.*

Change of Air.—Miss Estella Smith left Tuesday for Goldsboro, as a delegate from the Red Heil Sunday School, to attend the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Sunday Schools and Christian Endeavor Societies.—*Newport* (*Pa.*) *News.*